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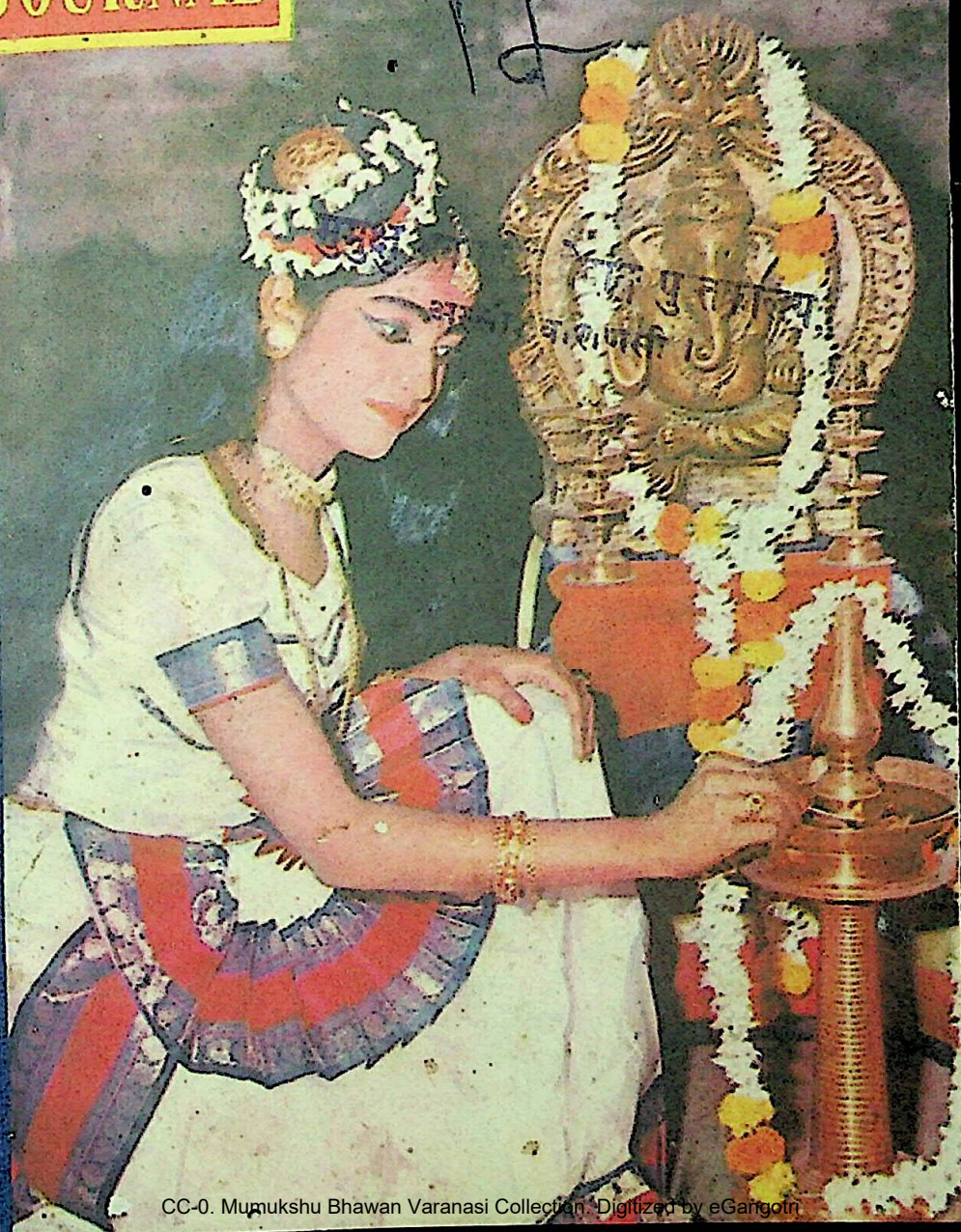
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आगत क्रमांक... २५८०

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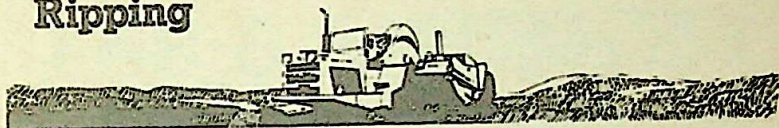
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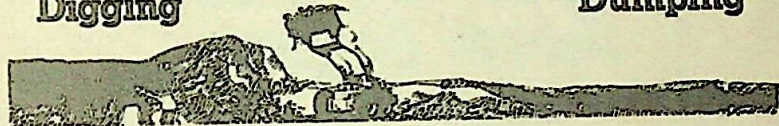
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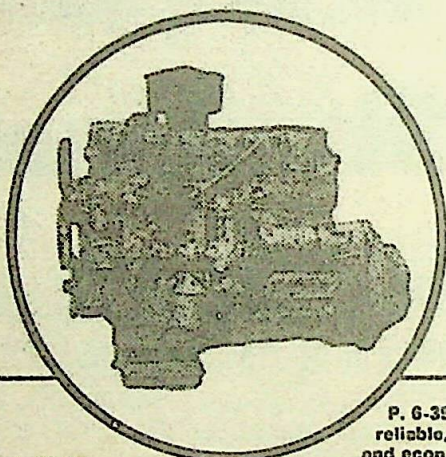
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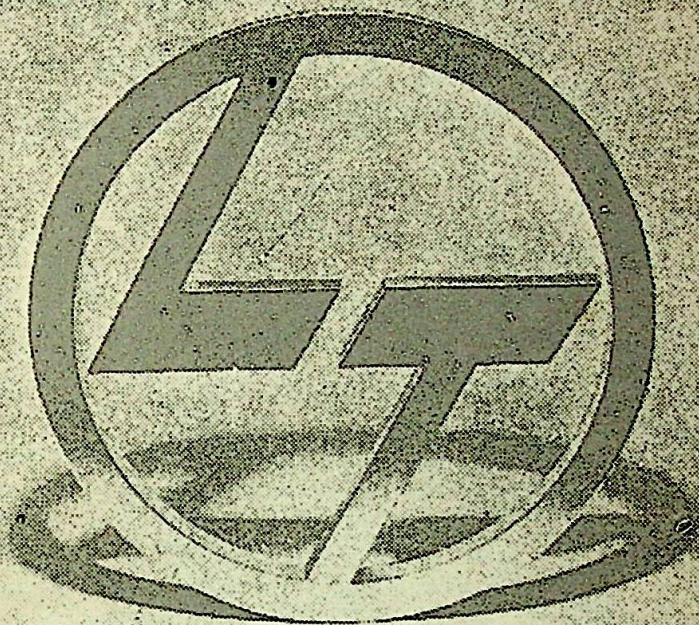
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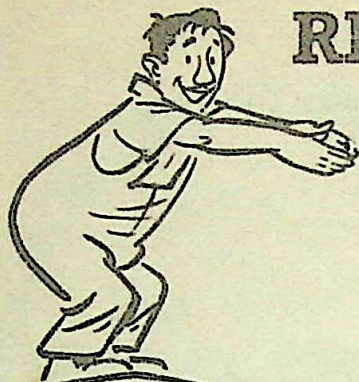


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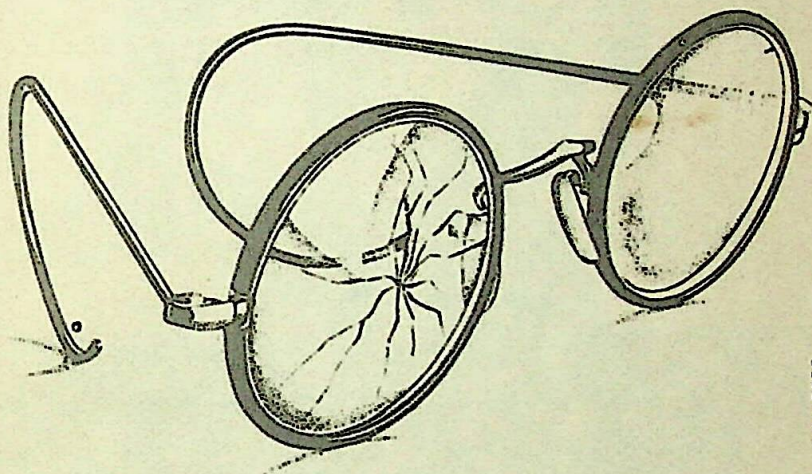
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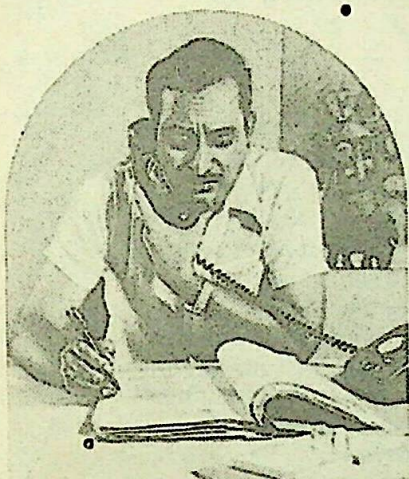
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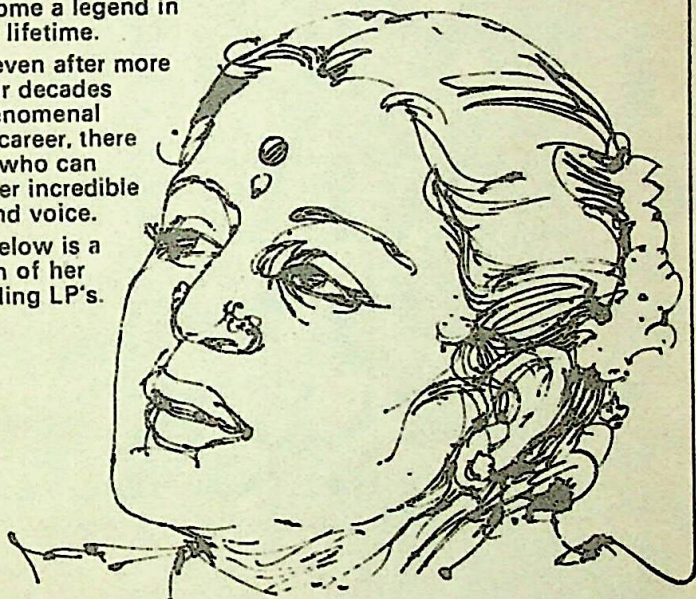


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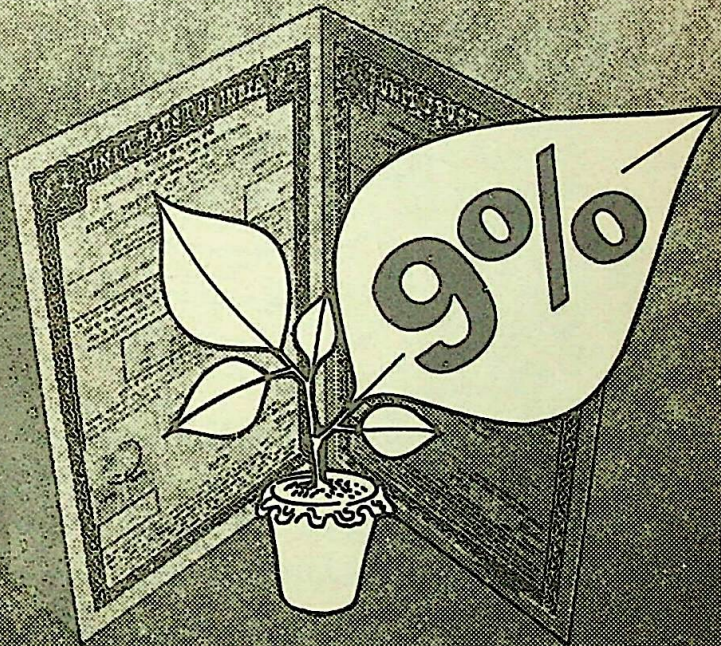
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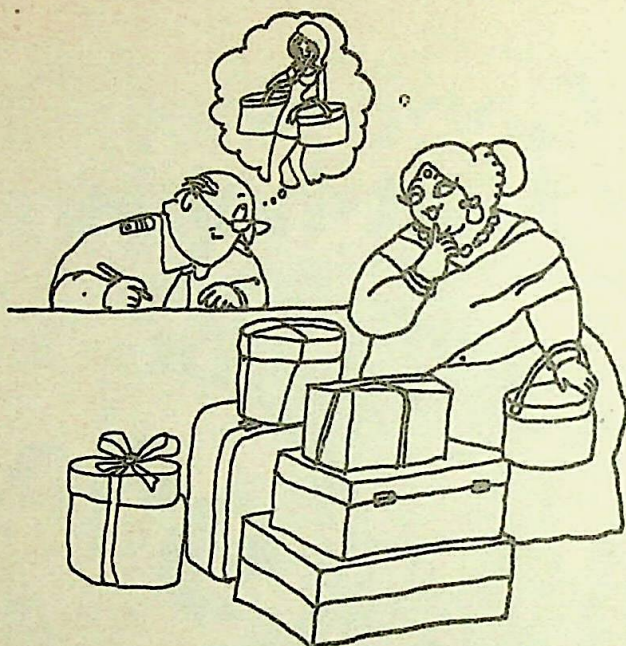


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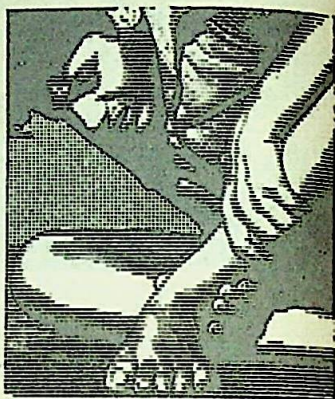
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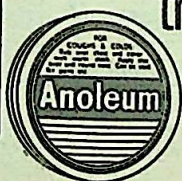


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उरु क्षयाय नस्तुधि ।
उरु णो यन्धि जीवसे ॥

Give freedom for our bodies,
Give freedom for our dwelling,
Give freedom for our life.

—Rigveda 8-68-12



President's Message

With this issue the "Bhavan's Journal" enters its 24th year of useful service for resuscitation of ethical and spiritual values which, we humbly believe, is being increasingly recognised not only in our country but even abroad.

It is a matter of no small gratification that the "Bhavan's Journal" has, over the years, been able to contribute, in howsoever small a measure, to the rekindling of desire among our countrymen to have a fuller appreciation of our immortal heritage and to make an earnest endeavour to live up to the great ideals of Shraddha (faith), Samyama (self-discipline) and Samarpana (dedication). We feel amply rewarded that our efforts to stimulate interest and an awareness in our ageless heritage are receiving appreciation from all quarters.

The age-old proverb that all good causes will survive and flourish in good time is proved, if proof was needed, by the steady and spectacular growth of the Bhavan down the years. It is some satisfaction to us that we have been able to carry on in the Bhavan the traditions set up by our Founder-President Kulapati Munshiji, and we rededicate ourselves to continue in the same steadfast manner the work of the Bhavan, which, in the words of Kulapati Munshiji, is 'God's Work' along the lines and on the trails blazed by him.

In this national endeavour, I appeal to all the godly and the good to extend their whole-hearted goodwill and support, so that the Bhavan can fulfil the great mission set by our Founder.

Dharamsey M. Khatau

Swing Back to Religion

S. RAMAKRISHNAN

UPWARDS of 10 million people had their holy dip at the Triveni Sangam during the Kumbha Mela this year. The offerings at Tirupati, Guruvayur, Nathdwara and other temples are ever on the increase. In 1933 the offerings at Tirupati amounted to Rs. 3 lakhs and in 1976 the figure rose to Rs. 12 crores. More and more devotees are visiting the not-easily-accessible Sabarimalai temple atop a hill amidst thick forests in Kerala.

Whether it is fashionable Paris, conservative London or the skyscraper city of Manhattan—one finds groups of people intensely interested in God and religion. The "export" of religion from India is certainly on the increase. Our Swamis, some genuine and some counterfeit, have virtually become globe-trotters. Perhaps many of them are more honoured abroad than at home.

The audiences that flock to hear Sri Satya Sai Baba, Swami Ranganathananda, Swami Chinmayananda, Swami Akhandananda, Dongre Maharaj, Anjam Madhavan Namboodiri and other god-men are ever on the increase, quantitatively and qualitatively.

Demand for books such as the Ramayana, Mahabharata, Gita, Upanishads, and those dealing with the lives and teachings of saints and sages has, during the last ten years, gone up hundred-fold. There is a tremendous spurt in the renovation of old temples and consecration of new ones.

Typical of the change in outlook are the remarks of a veteran political leader who had come to the Bhavan in December last to inaugurate a 15-day series of religious discourses beginning at 7.30 a.m. every day. Overwhelmed by the astonishing spectacle of a large crowd assembled to listen to the discourse at that early hour braving the cold weather—sunrise in Bombay in December is between 7 and 7.15 a.m.—he exclaimed: "A talk by any top politician on any subject will not attract one-tenth of the people gathered here at this early morning hour. The soul of India is *still* sound."

In the last century, maybe a Max Mueller or a Paul Deussen showed some interest in Hinduism—that too largely of an academic nature. But, today, more and more people in

the West, belonging to all strata of society, seem to be attracted by the broad tenets of Sanatana Dharma to the point of practising it.

This trend of revival in religion is true not merely of Hinduism but of all religions. It is a sign of the revival of Christian faith in America that Jimmy Carter, the central theme of whose election campaign was "the moral revival of the nation through God and religion," has been voted to power. Evangelists like Billy Graham are attracting numerous religious enthusiasts.

Here is a typical question and answer from the book, *Billy Graham Answers Your Questions*.

Q: What are your comments on so many of our young people taking LSD and other drugs?

A: It is a tragedy to see the finest young people, in the most thrilling period of their lives, soaking up "pot" and LSD. So many are taking drugs today. It is estimated in some universities and colleges that as high as 50 per cent are on various drugs. And dope is spreading over the world like a plague. In London, a quarter of a million teenagers go on a dope binge every weekend. No wonder Britain is in trouble. The head of one of our great hospitals

for dope addicts told one of our Team members the other day that it costs \$ 65,000 to treat one addict, and 96 per cent of those treated are never cured. In other words, once you get on dope you've had it. He said, "About the only people that we see permanent cures from are those who are converted to Jesus Christ."

I believe that faith in Christ is the greatest stimulant in the world. Faith in Christ is not an escape mechanism. It gives you the strength to face reality, uncertainty, and frustration. I've mingled with Christians all my life and I have never met one, not one, who had to go on dope to escape reality.

Out of the numerous questions and answers in the book, this one has been deliberately chosen. Yes. The revival in religion, which we observe as a world phenomenon, is a backlash of the lack of faith which plagued the young minds especially, for quite a time.

It was Northcote Parkinson, the celebrated wit and philosopher, justly famous for his Parkinson's laws which constitute, in my view, the greatest satire on the laws of economics, who said in one of his characteristic epigrams that "industria-

9
lisation at its best produces Hippies."

There is more to this statement than what meets the eye. The Hippie cult is the inevitable outcome of the relentless pursuit of material progress that began with the industrial revolution in the 19th century. It is a slap in the face of material affluence and a groping towards God or Light, or call it whatever we may like. In their blind search for freedom from affluence-born ennui, many youngsters take to "dope" and alas, are invariably gone for ever like poor animals caught in a mire sinking to their slow death. A few escape because of the "hope" held out by religion.

It is this redeeming role of religion that is significant today. Certainly it cannot be said that the whole world has overnight become religious or God-minded; such a thing there never was—even during the Vedic times. In the Vedas do we not come across the *Lamentation of a Gambler*?

The world has always been peopled by atheists and theists, atheists including agnostics and theists including the fervent followers of religion to the lukewarm or near-indifferent type of believers.

Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, who came to redeem mankind was crucified, and the kinsfolk of Sri Krishna, the God who came to re-establish Dharma, killed themselves in a drunken

brawl, all of which only go to prove that religion and irreligion have always existed side by side, and it would be foolish on the part of anyone to assert that the world has gone to dogs or that it has suddenly turned divine. But then, we cannot ignore the general trends just as we speak of a specific direction of the flight of a swarm of bees though there will be stray bees flying in the opposite direction.

What then is responsible for the present "Swing Back to Religion" trend which is evident the world over? There is a deep-seated reason which is briefly dealt with below.

The nineteenth century perhaps marked the culmination of the Renaissance revolt against religion. That century was certainly the most anti-religious period the West has ever known. And what were the reasons for it?

In the wake of the Industrial Revolution, the greatest event of that century, man came to possess powers of which he had never dreamt of and almost concluded that he had discovered the key to ceaseless "Progress". With Darwin's (1809-1882) theory of evolution synchronising with the dawn of the industrial era, it almost seemed that God could be safely dispensed with at least as far as the sphere of living and development was concerned.

Newton's (1642-1727) discovery of the laws of gravitation had already come as a rude shock to many believers who thought that now God had no place in the physical universe.

And it was left to Sigmund Freud (1856-1939) to dislodge God from the human consciousness with his startling discoveries in the field of psycho-analysis.

But in the twentieth century, Darwin, Newton and Freud, as also the theory of the inevitability of "Progress" have all been found wanting.

Does not evolution also imply involution? Does not the enlightened man help the survival of the weak, in a sense defying the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest?

When it comes to the realm of science, discoveries in the realm of nuclear physics have destroyed man's belief in matter. "In the 19th century a table was a table; now it is a cluster of whirling electrons which can just as well be called energy as matter."

Sir James Hopwood Jeans, the distinguished British physicist and astronomer, (1877-1946) says: "The universe begins to look more like a great thought than a great machine. Mind no longer appears as an accidental intruder in the realm of matter. We are beginning to suspect that we ought rather to hail it as the creator and governor of the realm of matter. Not, of course,

our individual minds, but the *Mind* in which the atoms, out of which our individual minds have grown, exist as thoughts."

And did not Albert Einstein himself proclaim that "Science without religion is lame and religion without science is blind"?

Many of the findings of modern science come very close to, if not corroborate, some of the fundamental concepts of Indian philosophy such as that the entire universe is the manifestation of one Supreme Shakti or Primordial Energy.

And Freud's findings in the sphere of human consciousness have been largely improved upon if not superseded, by later men like Carl Jung, the eminent Swiss psychologist (1875-1961), who was awed by the spiritual experience of a sage like Ramana Maharshi.

In his introduction to Dr. Zimmer's book *Der Weg Zum Selbst* (*The way to the Self* or *The Life and Teachings of Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi*) Jung says: "The identification of Self with God will strike the European as shocking. It is a specifically oriental realization, as expressed in Sri Ramana's utterances. *Psychology cannot contribute anything further to it, except the remark that it lies far beyond its scope to propose such a thing.*"

What do all these show? Only one thing. Those who were looking to the scientists for the

repudiation of God have come in for the biggest shock. The "progress" promised by the technological age has also proved to be a mirage, a will-o'-the-wisp. Today man has known that culture is something quite different from civilisation and that industrial advancement can only ensure the latter and not the former. In fact, material affluence has only taken man farther away from the "Peace that passeth understanding"—the goal of religion.

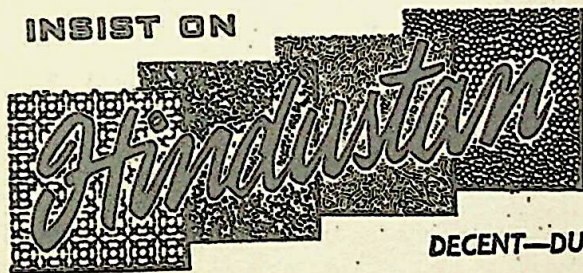
Even Russia, after 60 years of communism, has now drawn up a liberal constitution, has started allowing its people to go to Churches and also recently hosted a World Religious Workers'

Conference!

Is it then any wonder that we see today a swinging back of the pendulum—from materialism to religion?

How to accelerate the pace of this swing back and how to slake this spiritual thirst, how to transform and direct this earnest yearning into constructive channels so as to avoid a slide back is the challenging task before our religious heads and leaders like Acharya Vinoba, Lokanayak Jayaprakash Narayan, Prime Minister Morarji Desai, the intelligentsia, educationists and constructive and social workers who stand and strive for the reenthronement of the Majesty of the Moral Law. □ □ □

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HIND

ASHTADIKPALAKAS

Vying with India's scriptural wealth is her sculptural wealth.

In this Annual Number which carries a special feature on Kalayogi Ananda Coomaraswamy who opened the eyes of the East and the West to the artistic wealth of India's past, it is but meet that we turn the spotlight on some of the marvellous sculptures which remain virtually hidden from the art-lovers' eyes in an obscure temple in Tamil Nadu.

This way we pay our humble tribute to the master sculptors of yore through Vinu, who has drawn the following nine pictures—of Siva and the guardian deities of the eight directions, **Ashtadikpalakas**—inspired by the exquisite sculptures in the Mallikarjuna Temple in Dharmapuri District, near Salem.





The blissful, beatific dance of Siva.



Indra, the first of the Ashtadikpalakas, riding on his vehicle, Airavata, with his consort, Indrani.

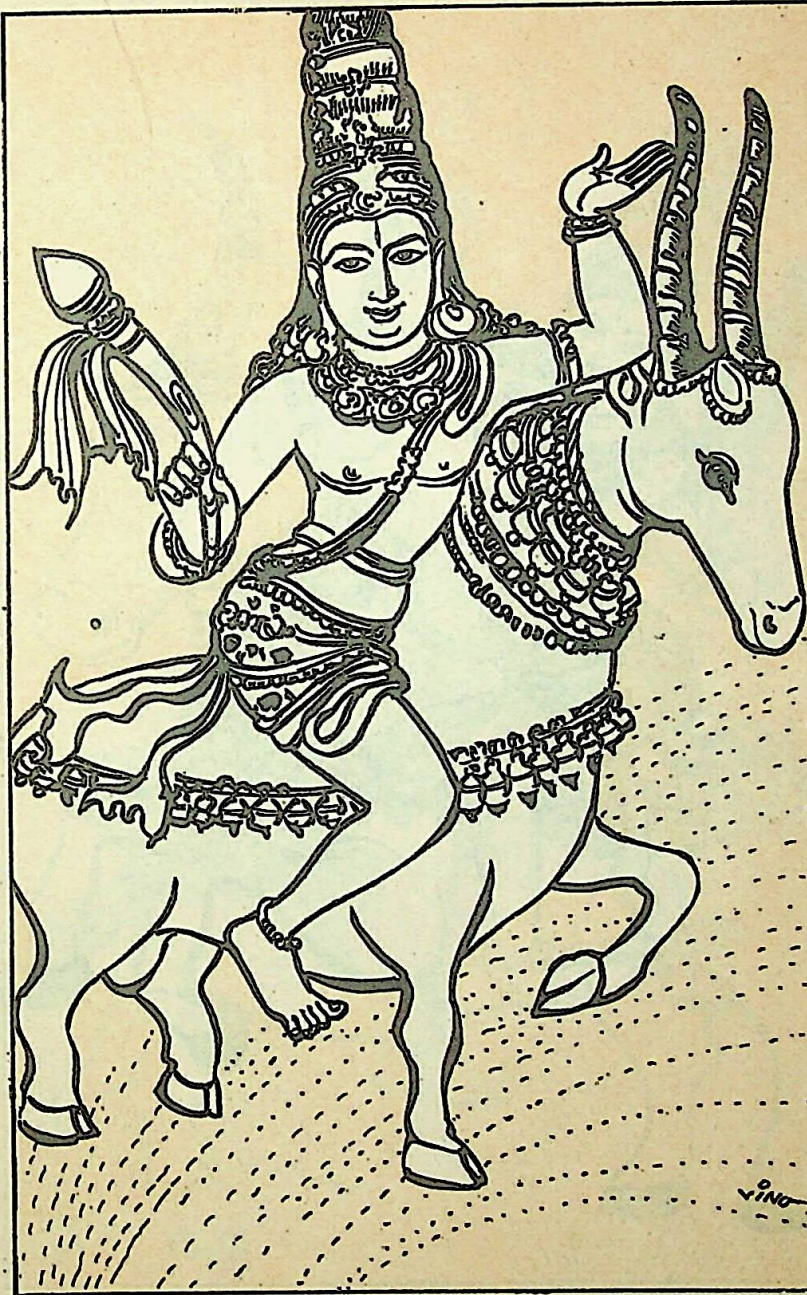


VINU

Varuna, the rain-god, seated on crocodile (makara).



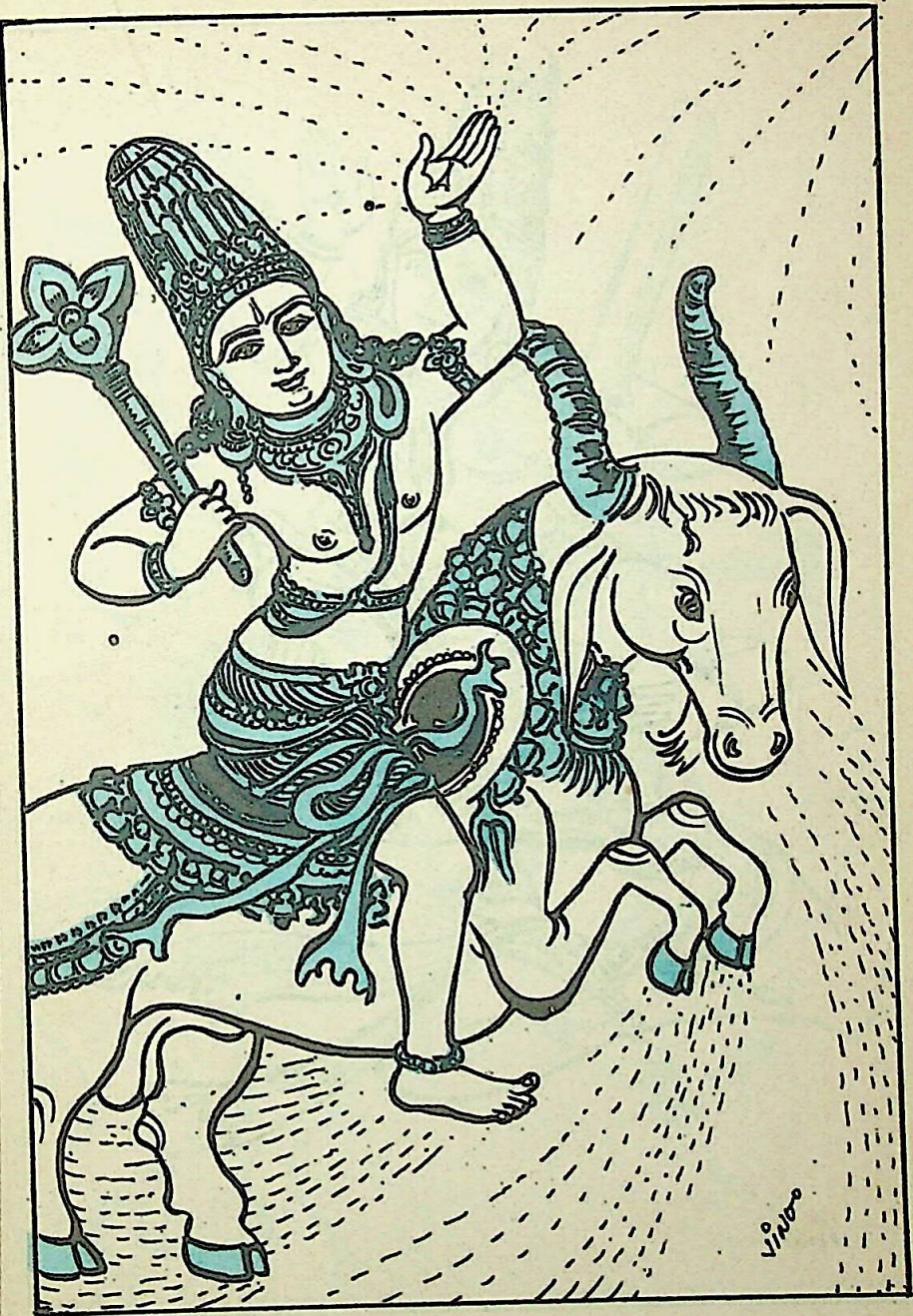
Agni, the fire-god, who has for his vehicle, a ram.



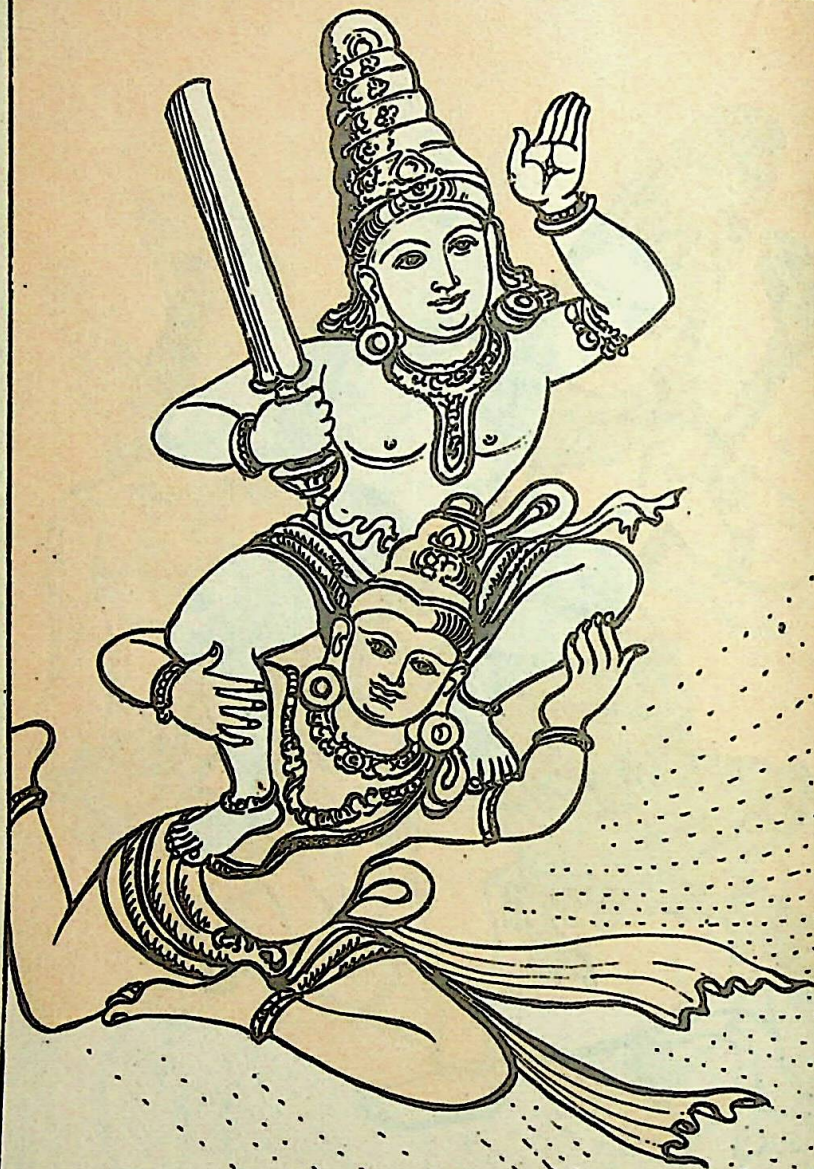
Vayu, the wind god, astride his swift-moving deer.



Yama, the god of death, seated on his buffalo.



Kubera, the god of wealth, on his white goat.



VINU—

Nirriti, ascending on his vehicle, ghoul.



**Ishana, the last of the eight guardian deities, has the bull
for his vehicle.**



The Holy Name

Included in holy Granth of the Sikhs is "Sukhmani," an inspired composition of Guru Arjan Singh (1563-1606), the fifth Guru in succession to Guru Nanak.

According to Shri Teja Singh from whose English rendering of "Sukhmani" under the title "The Psalm of Peace" the following selections are taken, there are thousands of people—Sikhs and non-Sikhs—who will not begin their day's work without reciting "Sukhmani."

The chanting of God's Name has been acclaimed by all the religions as the easiest and best means of God-realization.—Ed.

*The praising of His Name is the highest of all practices.
 It has upraised many a human soul,
 It slakes the desire of the restless mind,
 And imparts an all-seeing vision.
 To a man of praise Death loses all its terrors;
 He feels all his hopes fulfilled;
 His mind is cleared of all impurities;
 And is filled with the ambrosial Name
 God resides in the tongue of the good,
 O that I were the slave of their slaves!*

2

*The dear Remembrance ensures to man success in all
 undertakings,
 And leaves him nothing to worry about,
 His tongue is busy with the praise of God,
 And his mind is fixed on the steady vision,
 Nothing can shake it.
 The bloom of the lotus is on his heart,
 And the music of the spheres is in his ear.
 There is no end to the joy that comes from singing
 God's Name.
 Who sing it but those to whom God is kind?
 O! if they would take me into the safety of their
 fellowship!*

3

*It was the quest of the Name that brought forth saints.
 The same quest led to the creation of Vedas,
 And inspired men to be hermits, celibates and donors of
 charity.
 The practice of the Name has turned obscure men
 into luminaries of the world.
 It was for the glorification of the Name that the
 world was made.
 Think, O think of the Lord as the cause of all causes!
 The Name has brought all forms into being.
 Himself the Formless One lives in the utterance of the Name.
 When by His grace He imparts this understanding to a man,
 He learns to practise the Name through the Guru.*

ONE COUNTRY, ONE PEOPLE

**TOGETHER THEY
WORK**



in a train compartment...

Gurnam Singh is on the train to Madras; he is going on business. The journey is long but the boredom is relieved by conversation with the families; they are bound for different places. Nagpur, Hyderabad, Vijayawada, Nellore, Tiruchirapalli; they speak different languages among themselves. But to Gurnam Singh they speak the language of friendship. Friendship has no barriers.

BARRIERS ARE BORN IN THE MINDS OF THE IDLE > *help remove them*

*In the Valley of Death where there are no parents, sons,
 friends or brothers,
 There, O my soul! the Name shall accompany you as helper.
 Where the terrible ministers of Death try to crush you,
 The Name alone will walk along with you.
 When troubles extreme threaten to weigh you down,
 The Name of God will lift you up at once.
 While many acts of atonement will not save,
 The Name of God will wash away all sins,
 Practise the Name in the Guru's way, O my soul!
 It will bring manifold blessings unto you.*

*In the Valley of Death where the way is long and tedious,
 The Name of God will there be your provision;
 And in the darkness and confusion of that way
 The Name shall gild for you the gloom,
 Where there is no acquaintance for you
 You will find in the Name a friend to go with you,
 In the terrible blaze of the sun and sultry heat,
 The Name of God will serve you as a shade,
 When you feel the parching thirst, O soul!
 The grace of God will send you down a shower of
 the nectar-Name.*

*Of all religions the best is
 The practice of the Name with purity of conduct,
 Of all rites the best is
 To purge one's heart of filth and evil tendencies
 by association with those who have disciplined
 themselves.
 Of all devotional practices the best is
 The constant application of the heart to the Name,
 Of all sacred texts the most sacred is
 That by which one hears the praise of God and utters
 it to others.
 Of all holy places the holiest is
 Where one feels the stir of the Name in one's heart.*

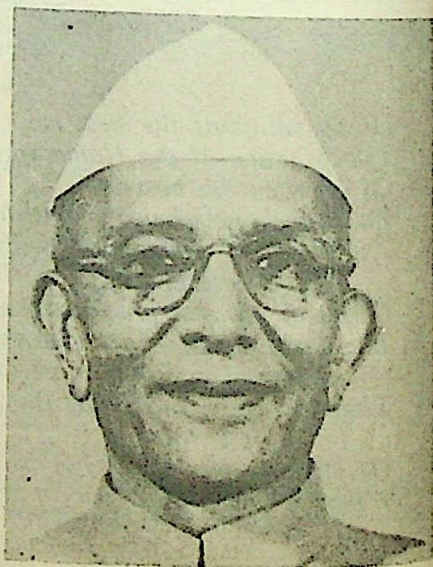


Words are superfluous for the language of the heart. Shri Morarji Desai recalls one such experience of his—a tranquil hour in the presence of Ramana Maharshi. Its very memory is “precious” to the Premier who saw in the Sage of Arunachala the embodiment of the Gita dictum of “action in inaction.” This article originally appeared in the Ramana Manjari, a souvenir brought out by Ramana Kendra, Delhi, in 1968.—Ed.

THE MAHARSHI AND THE MAHATMA

MORARJI R. DESAI

MY first visit to Sri Ramanasramam took place in 1935 when few of the present buildings had come up and the Maharshi himself was not so well-known as he came to be in later years. On that occasion I stayed in the Ashram for a day and sat in the presence of the Maharshi for an hour or more, during which I felt complete inner peace. I asked no question for I felt no need to ask any. But that hour of perfect stillness in that silent presence has been for me a precious memory ever since. Before I took leave of



him I had the privilege of having a meal with him. The experience of that visit convinced me that here was a realized soul and that the ideal of "action in inaction" as propounded in the *Gita* is really attainable.

Though we all know that wars begin in the minds of men, we find most people working for peace through outward acts without attaining inner peace. Wars occur because there is greed, a desire to own more than one's legitimate share of the world's goods. Unless the real spirit of religion is understood and lived up to and inner peace is established in the minds of people, we cannot establish peace in the world. Peace is not cessation from war, but a positive sense of unity with and concern for others. This is the goal which I am confident men and nations shall reach one day. But even if we fail to reach it, the goal is well worth striving for, because if we cease to move in this direction the causes of conflict will go on increasing and the world will get worse and worse, not better and better. If we all seek peace within, the world will one day become a real human society. Unless fear and greed disappear, unless we cease to cast envious eyes on others' possessions or talents or status in life, unless every person in every country achieves internal peace, unless every denomi-

national religion respects other religions and deepens and enriches its own spiritual experience without claiming superiority over others, the real religious spirit, a consciousness of the oneness and the common destiny of mankind will not prevail against fear and greed and we cannot build a real human society on earth.

The first step is to turn the searchlight inwards, learn our faults, recognize our own infirmity and set about reforming ourselves. If instead of doing this we assume airs of superiority and try to reform others, even if we do it in the name of peace, we shall be creating an atmosphere of conflict rather than of peace. In the realm of spirit there is no room for greed or fear or conflict, no room for self-assertion or exclusiveness. We in this country have always accepted *anekantavada*, the possibility of many points of view, and have therefore gone far beyond toleration which is only a form of patronage involving a sense of superiority and inferiority. We respect other persons because we see reflected in them the same self or spirit that animates us. We say "*atmavat sarvabhuteshu*" — I must act towards all living things as I expect them to act towards me.

It is from this recognition of the unity of all beings that the

doctrine of non-violence arises. It is only in a state of non-violence that one can respect others. It is only when one respects others that one can have an atmosphere of equality where peace can reign. Peace, to my mind, is the main function of all religions. Whoever has inner peace will also spread outer peace. But when a religious community wants to spread its ideas merely to increase the number of its followers, strife results. This aggressiveness will have to be given up by the organized religions, if true religion is to function through the imperfect instruments that we are.

Science has advanced so much that we can now ensure that nobody is in want. But science is at the same time multiplying the engines of destruction. Unless

THE REAL GURU

A true Guru, like Sri Krishna in the "Gita," will say to us, "having reflected over this fully, do as thou wishest." It is for us to recognize the truth of his words, to resolve to practise them and to put forth the necessary effort.

But men are fundamentally lazy. We want someone to do everything for us, to transform us into yogis without our having to go through the long and painful struggles that are necessary. Consequently, we are only too apt to feel that if a Guru cannot do that for us it is he and not we who are to blame.

—Yogi Krishna Prem.

we arrest this and spiritualize our public life and social relations, we shall not enjoy the benefit which modern science and the new methods of communication and social organization can give to mankind. In order to make science and technology serve mankind, a positive and dynamic peace is vital. This spiritual strength has got to be acquired through the *sadhana* of sacrifice, not by aggression or aggressiveness.

The innumerable activities of Mahatma Gandhi during his long political career both in South Africa and India never disturbed his own inner peace or the peace of the people among whom he worked. The *shakti* that he developed was the outward expression of the *shanti* which he cultivated through prayer and dedicated, selfless service. It is good to remember the essential link between *dharma* and *moksha*, between *karma* and *jnana*. In the *Talks with Ramana Maharshi* occur some revealing comments on Mahatma Gandhi's thought-free state and complete self-surrender. On August 18, 1938 when Babu Rajendra Prasad was taking leave after a few days' stay in the asramam and asked for a message from the Maharshi to be conveyed to Gandhiji, the answer was: "*Adhyatma shakti* is working within him and leading him on. That is enough. What

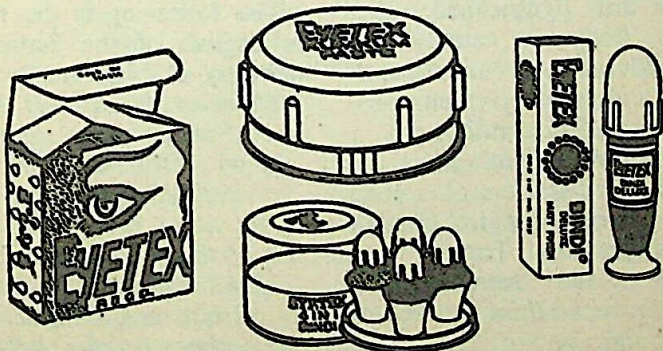
more is necessary?" Again on September 20, 1938, when some Congressmen had plied the Maharshi with questions about the success of the freedom struggle, he declared: "Gandhiji has surrendered himself to the Divine and works accordingly with no self-interest. He does not concern himself with the results but accepts them as they turn up. That must be the attitude of national workers." The Congressmen persisted and enquired: "Should we not know if our actions will be worthwhile?" Again the Maharshi said: "Follow the

example of Gandhiji in the work for the national cause. 'Surrender' is the word."

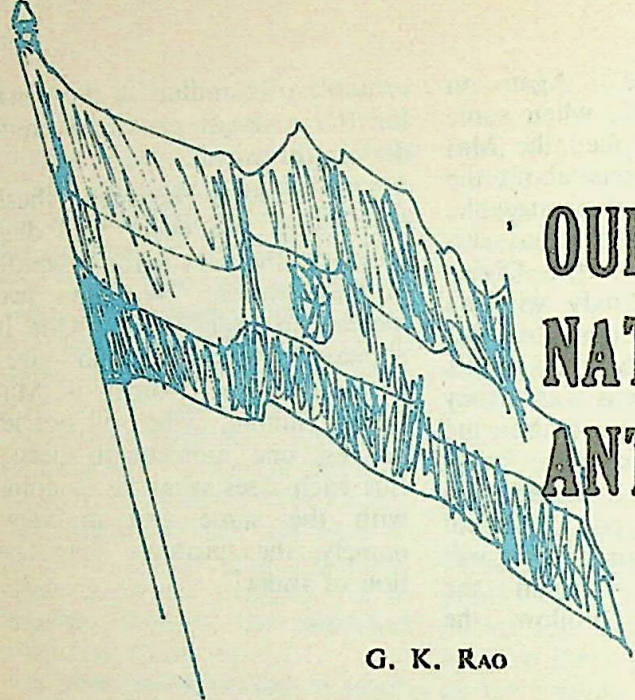
The relation between these two giants has been well described by the poet Sarojini Naidu in these words: "We have two *mahans* in India today. One is Ramana Maharshi, who gives us peace. The other is Mahatma Gandhi, who will not let us rest one moment in peace. But each does what he is doing with the same end in view, namely, the spiritual regeneration of India."

□ □ □

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OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM

G. K. RAO

TO all our countrymen—from school-going children to the top rulers of the country—our National Anthem *Jana Gana Mana* is as familiar as it is popular. A proper understanding of its origin and significance, especially by the young, and a respect based on such understanding will undoubtedly help promote national integration.

Our National Anthem is the first of the five stanzas of a song composed originally in Bengali by Rabindranath Tagore and published in the January 1912 issue of *Tattvabodhini Patrika* of which he was the Editor.

When the record of *Jana Gana Mana* was played before the General Assembly of the United

Nations in 1947 in New York the large gathering appreciated it very much and the tune struck the representatives of many nations as distinctive and dignified.

The following is the rendering in English of the National Anthem by Rabindranath himself:

*Thou art the ruler of the minds
of all people,*

*Thou Dispenser of India's
destiny.*

*Thy name rouses the hearts
of the Punjab, Sind, Gujarat
and Maratha, of Dravid,
Orissa and Bengal.*

*It echoes in the hills of the
Vindhyas and Himalayas,
mingles in the music of
Jumna and Ganges, and is*

*chanted by the waves of the
Indian Sea.*

*They pray for thy blessing and
sing thy praise,*

*Thou Dispenser of India's
destiny,*

*Victory, Victory, Victory to
thee.*

It is interesting to know the genesis of the song. This has been set out in great detail in the vividly written biography in Marathi रवीन्द्र नाथ (pp. 279-282) by Shri G. D. Khanolkar.

A summarised version of the relevant portion is at p. 162 of the English translation of the biography, *The Flute and the Plough* by Thomas Gay and is quoted below:

Genesis of Jana Gana Mana

"In December 1911 Emperor George V visited India. At the Delhi Darbar held on December 12th, he announced the repeal of the partition of Bengal. When the National Congress met in Calcutta in the last week of December the moderate leaders resolved that, in appreciation of this concession, the King Emperor should be loyally welcomed on behalf of the Congress when he visited Calcutta on December 30th.

"Pressure was then put on Tagore through his friend Ashutosh Chowdhury, to compose for the occasion a song in praise of the royal visitor.

"Such a proposal, coming from a bosom friend like Ashutosh

who knew his nature so intimately, filled Tagore with amazement and indignation. Not only did he reject the proposal, but he felt greatly angered, and from this anger was born the song *Jana Gana Mana*.

"This song was sung at the Congress session—but not as a eulogy of the ruler. The purpose of eulogy was served by a totally different song beginning 'Long live my Emperor' which some one composed in Hindi and which was sung on the third day of the conference.

"*Jana Gana Mana* was not even composed for the Congress session. It is a song to the Ruler of India's destiny—and this does not mean (as some people were misguided enough to suppose) King George.

"Tagore has himself testified that he wrote it out of indignation at being asked to write a song in praise of a mortal ruler: he wrote it to the glory of 'the Eternal Charioteer who guides human travellers through the ages.'

"As a percipient critic observes, *Jana Gana Mana* is more than a song of India's glory and victory; it is a song of devotion to the Almighty Power which supports her. It is the song of an ancient land, fallen on evil days, and now reborn to greatness. In the rosy dawn that follows a night of darkness, India salutes the Ruler of her Destiny, the King of Kings himself. It is

difficult to conceive of any sentiment more inspiring and sublime."

Rabindranath Tagore was not only a poet, teacher and philosopher but also India's cultural ambassador to the world outside. He carried his message of the unity of mankind to all the important countries of Asia, Europe and America and few writers have done more to raise the prestige of Indians in their own eyes and in the eyes of the World.

He made a great contribution the integration of our national consciousness.

It is, therefore, in the fit of things that his *Jana Gana Mana* which envisages in an inspiring manner the unity of India with its lofty mountains, its life-giving rivers and encircling sea and, above all, the people of its different regions and salutes the Dispenser of destiny, should be our National Anthem.

Be our guest in Delhi

and the rest of India ?

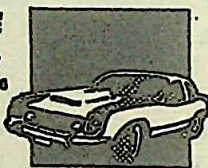
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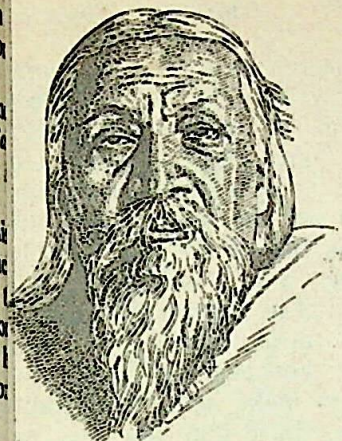
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This masterpiece of literary and political eloquence is part of an editorial which appeared in 1907 in the "Bande Mataram," the then leading Nationalist daily of Calcutta.

—Ed.

THE LIFE OF NATIONALISM

The Four Seasons of Development

SRI AUROBINDO

FOR all great movements, for all ideas that have a destiny before them, there are four seasons of life-development.

There is first a season of secret or quasi-secret growth, when the world knows nothing of this momentous birth which time has engendered, when the people of the earth persist in the old order of things with the settled conviction that that order has yet many centuries of life before it.

When Krishna is growing from infancy to youth in Gokul among the obscure and the despised and the weak ones of the earth, Kamsa knows not his enemy and, however he may be

troubled by vague apprehensions and old prophecies and new presentiments, yet on the whole comforts himself with the thought of his great and invincible power and his mighty allies and by long impunity has almost come to think himself immortal. Then there comes the leaping of the great name to light, the sudden coming from Gokul to Mathura, the amazement, alarm and fury of the doomed powers and greatnesses, the delight of the oppressed who waited for a deliverer, the guile and violence of the tyrant and his frantic attempts to reverse the decrees of fate and slay the young deity, —as if that godhead could, pass



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from the world with its work
undone.

This is the second period, of
emergence, of the struggle of the
idea to live, of furious persecu-
tion, of miraculous persistence
and survival, when the old world
looks with alarm and horror on
this new and portentous force,
and in the midst of wild worship
and enthusiasm, of fierce hatred
and frantic persecution, of bitter
denunciation and angry dispa-
ragement, assisted by its friends,
still better assisted by its foes,
the new idea, fed with the blood
of its children, thriving on tor-

ture, magnified by martyrdom
aggrandized by defeat, increased
and lifts its head higher and
higher into the heavens
spreads its arms wider and wider
to embrace the earth until the
world is full of its indomitable
presence and loud with the
clamour of its million voices, all
powers and dominations are
crushed between its fingers
hasten to make peace and com-
position with it that they may
be allowed to live.

That is its third period, the
season of triumph when the tri-
umphant meets face to face the man
of his own blood and springs
from the seed of his own foster-
ing who is to destroy him, and
in the moment when he thinks
to slay his enemy feels the grasp
of the avenger on his hair and
the sword of doom in his hand.

Last is the season of rule and
fulfilment, the life of Krishna at
Dwaraka, when the victorious
idea lives out its potent and un-
hindered existence, works its
will with a world which has been
come in its hands as clay in the
hands of the potter, creates what
it has to create, teaches what
it has to teach, until its own time
comes and with the arrow of the
Age, the hunter, in its heel
gives up its body and returns to
the great source of all power and
energy from which it came.

□ □



Women's Education

MAHATMA GANDHI

THOUGH much good and useful work can be done without a knowledge of reading and writing, yet I believe that such knowledge is necessary, for one can hardly do without it these days. Reading of good books develops the intellect and that, in its turn, increases our capacity for service to our people and our country.

I do not overestimate the value of this knowledge, but I should like to give it its due place in the scheme of things.

I have pointed out on several occasions that lack of education among women should not be made the reason for men to deprive them of their due human rights. But proper education

is essential in order that they may use those rights well, adorn them and spread them amongst our masses.

Without education, the inexhaustible fund of innocent pleasure which lies in various books is also closed to us. It is no exaggeration but a statement of fact that a man without learning is not far removed from an animal. Thus, a woman, like man, needs education.

Not that a woman should get the same kind of education as is given to a man.

It may be admitted that, for the most part, preliminary teaching of both boys and girls would be much the same. Barring that, there is great dissimilarity.

It is women's right to rule inside the home. Man is master outside it. Man is the earner of livelihood, woman saves and spends. Woman brings up children. She is their mother. She is responsible for building up their character. She is their educator, and hence the *mother* of the race.

Man is not, in that sense, the father of the race. After a certain age, a father ceases to influence his son, but not so the mother. The son, even after attaining manhood, behaves like a child in the presence of his mother. He cannot, however, do this with his father.

If this arrangement is considered natural and right, a woman should not have to earn her living. A society in which women have to work as telegraph clerks, typists or compositors is, I think, not well-organized. It is a symptom of moral and economic bankruptcy and is an indication that they i.e. the people belonging to that society, have begun to live on their capital.

Hence, just as it is wrong to keep women in ignorance and under suppression on the one hand, it is wrong, on the other hand, to entrust them with the work which is ordinarily done by men; for this is a sign of weakness and is tantamount to oppression.

Therefore, after a certain age, there must be arrangements to

provide women with a kind of education different to that of men,

Women should be taught management of the home, things they should or should not do during pregnancy, and nursing and care of children.

Women must cease to be servants and objects of enjoyment as they are at present and become, instead, our life-companions, equal partners in the battle of life, sharers in our happiness and unhappiness. All our efforts seem utterly futile as long as this is not accomplished.

On the other hand, blinded by passion, many among us adorn women and decorate them with ornaments just as we decorate idols. We must keep away from this evil also.

Our ultimate goal, however, will not be achieved until our women become to us what *Parvati* was to *Mahadeva*, *Sita* to *Rama*, *Damayanti* to *Nala*. Then they will participate in our discussions, argue things with us on an equal basis, understand our views and give them strength, appreciate our difficulties through their wonderful insight born of sympathy, be partners in our fight for resolving them and become for us, when we need it, the givers of the most soothing peace. This goal cannot be achieved merely by starting girls' schools.

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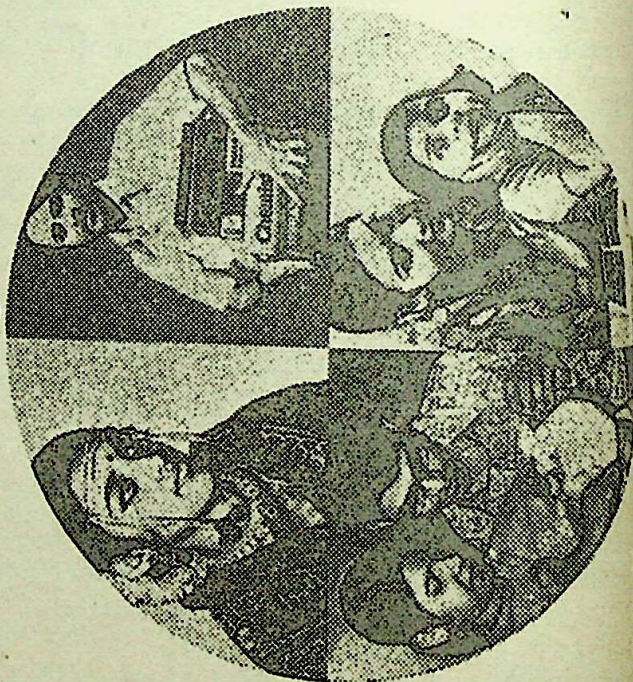
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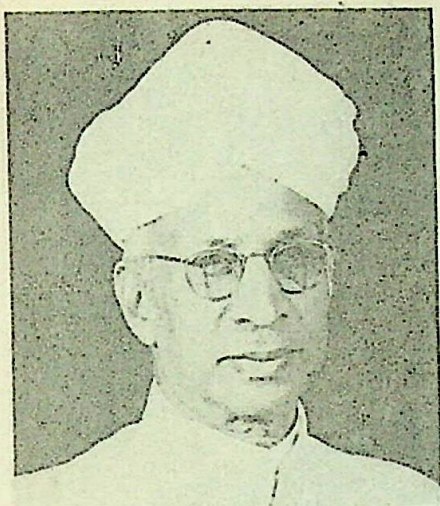
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Science & Religion

DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN

SCIENCE reveals to us the inexhaustible richness of the world, its unexpectedness and wonder. Science does not profess to solve all problems. There are regions where its writ does not run. When all is said and done, the world remains a mystery. The *Bhagavad Gita* says:
avyaktadini bhutani vyakta-
madhyani bharata
avyaktanidhananyeva tatra
ka paridevana.


The ultimate questions are too deep or mysterious for science. We should recognize that we understand and control only a tiny fraction of the universe.

A scientific study of the world does not give us a complete knowledge of the world. There are limits to the knowledge given by science.

From physics to chemistry, from chemistry to biology, from biology to psychology, from psychology to logic, ethics and aesthetics, we seem to have an unbroken, continuous, logical chain, a series of causes and effects ending up with parliamentary governments and large universities.

But the mystery of the emergence of life from a non-living environment, of consciousness from an unconscious environment, the emergence of the ideas of truth, goodness and beauty from an environment which does not have them are blank spaces in our knowledge which cannot be filled. There are problems like the relation of body and mind, the nature of self-consciousness which are puzzles for science.

Belief in a realm of spirit is not based on the gaps in knowledge but on the sense of mystery in the very heart of creation, inherent in the way in which the world works, obeying a certain order and yet emerging into novelties. God does not reveal Himself in nature and



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history by fits, only in crises and catastrophes.

Where scientific knowledge ends and the realm of mystery begins may shift, but there are two spheres, one capable of scientific explanation and the other not, which will always remain. There is a mystery in the heart of the world. To deny it is not to destroy it. We cannot weigh and measure the beauty of *Meghaduta* or the value of saintliness.

The world of truth and falsehood, right and wrong, beauty and ugliness, is different from the world of science. The world of scientific facts and the world of values are two different worlds.

They belong to one whole controlled by a presence greater than we are and is called Absolute Reality. Towards it we have a feeling of awe and humility and we should try to act in this world in conformity with the spiritual direction of the universe.

Religion is right belief, right feeling and right action. It is all the three. It is not intellectual conviction, emotional ecstasy, or social service. It is all the three. The passage from the intellectual to the spiritual, is not a quantitative accumulation but a qualitative leap. The transition from *vijnana* to *ananda* is a leap from one orbit to another.

If, in spite of the great knowledge we have accumulated, we are still in a perilous state, in

an unhappy predicament, it is because we are indifferent to the higher laws of the universe.

What is it that prevents the use of the great inventions for making the world into a happier and better place than it is? The passions of the human heart, stupidity, cussedness, vileness and wildness. We must tame the savageness of man.

Even if a nuclear war is prevented, without sufficient progress in human nature, we will stagger to a stand-still, a stalemate. It is here that the tradition of our country is of value.

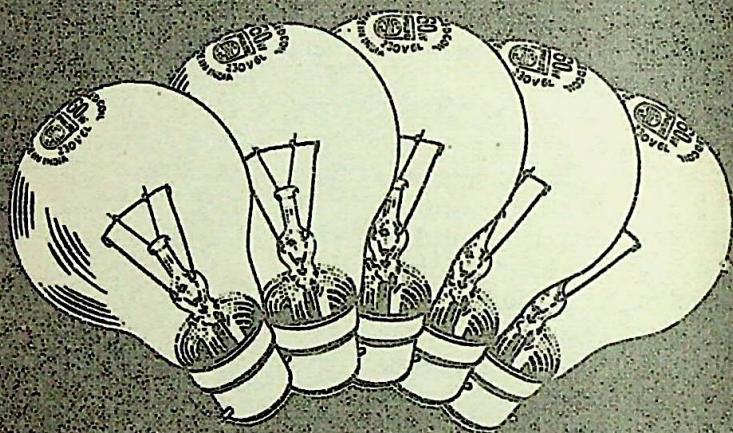
We must restore the truths of spirit to the central place in the minds of men. They must transform us, give us liberality, understanding, freedom. The minds and hearts of the people require to be altered. We must be able to make the right choice. This depends on the perceptions and ideas of men and women, on the moral judgements of the community, on the inner compulsions which control us.

We must train not only the intellect but bring grace into the heart of man. *Tejasvi navadhitam astu*. If we are truly spiritual, we will cut off with a drastic hand so much that has come down to us in the name of religion which is repugnant to our mind and heart.

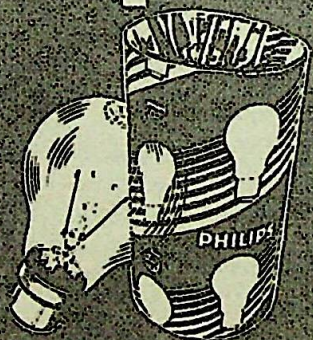
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TARAKA MANTRA

SANT KESHAVADAS

*Sri Rama Jaya Rama
Jaya Jaya Rama*

THIS mantra is known as Trayodasa-Akshari or the 13-syllable mantra. It is acclaimed as the *Taraka Mantra*, which means the meditation on this mantra could take a man across the ocean of rebirth.

Lord Shiva imparted this mantra to his spouse, Parvati, saying, "O Parvati, this *Taraka Mantra* is equivalent to a thousand names of Lord Vishnu."

In the mantra, "Sri Rama Jaya Rama," *Sri* stands for *Shakti* or

*Sri Rama Jaya Rama
Jaya Jaya Rama*

Sita. Ra symbolizes the fire that burns our *karma*. *Ma* represents water, which means the peace that passeth all understanding. *Jaya* means victory to the spirit over the flesh. Thus, the meaning of the entire mantra is "Victory to God with his *Shakti*, Victory, Victory to God."

Om stands for the word of God. It is the seed syllable or *bija mantra*. Therefore, *Om* is always prefixed to any mantra. Thus, the entire *Taraka Mantra* is sung as "Om Sri Rama Jaya Rama Jaya Jaya Rama."

In yogic parlance, *Ra* is the sun or solar energy, moving in *pingala nadi*, which is at the right side of the spine. It is masculine energy. *Ma* is the moon or lunar energy, moving in *ida nadi*, which is to the left of the spine. It is feminine energy. Thus, while you chant "Rama" again and again, it balances the masculine and feminine energy. Thus, you acquire balance of mind.

In devotional mysticism, it is described thus. When you chant *Ra*, the mouth, which is the main gate of this body, opens wide, and all sins are thrown out. When you chant *Ma*, your lips are locked and no sinful propen-

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sity can enter into you. Thus, by chanting *Ramanama*, the devotee attains purity of mind and heart, and God is realized in such a pure heart.

There are 72,000 *nadis* in the human body. Out of them, 108 *nadis* are in the heart. That is the location of God and soul. Therefore, 108 became a mystical number for doing *japa* or repetition of the holy *mantra*. *Japa* is the most powerful spiritual discipline in which the repetition of the holy *mantra*, along with *pranayama* or rhythmic breathing, is practised.

In *japa*, there are three steps. *Vachika* or oral repetition is the first step. As the mind is entering into the meaning of the *mantra*, you reach the second stage known as *upamshu*, which means repeating the *mantra* when not even a whisper is heard while lips are moving. As you reach the third stage, it is purely mental repetition, known as *manasika japa*. Here the mind repeats the *mantra* uninterruptedly and ultimately is absorbed in God. Let a devotee practise these three steps of *japa* until he attains total absorption.

Rosary of beads or *japa mala* is inseparable from this *yogic* meditation. There should be 108 beads on a rosary which symbolizes 108 *nadis*. On some rosaries, the beads are only 54, in which case the devotee has to turn the rosary twice to make it



108. In one sitting the devotee must do the *japa* 108 times. Those who want to do intense *japa* should repeat the *mantra* 1008 times in one sitting.

After bathing or washing one's face, one should sit either in lotus posture or any easy posture where the chest, neck and the head are held straight and steady for the energy to flow above through the spine. Holding the *japa mala* in the right hand, over the three fingers—middle, ring, and the little finger—one has to touch the bead by the thumb and the middle finger. After chanting the Holy Name, the bead is to be pushed and the same process should continue until one reaches the 108th bead.

or the last bead before the *meru* bead that stands separate from all of the other beads, that being transcendental. If one wants to continue the *japa*, one has to turn the rosary in such a way that he will not push the bead as he did before, but hold the bead by the thumb and the middle finger. Before repeating the *mantra*, one should inhale deeply and while exhaling, one has to chant the entire 13-syllabled *mantra* as mentioned above.

After the *japa*, one should salute the rosary and keep it either in a box or at the feet of God's image or symbol or hang the rosary on the wall. After 100,000 intense *japa*, one acquires healing power and then one has to touch the *meru* bead to the brow center of the patient. In the name of God, one should pray for healing. After such a healing, one should wash the rosary for *japa* again. *Japa Yoga* is the easiest, safest, and the surest way. It could be practised by anybody at any time. According to the *Bhagavad Gita*, *japa* is the greatest of all sacrifices.

Taraka Mantra is the one *mantra* for the entire world. It has no restriction of age, sex, caste, colour, creed, or country. It could be chanted by anyone at any time. This *mantra* solves the problems of lust and anger. It transforms the aggressive nature into a loving one.

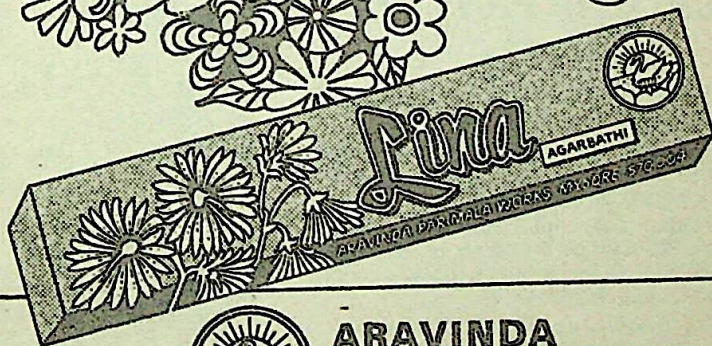
Sage Valmiki, Sant Tulsidas, Samarth Ramadas, Bhadrachal Ramadas, Tyagaraja and Purandaradasa are among the greatest exponents of this *mantra*. Lord Shiva constantly meditates on *Taraka Mantra* and Lord Hanuman is the greatest devotee of Rama, who became the ever-living, diamond-bodied Master.

In modern times, Mahatma Gandhi practised *Taraka Mantra* and brought independence to India through his power of love and non-violence.

The holy scriptures declare another efficacious method known as *Likhita Japa*, or writing this holy *mantra*. Have a few exercise books and a few pens reserved only for writing the holy *mantra*. If one writes everyday at least a page or more with deep devotion, gradually he will feel that his heart has become like a white paper, symbolizing purity, and he sees *Rama-nama* written on it. In other words, he will realize that his soul remembers God uninterruptedly.

One can take a pledge of writing 10,000 or 100,000 *mantras* per year with a deadline. Such an intense form of doing *japa* for obtaining certain results of God-realization, is known as *Purascharana Vidhi*, or the great discipline of God realization by repetition of the Holy Name. The devotee who has taken such a pledge or vow will maintain brah-

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macharya or celibacy during those months of practice. I will fast now and then, eat little, talk little, sleep little. With intense longing to have the *darshan* of the beloved Lord, he repeats the Holy Name orally, mentally or both, or he writes the Holy Name after oral and mental chanting. One can practise any of these for quick results. Completing that number of japa within the deadline, the devotee performs a *puja* or worship of Rama, and as a mark of completion of the vow, he will feed and clothe the poor or do some charity in God's name.

May everyone practise the *Taraka Mantra* Japa and attain peace and immortality. □ □

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Let's regain our lost soul—

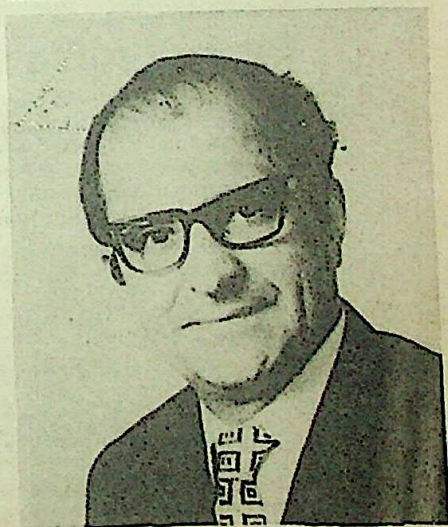
N. A. PALKHIVALA

"Birth of a New Project," a special feature published in the Bhavan's Journal of May 22, 1977, relating to Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's new project, "Ancient Insights and Modern Discoveries," evoked splendid reader response, indicating the popular interest in the scheme.

A scintillating speech was made by the noted jurist Nani Palkhivala on the opening day—April 30, 1977—of the two-day symposium which marked the formal launching of the Project. What follows is the full text of Shri Palkhivala's speech.—Ed.

THE project of co-relating modern discoveries to ancient insights is one of the most significant ever undertaken in our country. No other project would be of greater importance to our people. Modern India will find her identity and the modern Indian will regain his soul when our people begin to have some understanding of our priceless heritage. A nation which has had a great past can look forward with confidence to a great future. It would be restorative of national self-confidence to know that many discoveries of today are really re-discoveries and represent knowledge which

ancient India had at her command.



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Looking back through the frozen centuries, we see ancient India at the summit of knowledge and learning. Two and a half millennia ago India welcomed to her ancient Universities, at Nalanda and Taxila, scholars from various foreign countries. The traffic is the other way in our time.

World thinkers have stood in marvel at the sublimity of our scriptures. The great German philosopher Schopenhauer (1788-1860) bestowed rapturous praise on the *Upanishads* and observed, "Access to the *Vedas* (through Western translations) is in my eyes the greatest privilege this century may claim over all previous centuries."

No system of thought or body control is more widely known today than Yoga. "When a religious method recommends itself as 'scientific,' it can be certain of its public in the West. Yoga fulfills this expectation," says Dr. Carl Jung. "Quite apart from the charm of the new and the fascination of the half-understood, there is good cause for Yoga to have many adherents. It offers the possibility of controllable experience and thus satisfies the scientific need for 'facts'; and, besides this, by reason of its breadth and depth, its venerable age, its doctrine and method which include every phase of life, it promises undreamed of possibilities."

The glorious destiny of India is, in the words of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, to be "the teacher of all lands," or, to quote Sri Aurobindo, to be "the moral leader of the world."

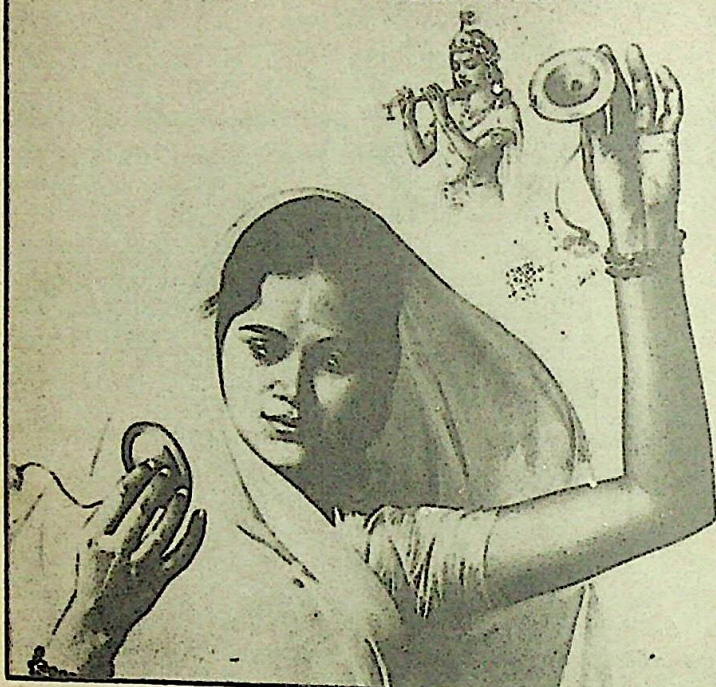
Ancient India took all knowledge to be its province. The insights of our thinkers and Rishis covered myriad fields—from astronomy, physics and mathematics to botany, medicine and philosophy. I should like to touch here briefly upon some of the fundamentals revealed by the ancient insights.

(1) *The only true life is the life of the Spirit.*

Over 100 canonical books of the ancient four *Vedas* are extant. In his *Journal* Emerson paid this memorable tribute to Vedic thought:

It is sublime as heat and night and a breathless ocean. It contains every religious sentiment, all the grand ethics which visit in turn each noble poetic mind... It is of no use to put away the book; if I trust myself in the woods or in a boat upon the pond, Nature makes a *Brahmin* of me presently: eternal necessity, eternal compensation, unfathomable power, unbroken silence... This is her creed. Peace, she saith to me, and purity and absolute abandonment—these panaceas expiate all sin and bring you to the beatitude of the Eight Gods.

मैरे दी गिरिधर गौपाल



She sang her way to spiritual glory

A Rajput Princess by birth, Mirabai forsook worldly pleasures to seek spiritual wealth. Deliberate persecution by her relatives did not deter her from leaving the ivory tower of the palace to join humble devotees in an all-absorbing religious life.

Suffering and personal tragedy must have deepened her religious feeling which found expression in her matchless bhajans, suffused with devotion, delicacy and sweetness.

For she drew, not upon learning but the fullness of her heart, to compose bhajans that have enshrined her in the hearts of countless millions.

Saints like Mirabai are gifted with universal love and compassion. To them, even inanimate objects become alive with God. They serve God through His creation—a service born of the conviction that the entire Universe is filled with God.

Sainthood is a universal phenomenon.



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The life of the spirit affords the only enduring and unfailing sustenance. It enables you to meet with "triumph and disaster, and treat the two imposters just the same." No tranquillizer can enable you to cope with strains and stresses and tensions as effectively as the boundless reservoir of the Spirit.

Incidentally, I may mention that we seem to have misunderstood our constitutional mandate that we are a non-denominational State. It is true that State money should not be used for propagating a particular religion, but State money can and should be used to propagate the great cultural and spiritual values of our land which are for all mankind. Every child at school and every youth at college in India should be taught that he is the inheritor of some of the greatest treasures in the world.

The affluent countries are sick today—sick through surfeit and abundance of material possessions. They know of no greater healing touch than that of the Rishis.

(2) *Knowledge can be intuitive and is not gained merely through sensory perception.*

The yogi can see, taste, smell, touch and hear without the use of outward sensory organs. "The blind man pierced the pearl; the fingerless put a thread through

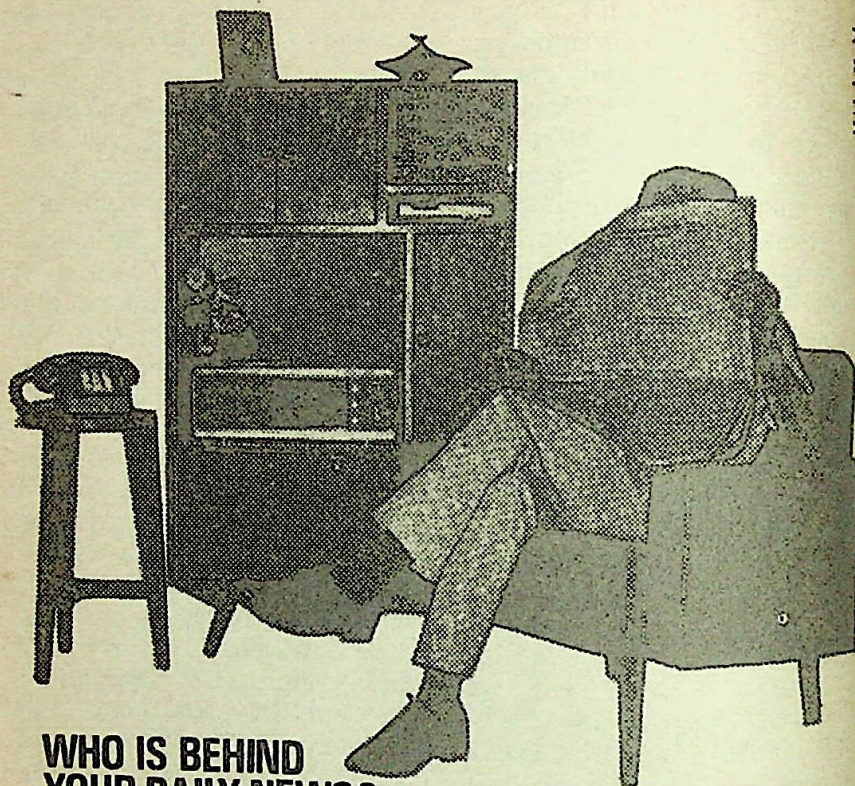
it; the neckless wore it; and the tongueless praised it."

The scientist whose knowledge is imitative, repetitive and derivative and who will accept nothing except what his senses convey to him, is a pathetic figure. It is indisputable that the human eye fails to respond to most of the "lights" in the world and that what man can perceive of the reality around him is distorted and enfeebled by the limitations of his organ of vision.

A courageous doctor, Charles Robert Richet, who was awarded the Nobel Prize in physiology, said: "Metaphysics is not yet officially a science, recognized as such. But it is going to be... At Edinburgh, I was able to affirm before 100 physiologists that our five senses are not our only means of knowledge and that a fragment of reality sometimes reaches the intelligence in other ways... Because a fact is rare it is no reason to hold that it does not exist."

Fragments of reality reached the ancient sages in ways which transcended their senses. Emerson observed: "All science is transcendental or else passes away. Botany is now acquiring the right theory—the avatars of Brahma will presently be the text-books of natural history."

Mere sensory knowledge is a torch of smoky pine; it closes its eyes on the inward vision which made the ancient insights



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*Columbus found a world, and
 had no chart*

*Save one that faith deciphered
 in the skies;*

*To trust the soul's invincible
 surmise*

*Was all his science and his
 only art.*

The *Upanishads* give us a
 glimpse of eternal truth on the
 wing, and they never need to be
 revised and up-dated. There is
 no comparison between the seers
 who wrote on the tablets of the
 heart and the scientist who wrote
 on paper yesterday what he has
 to erase today. Sir James Jeans
 said, "Science should leave off
 making pronouncements: the
 river of knowledge has too often
 turned back on itself."

No one can hope to become
 an integrated personality with-
 out acquiring a vivid sense of
 the beautiful and of the morally
 good as taught by the sages who
 built for endlessness.

(3) *There is a unity underlying
 the entire creation.*

In the ultimate analysis there
 is no difference between mind
 and matter, between animate
 and inanimate creation. Shadow
 and sunlight, doubt and belief,
 microcosm and macrocosm, hard-
 ly seem to be opposites as per-
 ceived by the seers who had a

unified vision of the Universe.

What the old Rishis taught is
 today confirmed by scientists
 who are agreed that the stream
 of knowledge is heading towards
 a non-mechanical reality. "The
 Universe begins to look more
 like a great thought than like a
 great machine."

Dr. Jagadish Chandra Bose
 made a speech at the opening of
 the Bose Institute which bore
 witness to his profound under-
 standing of ancient Indian
 thought:

I dedicate today this Insti-
 tute as not merely a laboratory
 but a temple. In the pursuit
 of my investigations I was un-
 consciously led into the border
 region of physics and physio-
 logy. To my amazement, I
 found boundary lines vanish-
 ing, the points of contact
 emerging, between the realms
 of the living and the non-liv-
 ing. Inorganic matter was per-
 ceived as anything but inert;
 it was a thrill under the action
 of multitudinous forces... In
 time the leading scientific
 societies of the world accepted
 my theories and results, and
 recognized the importance of
 the Indian contribution to
 science. Can anything small
 or circumscribed ever satisfy
 the mind of India? By a con-
 tinuous living tradition and a
 vital power of rejuvenescence,
 this land has readjusted itself
 through unnumbered trans-

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Inspired
by ideals
Strengthened
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to succeed
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achievement

Let every citizen
renew his pledge
of service to India.

Independence Day August 15, 1977

Directorate General of Information & Public Relations, Government of Maharashtra

formations. Indians have always arisen who, discarding the immediate and absorbing prize of the hour, have sought for the realization of the highest ideals in life—not through passive renunciation but through active struggle. The weakling who has refused the conflict, acquiring nothing, has had nothing to renounce. He alone who has striven and won can enrich the world by bestowing the fruits of his victorious experience.

The Rishis were fully aware of the ultimate reality which postulates that the boundary lines are superfluous, and the points of contact are real, bet-

ween the realms of the living and the non-living. How can it be anything else when life rises from dust and returns to dust! The rudest sod is thrilled with fire of hidden day and haunted by all mystery. Plants share the emotions of humans; and steel feels fatigue as much as animals. Harmony and unity—not dichotomy and divergence—is the ultimate reality.

(4) *All matter is nothing but energy.*

Just as the Universe looks more like a great thought than like a great machine, matter seems to be really a manifestation or depository of energy.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

An orator of the first order, a legal luminary with very few equals and an industrialist associated with a number of front-ranking companies in India, Shri N. A. Palkhivala's name is a house-hold word in our country.

After a brilliant academic career during which he stood First Class First in the LL.B. Degree examination of the Bombay University in 1944, he repeated the performance by standing First in the Advocate (O.S.) Examination in 1946. Shri Palkhivala took to law as a duck would to water.

Though by instinct and profession he is wedded to law, Shri Palkhivala is a man of many-sided interests. He is the Chairman of the Direct Taxes Commission appointed by the Government of

India and of the Leslie Sawhny Programme of Training for Democracy, the A. D. Shroff Memorial Trust, the Lotus Trust and the Income-Tax Appellate Tribunal Bar Association, Bombay, and Trustee of a number of other Charitable Trusts. He has the unique distinction of being elected an Honorary Member of The Academy of Political Science, New York, in recognition of his "outstanding public service and distinguished contributions to the advancement of political science."

He has a number of books to his credit on taxation, particularly on Income-Tax. His powerful advocacy in the Fundamental Rights Case would go down in history as one of the memorable forensic feats.

The tremendous progress of science in this century has pushed the frontiers of knowledge from the concrete to the abstract. The profound truth that all matter is nothing but energy seems to have been perceived by the Rishis without the means of conducting any scientific experiments, as clearly as it is now understood in the most lavishly equipped laboratory in the world.

It is energy which takes the rocket to the moon, and it is energy which makes the plants sprout through the earth.

Fueled by a million man-made wings of fire,

The rocket tore through the sky ...

*And everybody cheered,
Fueled by only a thought
God,*

*The seedling urged its
the thickness of black.*

*And as it pierced the
ceiling of the soil*

*And launched itself up
outer space ...*


No one even clapped.

The rocket's performance explicable; while the seedling performance is inexplicable & miraculous. Yet the claps of limited mortal are reserved the former.

Happy is the man whose has been transformed by ancient insights that lead to sense of values which materialistic education is powerless bestow.

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After having had a head-start in mathematics—the Queen of Science—we seem to have inexplicably slipped back. Now is the time to catch up in the race as there is hardly any field of knowledge in this science-oriented world in which mathematics does not figure.—Ed.

Ancient Indian Mathematics

JAISUKHILAL HATHI

IN ancient India mathematics occupied a very high place in the intellectual life of the country and so does it today. It was considered the Queen of Sciences.

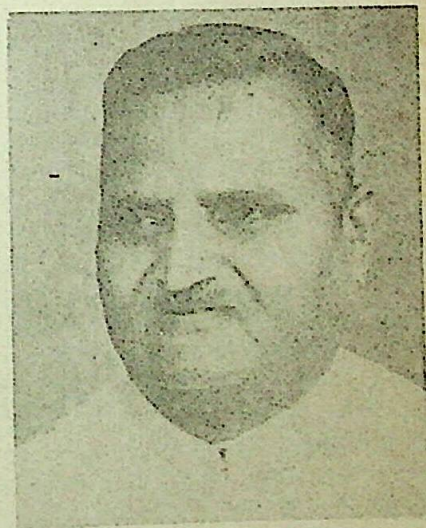
The fourth among the *Vedangas*, *Jyotisha* gives us an idea of the place of honour mathematics enjoyed at that time:

यथा शिखा मयूराणां नागानां मणयो यथा ।
तद्वद् वेदाङ्गशास्त्राणां

गणितं मूर्धनि स्थितम् ॥

As are the crests on the heads of peacocks, as are the gems on the hoods of the snakes, so is Ganita (mathematics) at the top of the sciences known as Vedangas.

Some of the most fundamental ideas of the present-day mathe-



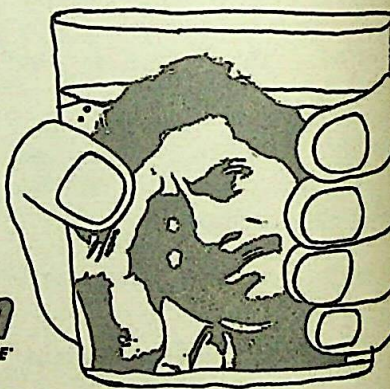
tics can be traced back to Indian Mathematics. The greatest achievement of the Indian mathematicians is the de-

HEADACHE GONE WITH A GLASS OF WATER



AND JUST ONE

Saridon
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imal place value system. This idea has contributed most to the progress of intelligence and civilisation.

With just ten symbols 1-9 and the symbol 'zero', one can write all numbers in an extremely simple way using the principle of place value. The most important of these is the number zero (*shunya*). Zero was discovered by the Hindus about 200 B.C.

It is said that no single mathematical creation has been more potent for the general on-go of intelligence and power than the creation of the number zero. In a recent article on "Ancient India's Contributions to Mathematics" Professor Ram Behari writes: "The world owes to ancient Indians the basic ideas in mathematics, the decimal place value system or notation in arithmetic, the generalization of algebra, the sine and cosine functions and Gregory's series in trigonometry and the foundations of indeterminate analysis." He concludes that India may claim to be the birthplace of arithmetic and algebra. The early Indians also evinced a great interest in geometry and astronomy.

In many of the ancient countries, the development of mathematics was necessitated on account of religious practices and observances. These required an accurate calculation of the

times of certain festivals and of the times auspicious for the performance of certain sacrifices or acts of worship. They also required a correct knowledge of the times of rising and setting of the sun and the moon, and of the occurrences of solar and lunar eclipses.

All these meant a good knowledge of astronomy which in turn meant an accurate knowledge of arithmetic, plane and spherical geometry and trigonometry, and possibly also the construction of simple astronomical instruments.

In the Vedic religion, every householder (i.e. barring the Sannyasis who would concentrate on meditation uninterruptedly for years) had to do certain acts of worship every day. It would be sinful if he neglected them. For purposes of worship, he would constantly maintain in his house three types of *Agnis* or fires sheltering them in certain altars of special design. The *Agnis* were called *Dakshina*, *Garhapatya* and *Ahavaneeya*.

The required altars had to be constructed with great care so as to conform to certain specific shapes and areas. The altar for the *Garhapatya Agni* was square in one system, and circular in another system. The altars for the *Ahavaneeya Agni* and the *Dakshina Agni* were respectively square and semi-circular. The unit of length employed was the

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Vyam or *Vyayam* which was about 96 inches. Possibly this represented the height of the average man in those days, for the word *Purusha* (man) is also used for this length. The area of the altar had to be exactly one square *Vyam*, and the altar had to be constructed as accurately as was possible so as to conform to the rules.

These sacrifices or acts of worship are traceable to the remotest times. Several references to them are available in the *Rig Veda Samhita*. The science of the construction of the altars takes a more specific form in the *Taittiriya Samhita* and the *Taittiriya Brahmana*. Mention may also be made of the provision of these altars which Rama observes when he enters the hermitage of the sage Agastya, and in Rama's own hermitages both at Chitrakoot and Panchavati.

In the hereditary handing down of instructions from father to son, and from the preceptor to the disciple so characteristic of the Hindu tradition in the past, the need for setting out the instructions in a written form was only slowly felt.

In this way were written the several *Salva Sutras* which were to be treated as adjuncts or appendices to the corresponding scriptural texts known as the *Srauta Sutras*. The root meaning of the word *Salva* is to

measure, and in due course the word came to mean the rope or cord. Geometry in ancient India was for long known by the name *Salva* or *Rajju*, rope. The name *Rekha Ganita* is of later origin.

We also find the Theorem of Pythagoras in the *Salvas*. Thus India can be well proud of having the Science of Mathematics much earlier than any other country.

Some Ancient Indian Mathematicians.

India has had the good fortune in the past to produce some very eminent mathematicians. Every one here is familiar with the name of Aryabhata.

Aryabhata was born in 476 A.D. and was the first to write formally on mathematics. His work *Aryabhatiyam* has five chapters—one on mathematics and four on astronomy. His work on mathematics is the earliest Hindu work on Pure Mathematics. It was only befitting therefore that India named its first earth satellite after this illustrious mathematician—astronomer.

Another famous name among ancient Indian mathematicians is that of Brahmagupta who was born in 598 A.D. and was probably a native of Sind.

Brahmagupta wrote *Brahma Sphuta Siddhanta* at the age of 30. It was through *Brahma Sphuta Siddhanta* that the Arabs

became conversant of Indian Astronomy.

A careful study of the History of Mathematics shows that Indian mathematicians were at one time far ahead of their counterparts in other countries. For example, Bhaskaracharya 1114 (A.D.), one of the greatest Hindu mathematicians, who wrote his famous work *Siddhanta Siromani* in 1150 A.D., gave rules for solving indeterminate equations of the first and second degrees. These rules are the same as those rediscovered by European mathematicians like Fermat, Euler and La Grange in the 17th century. The *Siddhanta Siromani* is divided into four parts, with the names *Leelavati*, *Bijaganita* (algebra), *Goladhyaya*

(the chapter on the sphere actually the celestial globe), *Grahaganita* (the mathematics of the planets). The first viz. *Leelavati* is essentially a treatise on arithmetic while the second and the fourth parts relate to astronomy. Bhaskaracharya is essentially the last well-known Indian mathematician—an outstanding algebraist, geometer and astronomer—after whose death the creative mathematical activity in India lay dormant for nearly eight centuries.

Srinivasa Ramanujam

In modern times also India has produced a mathematician who was far ahead of his contemporaries not only in his country but in the whole world. The reference is to Srinivasa Ramanujam (1887-1920) who is known as 'mathematicians' mathematician.' Professor G. H. Hardy, while paying a tribute to Ramanujam and his work, wrote

"His work has one gift which no one can deny—profound and invincible originality. On this side most certainly I have not met his equal and I cannot compare him with Euler or Jacobi. European mathematicians will take 50 years to decipher what is contained in his notebooks."

Mathematics Today

Indeed mathematics plays a very special role in our society today. It has applications in

Die to 'Live'

Men love their desires, for gratification seems sweet to them, but its end is pain and vacuity; they love the argumentations of the intellect, for egotism seems most desirable to them, but the fruits thereof are humiliation and sorrow.

When the soul has reached the end of gratification and reaped the bitter fruits of egotism, it is ready to receive the Divine Wisdom and to enter into the Divine Life.

Only the crucified can be transformed; only by the death of self can the Lord of the heart rise again into the Immortal Life, and stand radiant upon the Olivet of Wisdom.

—James Allen

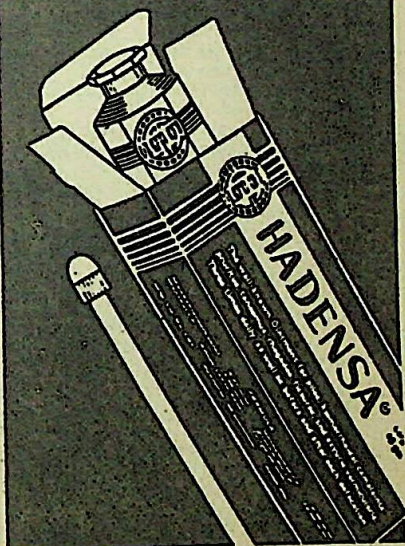
not only in the physical sciences but also in the biological sciences, social sciences and disciplines devoted to the study of human behaviour. There is a great link between mathematics and the outside world of experience.

For example, the applications of the game theory to economics and to other situations characterised by competition, the mathematical theory of communication which has application to engineering and linguistics and most of all the part high computers are playing in our everyday life.

Mathematics is playing at present a very important role in the study of genetics, ecology and morphogenesis. Perhaps mathematics will one day be able to help the biologists to understand the working of the vital human organs like the heart and the brain. It is felt that the general trend will be towards increasingly intricate mathematical theorizing in all parts of science, even in those branches where we cannot yet discern anything beyond the first tentative formulations of a few rudimentary mathematical principles. It is in realization of this fact that mathematics has been made a compulsory subject in Standards I to X in the new 10 + 2 + 3 system.

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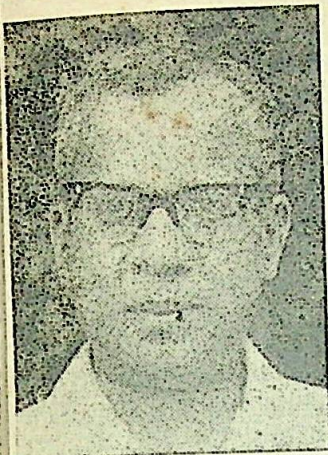
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The inestimable contribution of Indian philosophy to world thought is contained in the six systems of Indian classical philosophy.

In this article, Shri K. P. Bahadur, who is a Member of the Indian Administrative Service, explains in layman's language the esoteric wisdom enshrined in the "Shad Darsanas"—Sankhya, Nyaya, Vaisheshika, Yoga, Mimamsa and Vedanta.

Born in Allahabad in 1924, Shri Bahadur took his M.A. with English Literature from the Allahabad University and is at present Commissioner and Secretary to the Harijan and Social Welfare Department.

He has authored many works including an English rendering in verse of the "Bhagavad Gita" with a foreword by Vinoba Bhave.

Five of his books have been accepted under the UNESCO Indian translation series. His varied writings cover poems, stories for children, novels and works on philosophy.

The Sterling Publishers, AB/9, Safdarjang Enclave, New Delhi-110 016 have planned a six-volume "The Wisdom of India Series" designed to provide an encyclopaedic library of classical thought.

The present article is the first instalment from Shri K. P. Bahadur's "General Introduction to the Six Systems of Indian Philosophy" appearing in the first of the books in the Series—"The Wisdom of Yoga—A Study of Patanjali's Yoga Sutra." The 116-page book is priced Rs. 30/-.

The Six Systems of INDIAN PHILOSOPHY

K. P. BAHADUR

IF one were to ask what is the greatest gift of India to the world, the answer is its philosophy. And as is the case with all gifts, the receiver realises its value more than the giver. Yet curiously enough until recently the West did not wholly accept this great contribution of India. It simply did not recognise that

there was any philosophy in existence outside the Western world.

When the Western writer wrote about philosophy he started from Plato and Aristotle. Just as religion for the West meant only Christianity, so too, philosophy meant only the philosophy of Europe.

There have been some scholars, however, who have broken through this insularism and found the joy of savouring the philosophy of India. These have been effusive in their praises. Thus Schopenhauer says of the Upanishads: "In the whole world there is no study so beneficial and so elevating as that of the Upanishads. They are destined sooner or later to become the faith of the people." According to Dr. Paul Deussen, "the Upanishads formulate philosophical conceptions unequalled in India or perhaps anywhere else in the world."

Philosophical knowledge is beyond name and form (*nama* and *rupa*) which are the basis of the manifest world. It is an excursion into the world of the unknown, and tries to explain the unseen which is beyond the field of ordinary experience. Yet it must use the written word, which indeed is the only medium of communication between the writer and the reader. Herein lies its difficulty.

To explain what is abstract and beyond experience by concrete words, is not easy. The average reader living in the present day busy world has little time and less patience. If he has to wade through terse material he just gives up in despair. The task of the writer of philosophy is to express what is beyond name and form, not only

in words but in plain which convey the sense easily.

In this respect Indian philosophy is eminently suitable, it presents the greatest of truth in the simplest language. Muller says: "Whatever we think of such views of the world as are put forward by the Sankhya, the Vedanta, and other systems of Indian philosophy there is one thing which we cannot help admiring and that is straightforwardness and the perfect freedom with which they are elaborated. However imperfect the style in which their theories have been clothed may appear from a literary point of view, it seems to me the very perfect for the treatment of philosophy. It never leaves us in any doubt as to the exact opinions held by each philosopher."¹

Although there are diverse views expressed by different Indian philosophers, there are some fundamental concepts which all of them subscribe to.

One is the acceptance of the eternal cycle of Nature, without beginning or end. The cosmic unit of time is believed to be Kalpa, which is a day of Brahma, the Creator. This is equivalent to 43,200 lakh years. Brahma creates the universe in the morning of his day, and in the night earth, heaven and hell return to chaos. Next morning

1. Max Muller, "Introduction to the Six Systems of Philosophy"

TABLE A

Yuga	Duration	Colour of its Deity	State of Dharma	Nature of the People
Krita	1,728,000 years	White	Four legged	Contented, virtuous free from sorrow and disease.
Treta	1,296,000 years	Red	Three-legged	Malicious, quarrelsome, but dutiful.
Dwapara	864,000 years	Yellow	Two-legged	Falsehood, malice and discontent increase; Devotion, kindness etc., diminish.
Kali (the age in which we live)	432,000 years	Black	One-legged, and tottering	Vicious, wicked, neglectful of their duties. Sorrow and suffering predominate.

these are re-created. Thus existence moves on till Brahma reaches the hundredth year of his life. At the end of this period not only the three worlds (earth, heaven and hell) but all the gods, sages, demons and men and even Brahma himself are resolved into Mahapralaya. This is followed by a hundred years of chaos after which another Brahma is born and the same process is repeated.

Brahma's day is divided into a thousand Mahayugas of equal length, each consisting of four Yugas—Krita, Treta, Dwapara and Kali. These ages are distinguished by their duration, the colour of the deity presiding over the Yuga, the state of dharma in them, and the nature of the beings living in that particular Yuga. The distinctions are summarised in table A.

It is believed that the souls of beings who die pass according to the merit or demerit of their deeds, knowledge or devotion, either by the way of the devas (*devayana*) to the world of Brahman, or by the way of the manes (*pitriyana*) to the moon (to be reborn again as lower or higher beings as they deserve).

There are still others who go neither the way of the *devas* nor the way of the manes. These are the very wicked, who dwell in *naraka* (hell), and suffer age-long torment, and if their wicked deeds are not exhausted even in hell, they are hurled down to regions below the earth (*patala*).

Those who worship the *pitrus* go to them, those who worship gods go to the gods. Ghost worshippers find a place in ghost land. Devils on earth go amongst devils. Those who

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worship the Lord go to Him. They become Brahman and get release. Each man becomes the object of his worship.

Again, all Indian philosophy believes in rebirth. The *Kātha Upanishad* says: "Like corn man decays, and like corn he is born again."² Belief in rebirth is a logical outcome of the idea of *moksha* and *karma*, which too are concept common to all Indian schools of philosophy. Moksha is liberation from the rounds of birth and death. It is the goal for which every living being who is on the path of spiritual progress strives. The possibility of the self realising *moksha* implies that it is immortal. And if this is so it must have eternal pre-existence. The meaning of *karma* is that a man must reap what he has sown. The *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* says: "A man becomes good by good deeds and bad by bad deeds."³

The consequences of action cannot bear fruit in a single life. Hence there must of necessity be several lives to expiate them.

The fact that men are born with certain traits and predilections which cannot be traced to the present life, that everyone has an innate fear of death ascribable to sufferings undergone in past lives; the inequalities with which human beings start their

existence by the accident of birth—all point to there being an earlier life.

Man's sojourn in the world is only a brief episode in the totality of his existence. It is as though one were to sit through a movie only for five minutes. The things he would see in this short time would make no sense. What happens in those five minutes can only be understood when viewed in the context of the entire story. We may see in those brief moments a man being shot, a woman crying, a person behind the bars: we may feel that they have needlessly suffered. But in fact they may have deserved it. The man shot down may be a murderer, the woman who cries, unfaithful to her husband, and the prisoner may be a rank criminal. It will all make sense if we see the complete movie. So is it with life?

We see men suffering, even good and virtuous men, and we feel it is unjust. But if we can see all their past lives pieced together, perhaps the reason would become evident. The doctrine of *karma* and rebirth is morally satisfying. It explains many things we would never understand otherwise, and it keeps people firmly on the good and noble path.

All schools of Indian philosophy accept *dharma* as the moral law of the universe. It is

2. "Katha Upanishad," 1:6.

3. "Brihadaranyaka Upanishad," iii, 2:13.

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difficult to find an exact English equivalent for *dharma*. The nearest can be 'duty,' 'virtue' or 'morals.' Hindus believe that there are three worldly pursuits: *artha* (possessions), *kama* (delights) and *dharma* (virtue). These are called the *trivarga*. Beyond the three is the other-worldly goal, *moksha* or liberation. *Artha*, *kama*, *dharma* and *moksha*, are the four *puru-sharthas* (literally, 'what is sought by men.')

The *Gita* considers that one's own *dharma* is the best of all: *Sreyan Svadharmo vigunah*.⁴ Just as fish can live only in water and birds in the air, so too a man can follow only that which is his own *dharma*.

Men are distinguished not only by their avocations but also by their tendencies and natures. The extrovert is fond of social life and outward activity, while the introvert is the thinking, brooding type. Someone is fond of travelling and of seeing the world, another is the stay-at-home type.

Similarly people are divided by their occupations. Hinduism believes in there being four castes (*varnas*) to which people belong, and four life-stages (*ashramas*) through which each individual has to pass. The castes are based on the nature of duties and the division does not imply any inferiority or superiority, but is

simply according to the work which each class performs.

The *ashramas* provide a complete and integrated life for the individual. The first stage is that of the pupil (*antevasin*). The student must be obedient and subsissive to his teacher in whom he must have complete faith. He must be eager to acquire knowledge. He must practise strict celibacy (*brahma-charya*).

The second stage is that of the family man (*grihastha*). It is in this stage that the man realises the three aims of worldly existence—the pursuit of wealth, pleasure and duty.

Then comes the third stage, that of the forest-dweller (*vanaprastha*), in which the pursuit of wealth and pleasure is given up for the higher quest of knowledge of the Self. The man and his wife retire to the forest in order to assiduously pursue this object, abandoning the duties, cares, pleasures and interests of family life.

The last stage is that of the homeless wanderer (*sannyasi*) in which all ties with the world are severed. In this final stage the man rests in Brahman alone and experiences complete bliss. Thus the Hindus conceive of a whole life, a concept unique in religion. While the emphasis is on renunciation, the other aspects are not forgotten.

All schools of Indian philo-

4. "Bhagavad Gita," XVIII, 47.

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sophy believe that the aim of life is to achieve liberation which is known by many names: *moksha*, *mukti*, *samadhi*, *Brahma Sakshatkar*, Knowledge, Self-realisation, *nirvana* and so forth. *Moksha*, which is prized even more than heaven, is the final goal of all human endeavour. Once it is achieved there is no return to the rounds of existence.

It is not a state of nothingness or nihilism, but one of activity, full of freedom and perfection. The self of the person who has achieved *moksha* is not annihilated, just as a ray of sunlight is not destroyed when it mingles with the sun. As the *Mundaka Upanishad* says: "Losing name and form, the wise man goes to Brahman, even as the river flows into the sea."⁵

Another concept common to Indian schools of philosophy is the universality of suffering. There are three kinds of suffering: *adhyatmika* (disease and mental grief), *adhibhautika* (suffering arising from the world of living creatures), and *adhidaivika* (arising from the supernatural, like the influence of stars and planets). It is acknowledged that life involves suffering, and one of the aims of Indian philosophy is to find out ways and means of removing it.

The ordinary man keeps on living his life accumulating wealth and pursuing pleasures.

But there are a few who rise above such petty ambitions, and shedding all desires, undertake the quest of the higher Self. They are seekers of salvation. For them, when they achieve it, the chain of rebirths is broken. There is no more worldly existence for them, and therefore no more suffering.

The classical systems of Indian philosophy are the Six Systems (*Shad Darshanas*). *Darshana* is from the Sanskrit root, *drsh*, 'to see.' The *Shad Darshanas* are therefore the 'six points of view.' Although these schools have varying philosophies, there is also a kind of unity in them. They are different viewpoints of the One Truth.

All of the schools accept the Vedas and have the Upanishads as base. All believe in the common tenets of Indian philosophy like *karma*, rebirth, *dharma* and liberation. All of them are full of hope and promise, with no trace of gloom or scepticism.

Finally, the language in which they are written, the *Sutra* style, is terse and condensed, and needs commentaries to elucidate it. The reason for brevity was that the texts were meant to be memorised and repeated from guru to disciple.

The founders of these different schools only consolidated and systematised the ideas which were in existence for a long time before them.

5. "Mundaka Upanishad," iii, 2:8.

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Patanjali, who wrote the *Yoga Sutras*, says in the very first *sutra* (aphorism) of his work that it is only a revised text of Yoga. Nonetheless these founder-philosophers gave form and shape to the ideas which existed only nebulously.

The Six Systems are as follows:

1. *Nyaya*, founded by Gotama, is the science of logic.

2. *Vaisheshika*, founded by Kanada (Pron. Kanaada) is the revelation of knowledge leading to the realisation of the Self.

3. *Sankhya*, founded by Kapila, is pure philosophy, and tries to harmonise the teaching of the Vedas through reason. It is a systematic account of the process of cosmic evolution.

4. *Yoga*, founded by Patanjali, gives an integrated approach, teaching the aspirant to train his body and mind to achieve the goal of existence, which is trance or *samadhi*.

5. *Mimamsa*, (Pron. Mee-maamsaa) is also called *Purva Mimamsa*, because it deals with the *Purva* (earlier) part of the Vedas. The school was founded by Jaimini. It lays down the nature of *dharma*, and emphasises the ritual and ethical side of religion rather than the philosophical.

6. *Vedanta* or *Uttara Mimamsa*. So called because it deals with the last part or end of the Vedas (*uttara* = last,

anta = end). The Vedanta, which has won many admirers in the West, is the culmination of Indian philosophical wisdom, based on the teachings of the Upanishads. The central theme is the relation between God and the world, and that between the individual soul and the cosmic soul.

Indian sages believed in self-effacement, and so while enunciating their philosophy they were disinclined to speak or write about themselves. Consequently, we know very little about the founders of the Six Systems. However, the little that we do, is summarised below.

Gotama (Founder of *Nyaya*) is sometimes known as Aksapada (literally, eye-footed) because he would often stand looking down towards his feet while he was lost in contemplation. He is also known as Dirghatapas (meaning 'long penances'), perhaps because of his habit of undertaking long penances. He was born in Gautamasthana in North Berar. For some period he lived at Godna, at the confluence of the Ganga and the Sarayu rivers, but later on he lived in a hermitage on the outskirts of Mithila, along with his wife Ahalya. On retirement he went to Prabhasa (Kathiawar).

The founder of *Vaisheshika*, Kanada, is also known as Kanabhuj or Kanabhakshaka (*Kana* =

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atom, *ad* = eat). Thus Kanada literally means 'atom eater.' This name appropriately suits the founder of the *Vaisheshika* because he conceived of the world of reality as being formed of the smallest particles or atoms (Sanskrit, *anu*). Kanada was also known by the name of Kashyapa. His system is sometimes called Auluka, from the Sanskrit term for an owl, which is *uluka*. This was probably because like this night bird, the sage would meditate all day long, and go out to seek his food in the night.

Sankhya, one of the oldest of Indian philosophies, has as its founder the sage Kapila. His father was Kardama, and his mother, at whose feet he got his education, was Devahuti. During his later years he lived in the island of Sagara at the mouth of the Ganga, about 90 miles from Calcutta. Perhaps the city of Kapilavastu, the birthplace of the Buddha, got its name from him.

Kapila means 'the Red One.' The epithet is used for the sun as well as for Lord Vishnu. This fiery nature of the sage is evident in the following story told about him.

Sagara, King of Ayodhya, had no children. He propitiated Bhrigu, who gave him a boon by which one of his two wives gave birth to a son, and to the other was born a gourd. From the

gourd took birth 60,000 sons.

When so many sons were born to Sagara's wives, he began to have high aspirations, and schemed to dethrone Indra, the King of the gods. So he decided to perform the Aswamedha sacrifice and released the horse to wander where it willed.

Indra guessed what was in Sagara's mind, and taking the form of a demon, drove away the horse to the nether regions where Kapila sat in meditation.

Hearing about this, Sagara asked his 60,000 sons to make their way to the place by digging through the earth, and regain the horse. They went down a 120,000 miles, but couldn't find it, and returned in despair to Ayodhya.

But Sagara sent them out again, charging them to get the horse without fail. Then the sons of Sagara bored down even more, and reached the spot where the mighty elephants of the Four Quarters were supporting the earth, but still they couldn't find the horse.

At last after much search they saw it browsing near Kapila. They concluded that it was the sage who had stolen the horse and rushed upon him.

Thus disturbed in his meditation, Kapila in a rage opened his eyes, and the flames which emanated from them burnt up all of Sagara's sons. (They were revived again much later when

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Sagara's descendant, Bhagirath, succeeded in bringing down the Ganga to the earth, and laving their ashes with her holy water.)

About Patanjali, the author of the *Yoga Sutras*, we know comparatively little. He is also known as Phanin or Sessa, the divine serpent. Some scholars think he and the grammarian Patanjali who commented on the aphorisms of Panini are one and the same person. Others identify him with the physician Patanjali who wrote on medicine.

The same difficulty of lack of details about their lives, faces us with regard to Badarayana (also called Vyasa Dvaipayana or Krishna Dvaipayana), who was the author of the *Brahma Sutras*, and Jaimini, his pupil, who founded the Mimamsa school of philosophy.

It is very difficult to ascribe exact dates to the various schools. There is very little evidence to go upon, and mostly one can make only conjectures. All the Six Systems are of ancient origin. The *Sankhya* and the *Nyaya* are the oldest, dating back to the sixth century B.C., followed by the *Purva Mimamsa* and the *Uttara Mimamsa* (*Vedanta*), fifth century B.C., and the *Yoga* and *Vaisheshika*, the third century B.C. The Systems, however, only consolidate and codify the ideas which were existing much before.

Rama, the ancient idol of the heroic ages, the embodiment of truth, of morality, the ideal son, the ideal husband, the ideal father, and above all, the ideal king, this Rama has been presented before us by the great sage Valmiki.

—Swami Vivekananda

“Rama lore and Krishna lore are the two great axes around which the life of the Indian people, particularly the life of our village folk, has been revolving all through the centuries.”

—Dr. Rajendra Prasad

These flourished much earlier, several centuries before Christ's birth.

The tenets of the Systems are embodied in *sutras* (aphorisms) which consist of pithy observations requiring elaboration and interpretation before their complete sense can be understood.

The texts are:

Gotama's *Nyaya Sutras*
 Kanada's *Vaisheshika Sutras*
 Kapila's *Sankhya Sutras*
 Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras*
 Jaimini's *Purva-Mimamsa Sutras*

Badarayana's *Brahma Sutras*

A brief account of the principles embodying each of the Six Systems will follow.

(To be continued)

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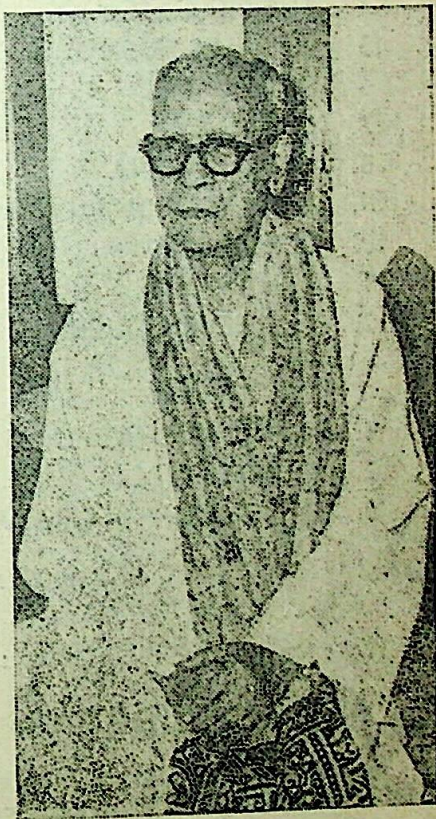
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An Hour With Dr. R. C. Majumdar

S. B. JOSHI, *Calcutta*

"WE learn from history that we learn nothing from history," said a rather cynical Hegel. And yet great historians undauntedly go on piecing together the fascinating mosaic that is history. We *homo sapiens* are a funny lot! Whether we learn from it or not, we nevertheless continue perusing histories. Well, one thing is certain. History is such a subject that a person possessed by it, be he a writer or a reader, remains its votary till the last breath of his life. A historian lives in 'history' all the time, and a reader in love with history finds all other subjects *sans* spice or salt. If a historian has that extra gift of lucid style, his writings get an added dimension of readability. Gibbon and Macaulay are 'dated' and yet are read today, because Clio, the muse of history, had bestowed her graces on them.

With such rambling thoughts



in my mind, I strolled the other day in South Calcutta. It was

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a fine sunny morning and a walk by the spacious Deshapriya Park was in itself quite welcome. My destination was No. 4, Bepin Pal Road where the doyen of Indian historians, Dr. Ramesh Chandra Majumdar, stays.

His is a modest bungalow. I pressed the doorbell and heard the tingle upstairs, followed by an order to a servant, in a feeble yet authoritarian voice. The bearer ushered me to the visitor's room.

There was an old-fashioned, commodious sofa set. A pretty painting of Taj Mahal mirrored in the waters of Jamuna on a moonlit night (was it Thakur Singh's?) hung on the wall. The study of the noted scholar was in an adjoining wing, where he sits with heaps of books all around.

The immediate cause of my seeking an interview with Dr. Majumdar was the recent happy culmination of a great project—"The History and Culture of the Indian People" which looked an ambitious and grandiose scheme when it was launched by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan 33 years ago.

Dr. Majumdar was the proud captain of a team of assiduous historians, leading them to final success. Dr. K. M. Munshi, who was verily the uncrowned king of Gujarati literature and the founding father of the Bha-

van was the architect of this project, who nursed it through thick and thin with a mother's loving care and concern. Munshiji's pen had painted the Glory that was Gujarat.

He always yearned for a real history of India, of the Indian people, of her cultural heritage, of her achievements as well as her failures, written by her own sons.

The Birla family trust—the Krishnarpan Trust—through the good offices of Shri G. D. Birla, gave a loan of Rs. 1.75 lakhs for the Bhavan's history project. George Allen & Unwin of London agreed to cooperate in the publishing venture. Prof. Rawlinson agreed to go through the chapters and offer suggestions. Dr. A. D. Pusalkar, a renowned scholar already on the staff of the Bhavan, was also wisely drafted for the history project. His quiet and constructive endeavour proved to be a pillar of strength over the next several years. Munshiji's keen eyes, after scanning the sub-continental skies for a worthy helmsman, ultimately settled on Dr. Ramesh Chandra Majumdar. With him at the helm, the committee planned the project in all details and executed it with commendable speed and efficiency. The first six volumes of the History were published during the first decade itself (1951-60). Initially, the series was to be com-

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pleted in 10 volumes. Later on it was decided to widen the scope of Modern Period, with the addition of an extra volume.

The eighth volume, 'Maratha Supremacy,' was the last to appear, and with its recent publication, a glorious promise stands fulfilled. These 11 volumes, published in a span of 33 years, have bestowed on students and scholars a mass of 9,000 pages (with 283 art plates and 20 maps) of authentic history. Cambridge History is no longer a monarch of Clio's domains, at least as far as India is concerned! Anyone anywhere in the world seriously interested in knowing about India's past cannot afford to ignore these volumes.

Munshi's uncanny choice of the Editor was amply justified by the later turn of events. Who was this Dr. Ramesh Chandra Majumdar? The world of scholarship fully knew his qualities. He had just relinquished the Vice-Chancellorship of the Dacca University (1937-42). The golden annals of the History of Greater India were by then an open book for anyone who cared to read, thanks to his patient and industrious pursuit. He had a lion's share in the History of Bengal project of the Dacca University. His several volumes on the ancient history of India, his many dissertations in learned journals and several well-prepared University lectures had already made him a scholar of note. His thesis on the Corporate

Life in Ancient India had long ago won the coveted Griffin's Prize of the Calcutta University. *Advanced History of India* by the illustrious triumvirate, Majumdar-Roychaudhuri-Datta, was a boon to history students all over the country. Dr. Majumdar was equally dexterous in using Bengali as a medium for his scholarly writing, which added to his popularity.

I remembered Dr. Majumdar's early life. Born at Khandapara in Pharidpore District on December 4, 1888, he lost his mother before he was two. (Incidentally, several of the great Bengali historians, Sir Jadunath Sarkar, Dr. Surendranath Sen, Dr. Surendranath Dasgupta, Dr. Nihar Ranjan Roy and Dr. R. C. Majumdar—are all from East Bengal. Geography, perhaps, affects history in curious ways!). His educational course was not smoothly charted. He had repaired to Barisal, attracted by that fiery patriot, Aswini Kumar Dutta. (Dr. Surendranath Sen, incidentally, was also a *chela* of Ashwini Kumar.) By a quirk of fate, R. C. Majumdar became a historian, instead of a scientist! Just because his elder brother had already opted for science, he was advised by the eldest brother to go in for a different branch of study. And so, one became an engineer and another a historian! After his brilliant career in college, R. C.

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Majumdar like all young scholars, set his heart on winning the Premchand Roychand Scholarship. His thesis on Andhra Kushanas earned high plaudits from Dr. Thebault who examined it. R. C. Majumdar's name was on everybody's lips while he was still on the threshold of his scholarly career.

In 1928 he went on an extensive tour of Europe, Central Asia and South East Asia. What he had read in books was fortified and strengthened by keen observation of the countries. Java, Sumatra, Bali, Kamboj, Siam, Malaya, Burma etc. were no longer exotic names to him, but lands bearing the footprints of his ancestors who once ushered in golden eras there. He studied the Dutch language, stayed in Holland and read extensively at the Kern Institute, as most of the South East Asian region once formed part of the Dutch Empire. Thus, he laid the firm foundation of his tomes on Greater India. He taught history for seven years in Calcutta University and for 22 years in Dacca University. In 1939 he also presided over the Indian History Congress.

* * *

The screeching sound of a moving chair in the ante-room broke my reverie. Enters Dr. Majumdar. I get up and bow reverentially. He recognises me, pats me on the back with pater-

nal affection and signals me to take a seat.

"What is the matter?" he queries and occupies the sofa opposite me. Wearing a white pyjama and a half-sleeve white shirt and shod in black slippers so becoming his fair complexion, he is a picture of simple, old grandpa in any Indian family. His eyes are like a pair of doves nestling quietly in a cove of a tree. A few silvery locks of hair adorn the crown of his head. The skin of his weather-beaten body is full of furrows.

Adjusting his spectacles, he again enquires about the purpose of my unexpected visit. Hesitantly, I explain my intention.

"Well, well you can ask right now. I've time to spare just at the moment." He cups his ears attentively. He is quite alert for his age. His eyesight, his hearing and his memory are all intact.

I wanted a suitable appointment at some suitable date so that I could do a bit of home work before talking to him. His ready response unnerved me a bit. But his kindness put me at ease and I set the ball rolling by my preliminary volley about the genesis of this great history project.

He instantly loses himself in the past. He reels off memories of the various abortive attempts of writing the complete history

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of India. Dr. Rajendra Prasad, he recalls, was an ardent student of history and he was keen on a plan of substantial and sustained volumes on Indian history by Indian historians. But he was extremely hard-pressed for time, what with his multifarious political activities and intermittent visits to jail. Rajendra Babu had designed a scheme of 20 volumes, but not a single volume could be out in the course of the first five years. Dr. A. S. Altekar and Dr. R. C. Majumdar were assigned the 6th volume in that series. Dr. Rajendra Prasad and Sir J. N. Sarkar were the chief editors of the series.

Mention of these names moved him to tears, his voice choked. There was a flutter in the doves! But the next moment he composed himself and picked up the thread of narration. His mind's eye again fixed on the full-length serial of 88 reels!

A meeting was held in Calcutta where Rajen Babu, Sir Jadunath and R. C. Majumdar discussed the issue. "I reckon I shall not live long. It's my earnest wish that I should see at least one volume of this series published before I die," said Dr. Prasad. Those words were electrifying. A friend of Dr. Prasad was the proprietor of Gauranga Press in Calcutta. He guaranteed the production of the volume and thus the 6th volume (Vakataka-Gupta period) came

out of the press within three months!

Another project was planned by the Indian History Congress. It had envisaged a series of 12 volumes. Both these schemes, however, could only produce two volumes each.

While Dr. Majumdar was narrating these events, I remembered of an old Delhi scheme. In the vicinity of the towering Kutub Minar, stands the incomplete structure of Ajai Minar, which was planned on a very grand scale. In the field of scholarship, too, we find a tower complete, surrounded by the desolate shambles of other ambitious edifices extravagantly planned. Against their background, the complete structure looks all the more lofty!

"How was it that Dr. Munshi selected you?" I asked him.

"I myself was taken aback," Dr. Majumdar replied.

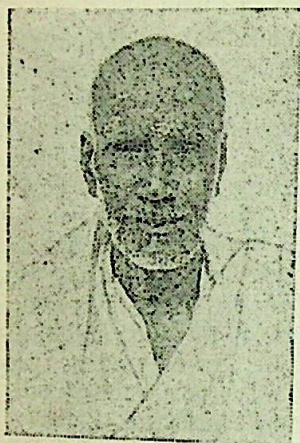
When he met Munshiji in Benaras he asked him about it. And Munshiji reassured him that his was a fitting choice. "Such appointments are not made on the basis of a sheaf of testimonials," Dr. Munshi said. He had seen the *History of Bengal* and found his man. That was the spirit in which a history of one's own country had to be written, Dr. Munshi felt.

"But Munshiji was a novelist, perhaps nursing a romantic view of the history. How could he and you keep the unity of

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approach so essential to this work?" I asked.

Even before I completed the sentence Dr. Majumdar guessed its import and began clarifying:

"He never interfered in my work. We had made it a point from the very beginning. We discussed threadbare all thorny issues, right from deciding the divisions of our history. The prevailing pattern was unnatural. Segmenting our history in Hindu, Muslim and British (why not Christian) was unscientific. Ancient, Medieval and Modern was more precise. Again the disparity between the periods covered was amazing. Equal space used to be devoted to 4000 years of Pre-Islamic era, 500 years of Mughal era and 150 years of the British regime. We changed this by devoting five volumes to Ancient Period, three volumes to Medieval period and three volumes to Modern Period.

"We wanted to write the real history of our country, of her people, of her cultural heritage. We had to sift the grains of truth from the mass of chaff available in legends, myths, folktales, chronicles, ballads, epics, genealogies and others. I was younger by 20 years than Sir Jadunath. He was my friend and philosopher. He had taught me that truth should be the pole star of every historian. He used to exhort all his students that a historian's loyalty should forever be to truth. And, therefore, we had to fight hard against

many deep-seated prejudices of popular fancy and write the unpalatable truth. Munshiji supported me in this endeavour. We always used to meet and debate the thorny problems. We had differences about the role of Gandhiji and we thrashed out our views personally. We differed in our assessment of the Moplah rebellion in Malabar. I had to argue the case of history before Munshiji. About the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 also, we differed in our evaluation. While he held a glorified view of it and hailed it as a war of Independence, I thought that it was an uprising of the disgruntled army, which soon became a conflagration, with several local smouldering satrapas joining it. It redounds to Munshiji's credit that even when he differed, he never imposed his views on me and allowed me full freedom to hold my views. Thus, every volume carried an introduction by him, setting forth his assessment of the period covered and my own editorial comments alongside in a separate chapter. Future students thus would be benefited by this debate."

"Was it a difficult task in bringing together a team of scholars, each an expert in his own sphere, and forging a homogeneous work out of their labour?" I asked.

Dr. Majumdar dismissed the difficulties as minor irritations inherent in any corporate effort.

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On the contrary "I got excellent cooperation from all the scholars. For one thing, the running thread of history over the entire period was never lost sight off. Again I had devoted careful thought and attention in assigning the work. I had always discussed the ideals inspiring this project and impressed on my colleagues the supreme value of the truth in all their writings. If occasion arose, there was always room for discussion and debate. As I said, everybody extended his sincere cooperation. And that's how this argosy of Indian history safely reached its port."

"History of the Freedom Movement" was a topic which must figure in any talk with the revered Dr. Majumdar. I too could not avoid it. No sooner than I mentioned it, he gave me a complete backgrounder, in a nutshell.

It was he who first prepared a draft scheme for writing a history of our Freedom Movement and tabled the same in one of the meetings of the Historical Records Commission soon after Independence. It received full support.

The Government of India appointed a committee and source materials were collected from all over the country. Dr. Majumdar was himself the Director (1953-55) of this Committee. Soon, however, differences among the members surfaced. Writing of this history was being done with a certain emphasis and bias,

Dr. Majumdar found out. His differences became too acute to be swallowed and he resigned from the Committee.

Dr. Majumdar however persisted in his own views and instead of resting on his laurels, launched his own independent one-man project of history of the freedom movement and completed it in three volumes. Dr. Tarachand's official work appeared in four volumes and faced severe criticism in Parliament and outside in the academic world.

"History should be nothing else but history. A historian worth his salt will not tolerate *suppressio veri suggestio falsi* even for a moment. Even an iota of exaggeration is strictly to be tabooed."

Dr. Majumdar has time and again maintained that he would withdraw any of his statements if proved untenable. But he would hold fast to his views in spite of the prejudiced clamour against them and in spite of any forcible attempt by the vested interests. He would yield only to unimpeachable evidence and that with the true humility of a devotee of truth.

A patriotic historian sounds to many as a contradiction in terms, a paradox. However, in the ultimate analysis, any historian out to reconstruct his country's history is prompted primarily by the love he has for his country.

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Dr. Majumdar said, "Those who assume an attitude of 'my country, right or wrong' are not historians at all. Neither are they true patriots. A true historian will always seek to paint the portrait 'warts and all.' He will never shun the apparently unpleasant aspects he comes across. History is not a balmy ballad of past glory, but an analysis of whatever has happened in the past. It is an account of what we were, how we changed and progressed, what merit and virtues raised us to the zenith of glory and what vices and drawbacks made us reach the nadir—all these are the concern of a historian."

It was getting late. Dr. Majumdar used to dash into his study hurriedly to quote chapter and verse, when the occasion demanded. His alacrity was amazing, and a bit embarrassing for me. I was curious about the secret of his active eighties, and asked him his present daily routine.

Pat came the reply: "I get up at 5-30 in the morning. Have a cup of light tea. For breakfast later, I again have a cup with an egg and two slices of bread. At 9 a.m. I have a glass of milk. At 11 a.m. I take a simple Bengali meal—rice, dal and fish. Meat and chicken I avoid. After a short siesta, I resume my reading and writing. An evening stroll by the Rabindra

Sarobar is a daily constitutional I must not miss. I had a heart attack in August 1975 and since then I have been more cautious about physical exertion. I have played football when young and have never missed my daily game of tennis or badminton till late age. *No smoking or drinking.* If a man wants to do solid work, he must take care of his health."

Does he feel nostalgic *a la* Gibbon, while completing a job with which he was associated for 33 long years?

"Well, I am happy having achieved something. But I feel sorry when I realise that Dr. K. M. Munshi is no longer with us to see the fulfilment of his cherished dream. Smt. Lilavati Munshi will be happy today. She as well as the Bhavan's Trustees, and members of the staff—all were partners in this common quest and I feel happy along with them. And do I have time to pine for what is not? I am editing, writing, revising all the time."

What was his message to the younger set of historians?

"I shall be brief. Let the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth be their aim, in all their endeavours."

Writing the sentence of life, we gladly add a comma or semicolon here and there, but are hesitant when it nears a full stop! Men like Dr. Majumdar

THEY'RE IN A HURRY

Oh why, Oh why is everyone hurrying to the shops or to the offices. This world is like an ant's nest, even they are hurrying. From this room of mine I can hear the lorries rushing to get their job done and get home.

And because of that some will not get home at all and then one more family will start hurrying to have a funeral, just because of someone else who was hurrying to get their job done and get home.

Sorry, I have to hurry to get something to eat from the cafe, they are in a hurry to close, so I have to hurrerry!

—R. S. GIDDENS

ever conscious of that final full-stop steadfastly carry on their *Karmayoga* with undaunted zeal. Witness the mountain of work he has accomplished even during the last three decades! He has written critical works in Bengali on Raja Ramamohan Roy, on Ishwarchandra Vidyasagar and on Swami Vivekananda. He has written about historiography. He has earned gold medals from the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, as well as the Asiatic Society of Bombay; and also the Rabindra Memorial Prize from the West Bengal Government. He has been honoured with titles like *Bha-*

ratatattva Bhaskara and *Iitihashaskara*. He was actively associated with several institutions like the Indian History Congress, Oriental Conference, Asiatic Society, Bangiya Sahitya Parishad, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Indian Records Commission, Inter-University Board, Archaeological Survey and so on. He attended the sessions of International Institutions at Florence, Constantinople, Paris and Bangkok and shed light and lustre on numerous problems. He was presented with a Festschrift volume (in 1970), edited by Dr. Himamshu Bhushan Sircar.

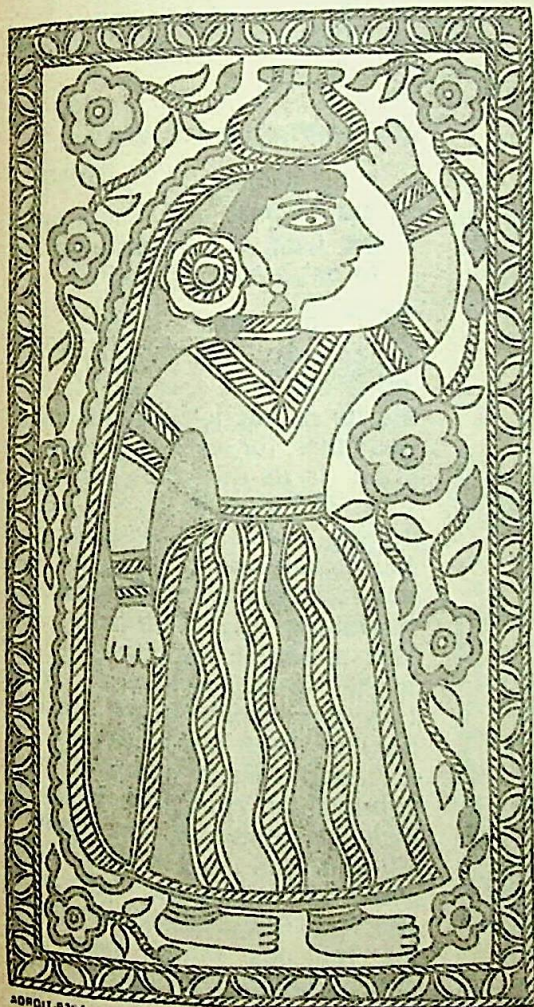
Now on the threshold of the nineties he has not renounced this mundane world and become a recluse. He is still quite active. He is now giving finishing touches to his autobiography which is keenly awaited.

An hour spent in his company was indeed equal to turning over half a shelf of a well stocked library! Savants like him are a beacon light to any country of culture. May he continue to guide and inspire us for many more years to come.

I took his leave and came out on the road. I had thought it would be scorchingly hot outside. But dark clouds had kindly covered the skies. There was a pleasant drizzle. My experience just now had been so different!

□ □ □

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THE KATHA UPANISHAD

—The Greatness of Kathavalli

T. R. RAJAGOPALA AIYAR

किं स्निह्यमस्य कर्तव्यं यन्मयाऽद्य
करिष्यति

*What purpose of his doth You
the God of Death, want
to be fulfilled by me?*

NO true lover of music
compare one Raga with
other and pass a verdict of su-
riority or inferiority of the one
the other; for, each Raga unravels
itself in its own prescribed way
and produces its own mood
feeling. But it is permissible
the connoisseur to point out that
some Ragas like the Sankarā-
bharana or the Todi have a cer-
tain haunting quality which is
absent in the others and hence
they are much more popular.
Similarly with regard to the Upa-
nishads. Each makes its own
approach to Him who is Sarva-
Pratyaya-Darsanah—the goal of
all thoughts and ideas. The
Kathavalli among the Upanishads
and the Bhagavad Gita among
the religious poems have the
strange haunting melody.

The Kathopanishad has been the favourite of two of the greatest intellects in India, Vyasa and Sankara Bhagavatpada, says the learned author in this Introductory to the series of his articles on Kathavalli—Ed.

Moreover something is or seems
That touches one with mystic gleams
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams
Of something felt, like something here,
Of something done, one knows not where,
Such as no language may declare.

(Tennyson)

Reading the Kathavalli one is reminded of these lines. One feels that he has raised the same eternal questions before, and got the same eternal replies.

However this may be, the Katha Upanishad has been the favourite of two of the greatest intellects in India—Vyasa, and Sankara.

For the purposes of this argument, we take it that the Vyasa of the Mahabharata and the Badarayana of the Brahma-Sutras are one and the same. Badarayana deals with about ten Upanishads,

of which the Kathavalli is one. He has devoted the following Adhikaranas to an examination and elucidation of the texts in this Upanishad:

- (1) Atradhikaranam 1, 2-2
- (2) Guhapravishtadhikaranam 1, 2-3
- (3) Pranadhikaranam 1, 3-7
- (4) Kampanadhikaranam 1, 3-11
- (5) Anumanikadhikaranam 1, 4-1.

That Vyasa was mightily impressed by the Kathavalli is borne out by his Mahabharata in an unmistakable manner. The Bhagavad Gita of the Mahabharata forms the best commentary on the Kathavalli subject-matter. The second chapter of the Gita is its Sutra-Adhyaya, containing in a succinct form its main teachings. This chapter is practically the essence of the Kathavalli Upanishad, inculcating an utter abandonment of all kamas or desires. The scope and main conclusions of both the works are one and the same. The same imagery is also fre-

quently used. So it may confidently be stated that for a proper understanding of the *Gita*, a study of the *Kathavalli* is a *sine qua non* and *vice versa*, too. He, who does not know the *Gita*, knows not the *Kathavalli* and he, who does not know the *Kathavalli* knows not the *Gita*.

Apart from composing the *Bhagavad Gita*, that splendid, poetical Bhashyam on the *Katha-Upanishad*, Vyasa wrote, what may be termed, almost literally as another Upanishad, the *Sanat-Sujatiyam*; a work, which has earned a commentary by Sankara. This work opens thus: King Dhritarashtra's mind is disturbed by the unhappy quarrel between his sons and the Pandavas. The king asks his step-brother Vidura, to give him Upadesa so that he may regain composure of mind. Vidura declines to act as Guru (though qualified to do so) since he has been born of a Sudra wife to Vyasa. He, however, gets down the great sage *Sanat-Sujata*, by his yogic powers. The king asks the great Yogi thus: "Vidura tells me that you are maintaining the paradox that there is no death. In the face of the mortality of all things on earth, is it not a wild statement?" "No," says the great yogi, "Death does not spring and pounce upon beings, like a tiger." My text is—
मृत्युर्नास्ति अमृतं कृतः (Subala Upanishad 5th Kanda). "When there is no death, all this talk of immortality does not arise. Pramaada, negligence, of the self to remain in

itself results in ignorance and brings on death."

This work of Vyasa is couched in the same Vedic metre as the *Katha-Upanishad*, and is about the same length also. It takes the same pithy Vedic statement about *Mrityur Naam Amritam Kutah*, and deals with the same human problem of life and death found in the *Katha*, but from a step still further back in fundamentals. The *Katha* sought means of 'skipping death'—an expressive term used by Valluvar in his famous *Kural*. The *Sanat-Sujatiyam* raised the question 'If the world is an illusion, like the snake on the rope, due to Pramaada or ignorance, is not death as much a figment of the mind, as the rest?'

Sankara has made Bhashyam on all the three works—the *Katha Upanishad*, the *Gita* and the *Sanat-Sujatiyam*. These three form indispensable complements to one another, and are as usual with that supreme commentator's works—helpful, lucid and thought-provoking. All the three should be read and read by any earnest student having philosophic bent of mind.

That the *Katha-Upanishad* was also a favourite with Sankara is probably not so clear to establish. The great Master Mahopadhyaya Ramasubba Sastri of Tiruvisalur, however, used to state it as a fact. The reason behind his belief, since

most explicitly and whole-heartedly on Advaita. The Sastrigal also used to point out that the greatest number of quotations Sankara has made from any Upanishad comes from the *Katha-valli*. '*Katha-vallishu Pathyate*' (the *Katha-valli* so declares), is his favourite statement.

We shall now come to the first Valli where the story portion occurs. The story is highly dramatic but terse. Sankara has made it read like a fairy tale by supplying connecting links. Sankara's Bhashyam on this Upanishad is one of his most lucid and masterly, besides ranking high as a work of art in the matter of Sanskrit prose style, in which he stands foremost. All the varieties employed by that master-craftsman in the art of style, from the simple to the complex sentence, prose-poetry, and great rhetoric, are exhibited in the shortest compass to the greatest advantage. And he has paid his reverent and glowing tribute to this Upanishad in a memorable metaphor "It illumines Brahma-Vidya and places it before one like an Amalaka fruit on one's palm."

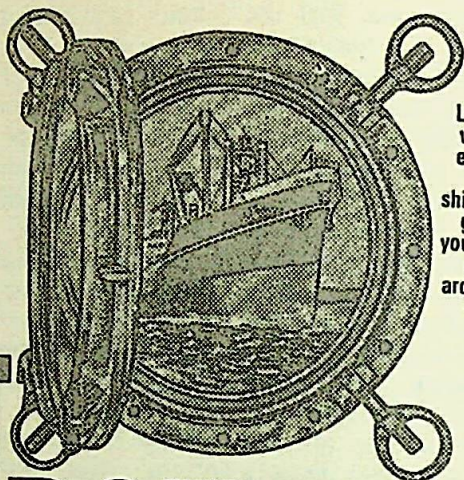
Further, as stated above, this Sruti has furnished the chief armoury for the Advaitic position by its two central texts—*Neha nanasti kinchana*—(there is nothing in the world like 'many'), not only by direct affirmation, but also, and more forcefully by its condemnation.

Mrityoh sa Mrityum apnoti ya iha naneva pasyati (he who beholds 'many' in this world passes from death to death, unto the greater death of Samsara). The crown of the controversial, polemical works of the Advaitins, the *locus classicus*, the *Advaita Siddhi* of Madhusudana Sarasvati, is based mainly on the *Katha Upanishad*.

It will also be found that this Upanishad has furnished the greatest number of quotations from any Upanishad, its dramatic, picturesque, cryptic way probably contributing to this. Apart from the oft-quoted *Neha nanasti kinchana*, most of its verses have furnished to the same end. It will be a task of supererogation to enumerate these but its *Vittena na tarpaniyo manushyah, na pranena napanena martyo jivati kaschana tadu natyeti kasyachit etad vai tat* etc., have passed into common speech. One should read the original Upanishad work entire, for the very genius of Sanskrit Vedantic thought has conceived and moulded it in its flawless poetic perfection.

In the west, Plato's Dialogues are justly praised for their skilful settings. More skilful and more exquisite are the settings in the Upanishads. But the setting of the *Katha Upanishad* is the most striking in the world. A more gripping tale cannot be conceived than that of the father, in a moment of rage, consigning

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his son to Death and the son winning the secret of Life and Immortality from the very lips of the dread God of Death. A picture by, I think, Nandalal Bose entitled *Nachiketas and Yama*, representing Nachiketas, the boy standing unafraid before Yama, and that dread God standing humbly before and welcoming his youthful guest, while a bevy of Yama's awesome dogs stand behind Yama—arises in my mind's eye as I write this. It always drew me and others to it, as it stood in the art gallery of my old college.

The swift and tense drama of the first Valli hurries the reader onwards in breathless sequence. The portion that relates the great temptations held out by Yama to Nachiketas is one of the finest in any religious literature of the world. The similar temptations of Buddha and Jesus Christ are but pale shadows of these.

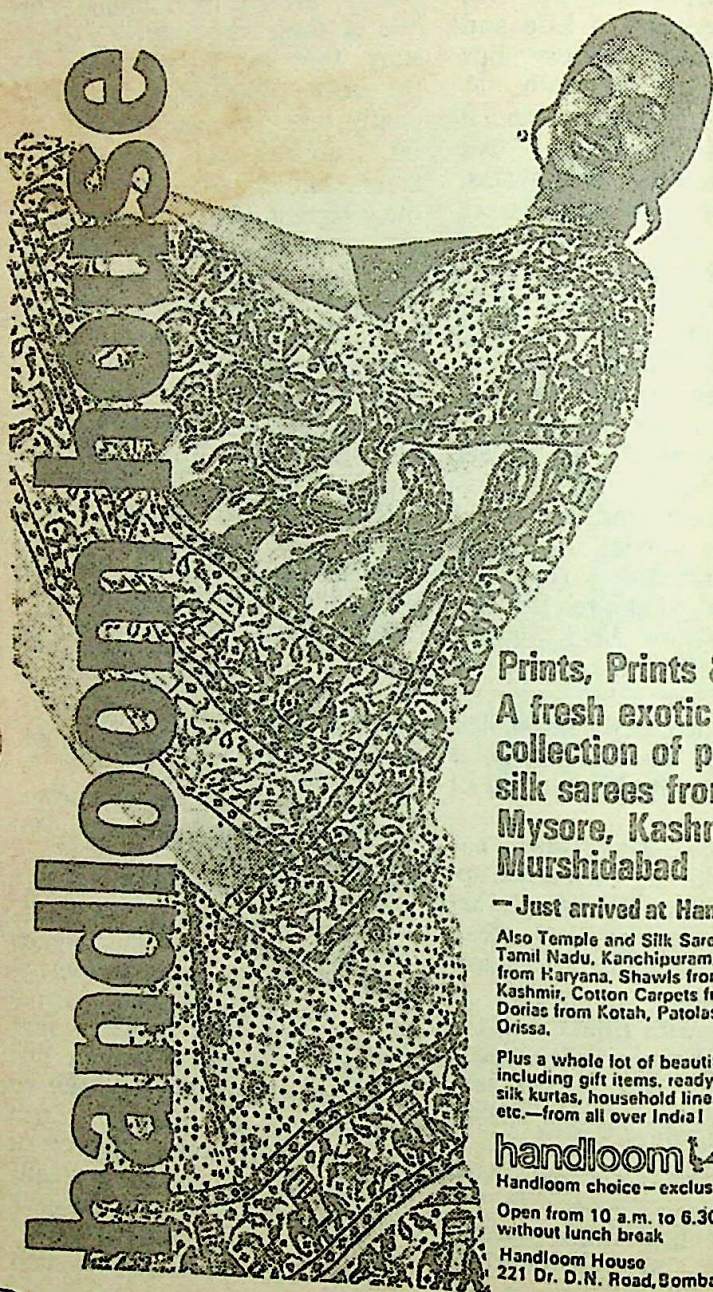
The *Katha Upanishad* has also dealt with all means of approach to God. In its *Ratha-Rupa Kalpana*, it has dealt with making God the Charioteer and dedicating all works to Him. It deals with *Bhakti Yoga* in 1-2-23 and in some other places. It deals with *Om-kara Upasana* in 1-2-15 and to 17. It teaches *Dhyana Yoga* in 2-3-9 to 11. It teaches *Hatha Yoga* and *Anusmriti Yoga* in 2-3-16. In two contexts it has made helpful contributions to what may be termed the *Purusha Vidya*, ori-

ginally revealed by Brahma. In one of these, the approach is to start from the lowest *tattva* in the seeker after truth, and gradually take him step by step to his subtler and more intimate *tattvas*, until he reaches the highest, the *Purusha*, His own pure Self. In the other, the seeker after truth is shown the way to reach Vishnu's *Parama Pada*, the highest goal of man. This is explained in the *Gita* also in 3-42. We find this *Purusha Vidya* dealt with from various aspects in many other *Upanishads*.

The *Upanishad* makes also, a famous and practical distinction between the materialists dedicated to the world, material gains and comforts, to *Preyas* (as it calls it), and those dedicated to the spirit, to *Sreyas*. It condemns the former roundly. It lays down the qualifications of the *Sishya* and the *Guru*. It calls on each and every one to seek out such a *Guru* and win salvation in this life itself.

No other book is so encouraging, so optimistic, so helpful. For it declares that the human heart is the favourite *puram* of God, where He resides by preference and with pleasure; that salvation is the birthright of every man; that it is easier to realise God by man on earth than in any other place; it sounds the famous clarion call: 'Arise, awake, seek out the great ones and obtain wisdom.'

The *Gita* develops this two



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fold division of all men, in a separate canto, the 15th entitled 'The Demarcation between *Daivi Sampat* and *Asuri Sampat*.' It also makes the same stirring appeal to men to win their souls, in 6-5, 6.

Three picturesque Rupakas, or allegories are embodied in the *Kathavalli*; they have become household words. The first is probably the most famous one in all the Upanishads. "Know that man (the Samsari) is the traveller in the chariot; the body is the chariot; the intellect is the charioteer; the mind is the reins; the senses are the horses; the objects are the several roads.' (1, 3-3 onwards).

"If a man is not wise, with mind uncontrolled, his wild and unchecked horses will lead him to destruction (hell and samsara). If he is wise, however, and the intellect is in control, he gains the goal of Life, the glorious seat of the Omnipresent God". Ethics, right conduct, purity of body, mind, and speech and self-control are prescribed here as spiritual qualifications which lead man straight to the seat of God.

Lo, the strange wonder that came to pass with this beautiful Rupaka! The word put on bone and flesh, and assumed the form, *Nara-Narayanakriti*, of Nara and Narayana; man and god; Arjuna and Krishna; and Arjuna had to wage a stern and bloody war with his cousins, Duryodhana and his brothers.

And both Duryodhana and Arjuna went to the Lord to seek His help. And the Lord left the choice to each of them the alternative being Himself vowed not to take arms, or of two Akshauhini's of his famous Yadava army. And Duryodhana, on the maxim that God is on the side of the larger battalions, rejected the unarmed Lord and chose the battalions. And Arjuna chose Krishna and asked Him to be his charioteer, to which He assented and became known, thereafter, as Parthasarathi.

On the eve of the battle that took place later, Arjuna wanted his friend and charioteer to drive his chariot nearer to and in front of the opposing army so that he may assess his enemy's strength and see whom he should fight with. On Krishna's doing so, a sudden, vast confusion befell and overclouded Arjuna's mind: "Am I right in fighting with my own kith and kin for the sake of a paltry kingdom?" This thought so much obsessed him that he laid aside his arms and resolved to quit fighting altogether in spite of Krishna's friendly dissuasion. Moved by glorious Fate, Arjuna now fell at the feet of Him, whom he had so far regarded merely as a friend. And he prayed: 'I become thy disciple. Teach and guide me, who have taken refuge in thee.' And the Lord, not only made him win the war over the enemies exter-

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nal, but also, by his teachings in the *Bhagavad Gita*, the Song Celestial, win the war with his enemies internal—doubt, confusion and indecision.

This is finely portrayed in Vyasa's *Bhagavata Purana*. Bhishma, the mighty, lies dying. He wants to leave his body, in the presence of the Lord, and praises the Lord as Parthasarathi, the last role of His with which he was familiar. And thus, goes his swan-song: "He (Lord Krishna) who hearing the wishes of his friend Arjuna, drove and placed his chariot in a trice, midway between the two contending hosts, and under the guise of pointing out the enemy lines 'Behold thine enemies' Arjuna sucked away their lives by that glance, towards such an one, let my love flow out (V. 35).

"Let my love flow out to the feet of that Supreme Being who through teaching Atma-Vidya dispelled the ignorance of Arjuna, who beholding the distant ranks of his enemies, averted his face away from his duty, under the mistaken notion that he was going to kill his own kith and kin." (V. 36)

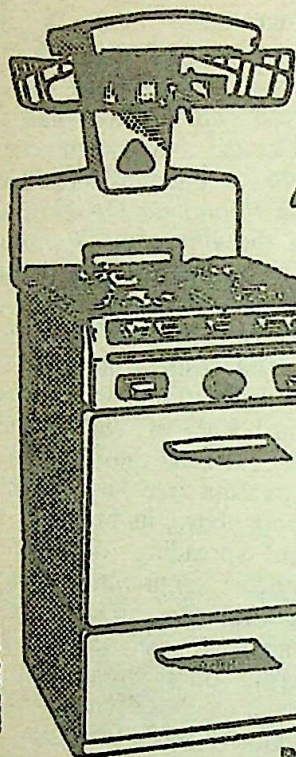
Lord Krishna taught Arjuna, that the highest Jnana, Bhakti, and Karma Yoga consisted in taking refuge in Him; in making God the charioteer of every man, whereby not only would he attain success in his material life on earth but also reach easily, the ultimate spiritual goal of life, *Vishnu Padam*.

The second allegory in the *Katha Upanishad* is the citadel with eleven gateways of that Aja, the Unborn One with the Uncrooked mind, 2, 2-1. The *Gita* in 5-13 cites this as the citadel with nine gates. This mere hint and outline of this allegory has been developed into a fine, fullfledged one in the *Puranjana Upakhyana* found in the *Bhagavata Purana*, chapters 25 and 26, 4th skandha, an allegory akin to, and as fine as, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

The third allegory in the *Katha* is found in the first verse third *Valli* of the second chapter. It runs thus—"This ancient Aswattha tree has its source or roots above, its branches hanging and spreading downwards. Its source is pure and effulgent; it is Brahman; it is stated to be immortal. All the worlds are strung on it; none transgresseth it; it is the Brahman, you ask about, Nachiketas!"

This allegory is taken up and worked out in the 15th canto of the *Gita*, where verse 3 points out how this poisonous tree of Samsara should be cut: "Cut this, which has struck deep roots, by the axe of non-attachment". Sankara has further developed this allegory in his commentary of this Upanishad, in one of his finest rhetorical passages in all his works.

We now come to the main point: Why does the *Katha*-



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Upanishad attract so many, so strongly? The emphatic answer is: it directly raises in its most naked form the question with which man has been, and should be, obsessed—the question of the mystery of life and death. Life is most precious to everyone, and all beings from the highest to the lowest dread death. “Death is the most cruel thing in the world” says Valluvar. “I am not afraid to be born, but what can I do about death” queries Manicka Vachakar. In his *Elegy*, lines written in a country churchyard, Gray expresses the same sentiments:

*“For, who to dumb
forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing, anxious being
ever resigned?”*

Nachiketas is the mouthpiece of all humanity in voicing its doubts and feelings about the most profound, intimate mystery which lies—*Gudham Anupravishitam* as Yama says—‘veiled, unfathomable,’ the subject of the greatest speculations and controversies. Has our putative father, in the first instance, or the great Causa Causens, our Heavenly Father created us, for no purpose other than to die? “What purpose of Yama, the God of death, is to be served today by my being consigned to him?” so soliloquizes Nachiketas—*Kimsvit Yamasya Kartavyam yan Mayadya Karishyati?* Evidently none. And so, Nachi-

ketas puts this question point-blank to Death himself. “On this matter about which there is great speculation and debate among men—does man survive after the death of his body; some state that he does, some does not—I would like to be enlightened on it by your instructions.”

If, as the materialists, and existentialists declare, the entire personality of man perishes with death, the best must be made of this life, with no regard to any future one. As jolly Omar Khayyam quips,

*“How sweet is mortal
sovr’nty—think some.*

*Others—‘How blest the
Paradise to come!’*

*Ah, take the cash in hand, and
leave the rest.*

*Oh, the brave music of a
distant drum.*

*Ah, make the most of what
we yet may spend*

*Before we too into the dust
descend*

*Dust unto dust, and under
dust to lie*

*Sans wine, sans song, sans
singer, and sans end.*

*Alike for those who for to-day
prepare,*

*And those that after a
tomorrow share,*

*A muezzin from the tower of
darkness cries*

*‘Fools! your reward is neither
here nor there.’”*

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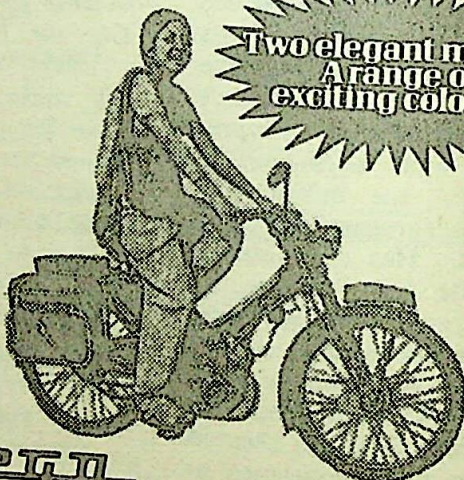
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On a proper answer to this question, depends, as Sankara points out, our values of life and our shaping of it for the four-fold Purusharthas, the desiderata to be attained by man, Dharma, Artha, Kama, and Moksha, according to the Hindu concept.—Virtue, wealth, love, and release; or, any others enjoined by the other religions, or philosophies; or those even, that each man desireth for himself.

Myths and legends have sprung, in early ages in every clime, round this question of questions. In Greece, there was the Riddle of the Sphinx, a monster with the fair face of a woman, but with body of a lion, which stood outside the gate of Thebes and put this poser to all who desired to enter the city "What is the being, that moves on four legs at first, then on two, and finally on three?" Those unable to unravel this, it killed. Finally Oedipus came to it and resolved the puzzle correctly. Man, he said, crawls on his four hands and feet, as baby first, then on his two legs, and in his old age on two legs and a crutch. The evil monster thereupon threw itself down a precipice and died.

In the *Mahabharata*, a Yaksha or awesome divinity puts question after question to Yudhishthira, on matters of man's Dharma and his life and death. To all of which, he answers cor-

rectly. But the great, original *Yaksha-Prasna*, which set this form in vogue, occurs in the *Kena Upanishad*. The Suras, or gods, powers of light, and the Asuras, powers of darkness, are always contending, on opposite sides. There was a terrible war between them, once, the *Kena* says, and the gods won after a fierce struggle. They became highly elated and gloated upon their prowess and exploits. Brahman, God felt that such egotism and vainglory became not the highly spiritual beings they were; their victory really sprang from the strength He conferred upon them. So He suddenly appeared and stood at a distance from them, in the form of an imposing but indistinguishable figure. The Gods were puzzled at this sight and did not know who it was. So they sent, first, Agni, the god of fire, to ascertain and report. On Agni's arrival, it was Brahman who put this question first,— "Who are you? What are your powers?" On Agni, priding himself that he, Agni, could burn all things, God put before him wisp of grass and bade him burn it up. But lo! with all his might Agni could not burn it; he returned shamefaced and said could not make it out. Then the gods sent Vayu, the mightiest among them. He too, boasted before it, that he could blow away all things but he too could



*she
is the
bearer
of
tradition.*

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not stir the wisp of grass that was placed before him. He also, returned crest-fallen. Then Indra, the king of the gods himself undertook the mission; The Yaksha disappeared. In perplexity and humility, Indra prayed, and lo, there appeared, in the self-same space Uma, Haimavati, the goddess of Brahma-Vidya; who told Indra that the Yaksha was Brahman, that it was by its might that they had won their victory. The *Yoga Vasishtha* and *Tripura-Rahasya* contain many such stories.

The Greek riddle is a rather puerile and childish riddle on man. Egypt took up the Greek legend, grasped its true significance and sculptured it in the immense Sphinx, which stands besides the Pyramids, wearing an inscrutable smile in its fair woman's face. The Egyptians rightly knew it—as *Maya* or *Prakriti*, fair in form, with an inscrutable smile for she is *Anirvachaniya*—the inexpressible. She squatteth on the cross-road of every man's life and puts the invariable question "Who are you and what am I?" He who redes (reads) not the riddle is destroyed; for him that redes it right, the monster destroys itself.

In the Indian Upanishad beneath the sphinx's terrible aspect of killing the ignoramus lies hidden its deep, compassionate nature. He who redes not the

riddle of the self and the world, who sees the world as 'Many' dies not once, but dies the more terrible death of the never-ending stream of Samsara. For him, as long as he is under delusion and mistakenly identifies himself as a Jiva, a limited and finite being, so long will *Maya* lord it over him, hold terrors for him and destroy him again and again. But for him, who grasps the unity of self, *Maya* appears in the form of Uma, Haimavati, Brahma Vidya, the Sri-Mata, the divine mother, the first name in the *Lalita Sahasranama*. The compassionate mother, initiates her child, standing as Guru, and makes him tread the Moksha Marga, "wherefrom man treadeth not this mortal world again."

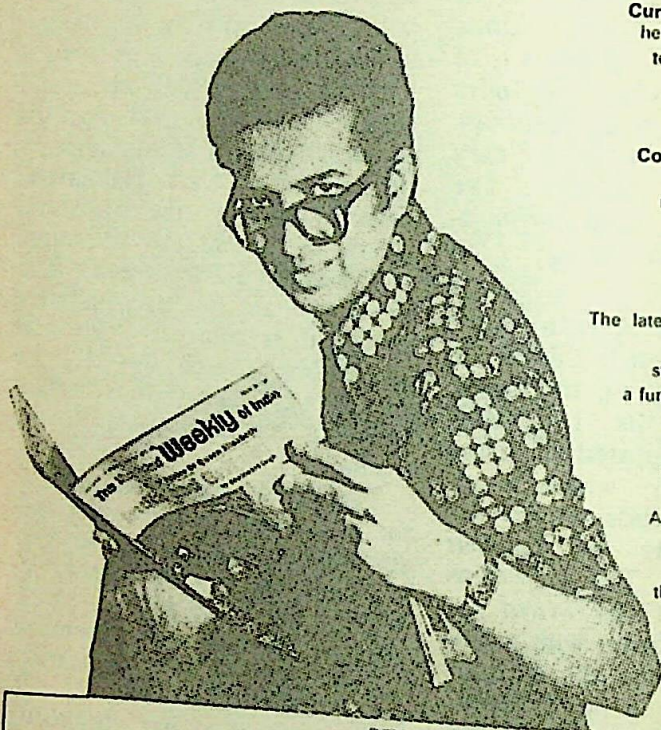
The kindly Sruti-Mata, here the *Kathavalli*, pats man on the shoulder and says,—The answer is in you and is easy. Strive a bit and find the answer. You can not only slay the seeming monster but also wear the crown of immortality!

In the first of her beautiful 'Sonnets from Portuguese' Elizabeth Barret Browning, uses this imagery.

And a voice said in mastery,
while I strove
Guess who now holds thee—
'Death', I said.
But there the silver voice rang
out—
Not Death, but Love

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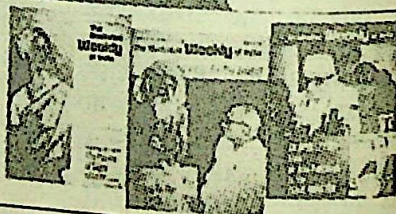
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Man is apt to think, that Death has him in his grasp and pulls him by the hair; but it is not Death, it is Love and Life which hold him so.

The *Katha Upanishad* does not want man to live and die like dumb, driven cattle, a coward's death, but to face up to Death and put the question straight and bravely "Death, what art thou? what and where is thy sting?" And Death will be compelled to answer; and it will answer in the words of Yama to Nachiketas. "I am not the final arbiter and destroyer of things. So long as thou art under the delusion of your being a limited, finite Jiva, so long will I lord it over thee, terrify thee, and destroy thee again and again. But there is one above me, the Death of Death, who stands mighty and is dreadful as a thunderbolt uplifted, unto whom the Brahmin and the Kshatriya serve as food, unto whom, I, Yama, the destroyer of all things, serve as a last bite of pickle. And that One is none else than thy own Self. Realise Him, this your self, and I, instead of terrifying and killing you, will run humbly and dutiful-

ly on my task at your behest. Once you realise Your Self thus, I become a mere figment of the imagination and pass away like an evil dream. For you are veritable Life, Immortal, and Death has no meaning for thee."

This then, is the message of the *Katha Upanishad*:

Do not flinch and quail before death, like a weak, and puling coward. Put this question to him straight "Do I live after death, or do I die with death? What does the 'I' mean?" Do not choose Preyas. Choose Sreyas. Seek out the great Ones, the Gurus, and faithfully follow the way of their Upadesa: Qualify yourself with self-control. God or the Self is within you. Seek Him. Your real Self has created the world, ordered its smooth working.

Your Self is immortal; it is the Death of Death.

Cast off your Hridaya-Granthi, the bonds of mortality, your Jivan-hood.

Realise that you are He, by whose light the whole world shines. Your Self is Immortal, Truth eternal and there is no death for you.

□ □ □

The story of Nachiketas, the immortal hero of *Kathopanishad*, comes alive in eight enrapturing pages of pictures as the concluding feature of this Annual Number—providing an appropriate setting for the author's projected series of articles on the *Kathopanishad*.

SURYA

The Sun God

DR. (SMT.) SHAKTI M. GUPTA

Dr. (Smt.) Shakti M. Gupta is a rare combination of a botanist, research scholar and novelist.

With a doctorate to her credit in Botany—she presently teaches botany in Dayal Singh College—she obtained another Ph.D. from the Faculty of Oriental Archaeology, G.D.R.

She has authored a number of books on Indian mythology and her first novel "Women on Men" came out recently.

The present article in which she brings to focus the glory of Sun from diverse angles is excerpted from her book "Surya, the Sun God," published by Somaiya Publications, Bombay, New Delhi. The book (pp. 72 plus 36 plates) is priced Rs. 55.00.

FROM time immemorial, men from every age and from every corner of the earth have worshipped the sun. The sun has been deified as a god and worshipped as an embodiment of natural and super-natural powers.

There is a profound relationship between man and the life-giving sun. The sun was identified with the vital principle in man and in cosmos, and its worship was considered efficacious in eradicating disease and giving health.

Sun-worship was widespread in olden times and relics of solar symbolism and veneration are extant even today in such distant countries as Mexico, Egypt and Iran. It was prevalent in the whole of Southern Europe, the Middle East and the Far East, in a large portion of north-east America and in a part of Australia, though the reason for worshipping the sun varies in different corners of the earth.

The sun is worshipped as the purest symbol of the Supreme, as a resplendent manifestation of

Him who is beyond human ken. The Gayatri hymn is addressed to the sun.

According to the *Gayatri* formula, Brahma is the form of the sun in the morning; Shiva mid-day, and Vishnu in the evening.

The solar wheel is considered the forerunner of the Sudarshana-chakra of Vishnu because Surya-worship of Vedic times was an aspect of Vishnu, and Surya later came to be called Surya-Narayana.

The connection of the sun with the lotus has been there from very ancient times. In the Puranas there is a mention of the 12-petalled lotus on whose different petals figures of different aspects of Surya are placed.

In Vedic times, his various aspects are referred to as Savitru, Pushan, Bhaga, Vivasvat. Mitra, Aryaman, Vishnu, Varuna, Shakra, Tvashtru, Dhatru and Surya. It is around the third century B.C. that the eight-petalled lotus, also identified with the sun, was found on coins. The closing and opening of the lotus symbolically coincided with the setting and the

rising of the sun.

The sun and the moon are called the eyes of the god; the sun lights and the moon enlightens. The *tapas* or heat of the sun is identified with the ardour of the saints that gives the epithet Tapanā to Surya. The sun also slays. He eats with his 1000 rays as well as protects with them. He drives a chariot which has only one wheel. The chariot is dragged by seven horses. His steeds carry him 10,000 leagues in half an hour or 364 leagues in one wink.

Yamuna, the Daughter of Surya,
Indian Museum, Calcutta, 5th
cent. A.D.



The famous Ashva sacrifice to celebrate victory over enemies as well as for progeny was associated with the worship of the sun, the presiding deity at the sacrifice was Suryadeva. The (Ashva) to be sacrificed was a symbol of the Sun-God. A piece, a symbolic representation of the Sun-God, was placed on the cloth over the horse was killed, depicting the sacrifice of the horse to the Sun-God.

Consorts of Surya

Surya in Hindu mythology was married to Samjñā (glory), the daughter of the celestial architect Vishvakarma. She bore him the twins Yama and Yami. Yama later became Lord of the Dead and Yami the spirit of the river Yamuna. She also bore Surya the two Ashvins, Revanta and Vaivasvata.

Antiquity of Sun

There is plenty of evidence to show that sun-worship prevailed during the Indus valley civilization as seen from the symbols and designs marked on the seals and potteries from Harappa, Mohenjo-daro, etc. Symbols of the sun such as Swastika, a wheel, a circle with radiating rays, an eagle and the bull were common.

In the *Ramayana*, Surya-worship is often mentioned. Rama, Sita and Lakshmana are described as worshipping the rising sun. When Rama goes in search of Sita who had been abducted by Ravana, he asks Aditya, the sun, about her whereabouts, as he is a witness to everything. Hanuman, before leaving for Lanka to seek Sita, prays to Surya, Brahma and Pavana, the god of wind.

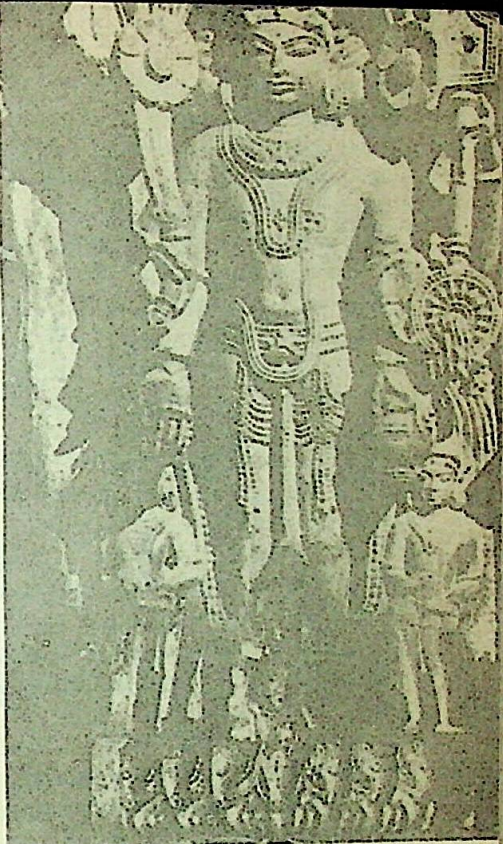
As Rama is leaving to fight Ravana, he is advised by Rishi Agastya first to pay homage to Suryadeva and daily to recite the *Adityahridaya*, a hymn which destroys all enemies, gives victory, removes all sin and sorrows, increases life and gives light which is the greatest blessing.

Surya-worship, along with the worship of its various aspects, continued from the Vedic to the post-Vedic age.

There was a school of sun-worshippers known as Sauras, who believed the Sun to be the Supreme Soul and the Creator of the universe. Anandagiri mentions six classes of sun-worshippers, all of whom wore the caste mark made of red sandal paste, wore red flowers and repeated the *Surya-Gayatri* of eight syllables.

Sun: A Cure for Leprosy

There is strong belief that the sun cures leprosy. The idea of



Composite Figure: Surya, Shiva, Vishnu, Brahma; Markanda, 12th cent. A.D.

effecting a cure of leprosy by the aid of the sun was not a new one in the Orient. According to Herodotus, the ancient Persians believed that the affliction of leprosy was the result of sinning against the sun.

According to the *Markandeya-Purana*, a Kausika Brahmana in the city of Pratishtana was suffering from leprosy but his devoted wife even then served him. Once sage Ani-Mandavya got annoyed with this leper and

uttered a curse that he should die before the next sunrise.

His faithful wife, relying on the power of her chastity, ordered the sun not to rise, and the universe was, as a result, enveloped in darkness.

The gods, frightened by this, requested Anasuya, the wife of Atri, to pacify the wife of the leper so that the sun would rise again.

When Anasuya visited the leper's wife, the latter agreed to make the sun rise on condition that the curse on her husband should not be effective. Anasuya agreed to the compromise.

On being assured of this, the leper's wife allowed the sun to rise. Her husband, however, fell down dead but was revived by Anasuya and by the worship of Surya was made healthy and handsome.

The gods, pleased with Anasuya for restoring the sun to the heavens, asked her to receive a boon at their hands. She asked for the boon of Brahma, Vishnu, Siva to be born as her sons and Dattatreya was the incarnation of Vishnu and, Vishnu, in earlier mythology, was Surya.

Iconography

One of the earlier known Surya images is from the 7th century A.D.—Parashurameshvara temple at Gudimallam in North Arcot. It is barefoot and stands on a pedestal. Aruna

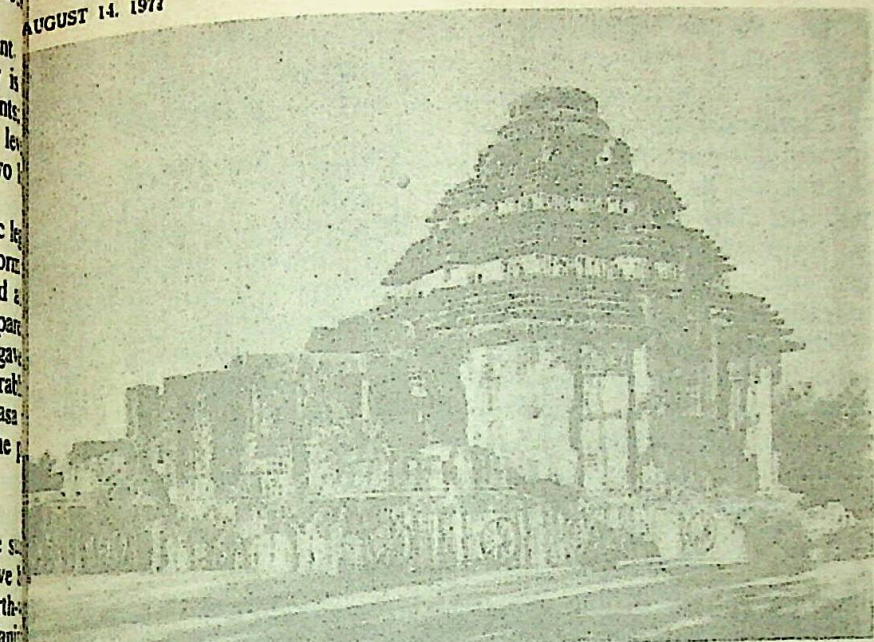
and the horses are absent. The upper part of his body is and he has no attendants. His hands are raised to the level of the shoulders holding two buds.

According to a Puranic legend, Surya in his human form appeared in Saurashtra and a place where he was part of the divine light came which gave the whole region the name Prabhasa. In olden times, Prabhasa is known as Arka-sthala, the birthplace of the sun.

Sun Temples

The first temple of the sun in India is believed to have been built at Multan in north-west India in the reign of Kanishka in the 2nd century A.D. The temple of Samba, the son of Krishna, was built in thanksgiving for having been cured of his leprosy, and Konark is the last monument to the worship of the sun. The temple was built at Kona-kona which later came to be called Konark.

According to a story in the *Samba-Purana*, on the eastern shores of India there was a dense forest called Tapovana inhabited by ascetics and it was there that ascetics who one day found the image of the Sun-God, Shiva, in the ocean. The ascetics brought this image to the shore and Vaivasvata Manu built a temple for it. This Tapovana is identified as Arkakshetra or Suryakshetra, the present site of the Konark temple.



Chariot of the Sun God, Konark, 13th cent. A.D.

According to the records available, the revenue of 1200 villages covered the cost of construction, and 12,000 skilled workers worked for 12 years to build the temple at Konark.

Konark is built in the shape and design of the chariot of the Sun-God, Surya-deva. No other design could have been more fitting than the allegorical representation of Surya-deva riding his chariot drawn by seven horses as if moving across the skies.

The most beautiful compliment to the sun temple at Konark has been given by Ananda Coomaraswamy who regards it as illusion and reality:

"The whole building is cover-

ed with a profusion of remarkable and beautiful carvings symbolising the fertilising and creative powers of the sun. It is a hymn to life, a frank and exquisite glorification of creative forces in the universe... Love and desire are part of life. Life is a veil behind or within which is God. The outside of the temple is an image of this life, *samsara*, and the carvings on it represent everything that belongs to *samsara* and perpetuates illusion... within an empty chamber, the image of the god is alone lit up. The symbolism is of phenomenal life as an embroidered veil beyond which the devotee must pass to find his god."

Percy Brown speaks of the temple thus: "Few buildings can boast of such an unrestrained abundance of plastic decoration as this vast structure, every portion of the exterior being moulded and chiselled either in the form of abstract geometrical ornament, conventional foliage, mythical animals, fabulous beings half-human, with half-serpent coils, figures satanic and figures divine, of every conceivable motif and subject known to the Indian mind, and in a technique which ranges from patterns cut

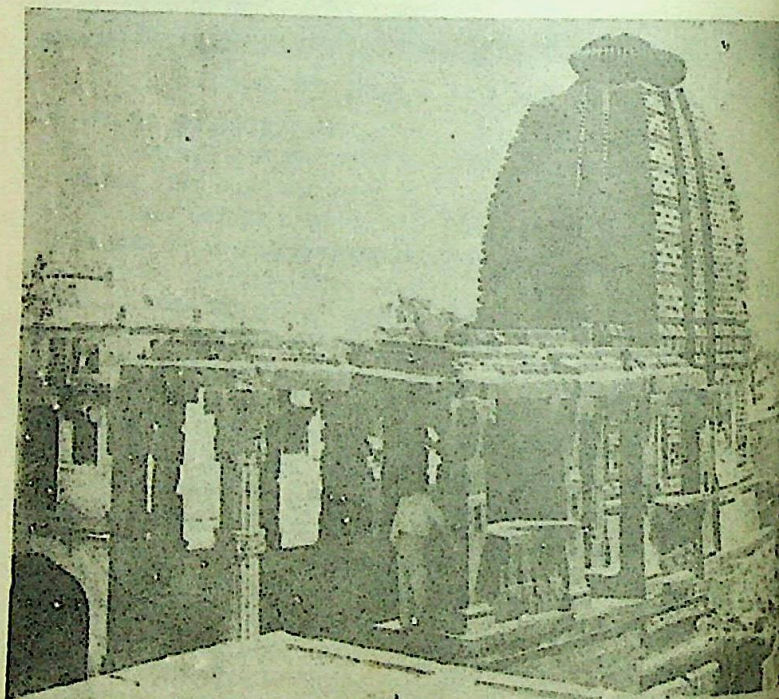
with the minute precision of a cameo to powerfully modelled groups of colossal size."

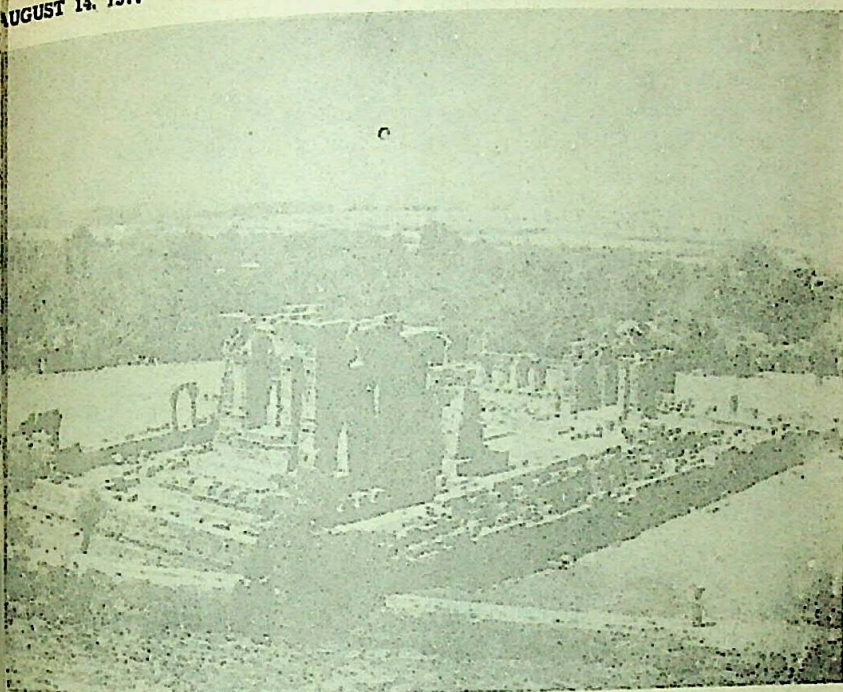
The Osia Sun Temple

Typical of the Indo-Aryan style of temple architecture, the Osia sun-temple was built at Jodhpur in c. 8th century. Remnants of this school of architecture are found scattered over Rajasthan and even in the Pratihara period.

Osia was at one time a centre of religion around c. 770-800.

Sun Temple, Osia, Rajasthan, 8th cent. A.D.





Sun Temple, Martanda, Kashmir, 6th cent. A.D.

Martanda Temple

Martanda, the sun temple in Kashmir, was built by King Lalitaditya who reigned in Kashmir from 699-736 A.D. It is situated at a distance of five miles from the town of Anantanaga and is built on the ruins of an earlier, smaller temple, probably built by Ramaditya.

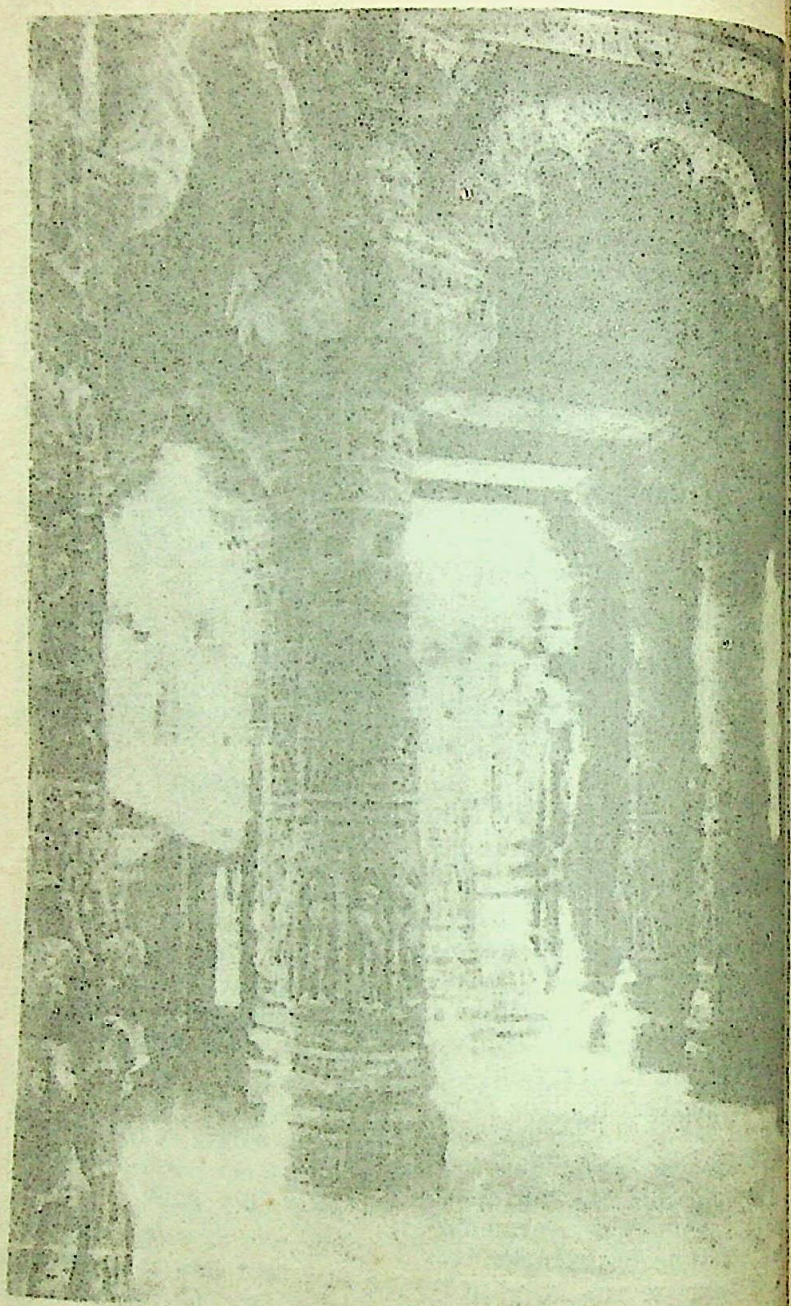
No temple was ever built on a finer site than this one and it is considered as the finest example of Kashmir style of architecture. Even though it is not listed among the great ruins of the world, its location itself is of great merit and the view from

it breath-taking. It lies on the top of a plateau, overlooking the valley all around with the Pir Panjal range standing like a sentinel at a distance, its snow-clad summits almost touching heaven and the valley below intersected with rivers, lakes and canals.

Temple at Modhera

The sun temple at Modhera in Western India was built in c. 11th century A.D.

Modhera was once a flourishing city, but now it is only a small village, 60 miles from Ahmedabad, on the left bank of the Pushpavati river. The



Modhera, the Sun Temple, Interior of the Sabhamandapa, 11th cent.

temple constructed on a mound faces east. It is so constructed that the rising sun shines straight through the *sabhamandapa*, down into the shrine dedicated to Surya.

It is an imposing structure even in its ruined state with its inner walls bare of ornamentation except for niches, each of which contained an image of Surya. Today the temple has lost its tower, roofs of its pillared halls are damaged, and its surroundings decayed. But in spite of all these and its derelict state, it is a monument of incomparable beauty.

To quote from Majumdar:

"In viewing the Modhera temple as a whole, the aesthetic sense at once responds to the elegance of its proportions, the entire composition being lit with the living flames of inspiration. But apart from its material beauty, its designer has succeeded in communicating to it an atmosphere of spiritual grace. The temple faces east so that the rising sun at the equinoxes filters in a golden cadence through its openings, from doorway to corridor, past columned vestibules finally to fall on the image in its innermost chamber. In their passage, the rays of the heavenly body, to which the shrine is consecrated, quiver and shimmer on pillars and archway, giving life and movement to their graven forms, the whole structure ap-

pearing radiant and clothed in glory. To see this noble monument with its clustered columns, not only rising like an exhalation, but mirrored in the still waters below, is to feel that its creator was more than a great artist—a weaver of dreams."

Myths about Sun

Once Surya was ordered by Rishi Jamadagni to stand still for a wink at mid-day. The story was: When Rishi Jamadagni and his wife Renuka, were young, the Rishi used to practise on his bow and arrow by shooting arrows at the sun, and his young wife Renuka would run to retrieve the arrows shot by her husband.

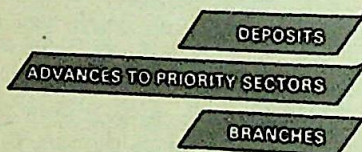
Once when the sage was practising shooting arrows and his wife was running around collecting them, she felt exhausted as the sun was very strong. The heat burnt her bare feet and the rays of the sun made her head reel as the heat was unbearable.

On seeing his beautiful wife droop like a flower, Jamadagni aimed his bow at the sun to split it.

Just then the sun appeared before Jamadagni in the guise of a Brahmana priest and reproached the Rishi for trying to shoot the Day-maker who was a benefactor as he provided food in the seven continents.

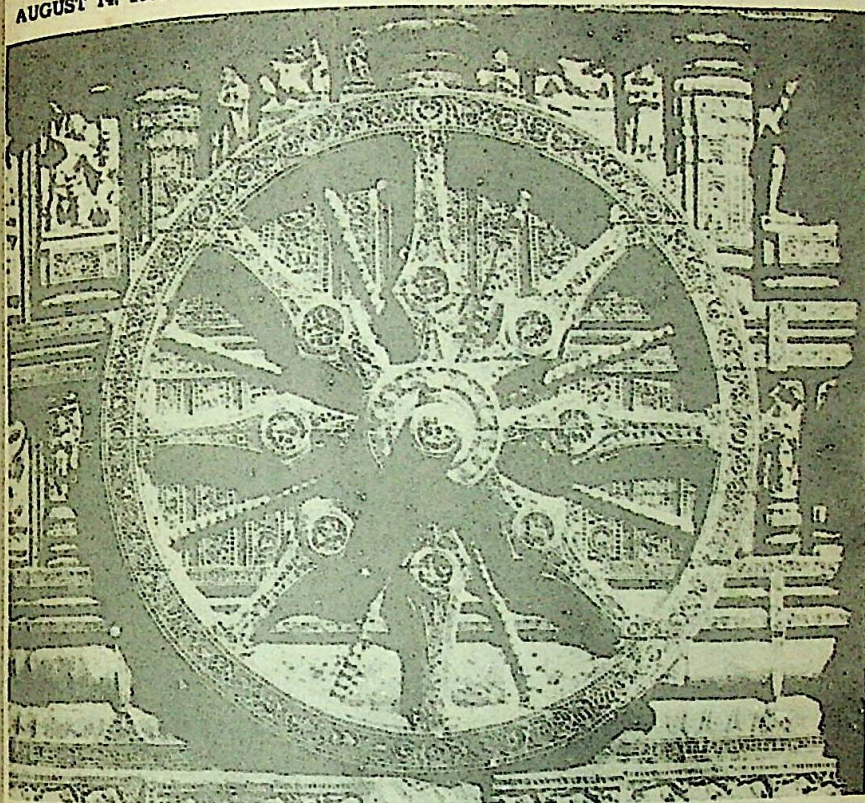
Jamadagni relented from shooting but ordered the sun to

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An Ornamented Wheel of the Chariot of Surya, Sun Temple, Konark, 13th cent. A.D.

stand still for a wink at mid-day and Surya gave a pair of shoes and an umbrella for his wife in thanksgiving and since then shoes and umbrella came into vogue.

In the *Ramayana*, it is said that Surya refused to fight Ravana when Ramachandra attacked Lanka, saying that he could not spare the time. As a witness on behalf of the world, he saw the abduction of Sita and, being shocked, lost some of his light.

Arrogance of Vindhya

Vindhya mountains that divide India into northern and southern regions once became envious of the snow-clad Himalayas. The Himalayas were considered sacred and the saints and Rishis dwelt on their lofty peaks and their forests resonated with the chanting of the holy *mantras*.

But more than that, Vindhya envied the Himalayas because Surya circumambulated them as he went round his course from

cast to west. 'In what way am I inferior to the Himalayas?' reasoned the Vindhya mountains.

According to this legend, the sun's southern limit was set by Manu Savarni and the son of Yavakrita. When Mt. Vindhyas in anger asked Surya to go round him also, Surya replied: "Not by my own will do I revere Meru. My path is laid out for me by those who made the universe."

But Vindhyas were not satisfied with this reply and started growing in height to rival the Himalayas and to obstruct the path of Surya-deva. The gods and the Rishis were frightened at the rising Vindhyas who would, if unchecked, obstruct the sun's

rays from reaching the southern limits of India and they implored Agastya who was the preceptor of the Vindhya mountains to ask Vindhyas to desist from growing further.

Agastya Muni listened to the complaints of the holy mountains and promised to help. He went to Vindhya mountains and in respect to the mountains in respect to his guru bowed before him. Agastya blessed them and asked them not to rise till he returned. Agastya never came back to the mountains since then they remained short and, therefore, do not obstruct the sun's rays.

Savitri, the daughter of Savitri, is the mother of the Vedas.



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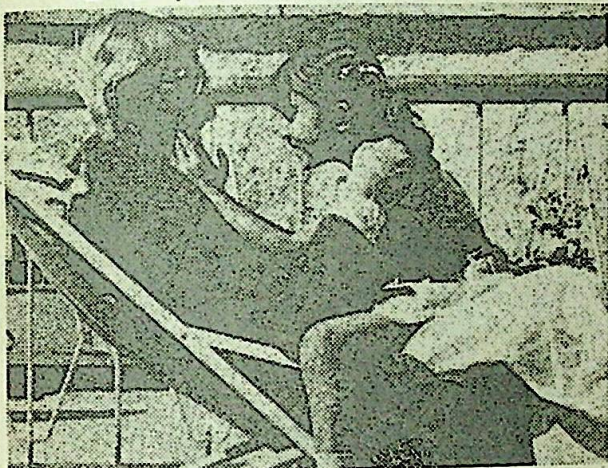
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Ananda Coomaraswamy

— a Birth Centenary Tribute



A CONFLUENCE of the East and the West (born of an English mother and a Ceylonese father of Tamil descent) Ananda Kentish Coomaraswamy literally combined in himself all that is noble and good in both the East and the West.

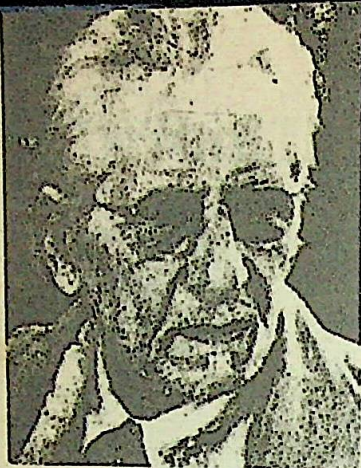
With his amazing intellect, his stupendous and massive range of learning, his deep knowledge of more than a dozen world languages, the versatility of his interest—he strode the scene like an intellectual colossus.

The range of his grasp and penetration in subjects as varied as literature, archaeology, science, technology, history, religion and metaphysics, his erudition in the histories of a well over dozen countries, including world history, his deep learning of the growth of world religions, such as Hinduism, Christianity, Judaism, Buddhism and Jainism, his reverential regard for tradition and for matters of the intellect and spirit—all place him in a high pedestal among historians, art connoisseurs and philosophers. He

was unique in that he had combined in himself all these qualities of head and heart. He was one of nature's 'rarest of creative intellectuals.'

He was a firm believer in tradition, but not tradition-bound. His intellect was sharp and incisive like a razor, but he was neither intellectually arrogant nor lacking in intellectual integrity. He glorified Indian art, tradition and the spiritual heritage of India, but was not unmindful of Western achievements in the fields of science and technology, and also was not oblivious of the blind spots in Indian tradition. He belonged to that rare species of true 'world citizens,' who live and strive for the uplift of humanity.

In preparing this feature on the occasion of the Birth Centenary of Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy we have largely drawn on the magnificent pre-Centenary commemoration volume brought out by Sri Durai Raja Singam, one of the ardent admirers of the great savant.—S.R. □ □ □



Painting R. M. Raval

A Universal Man

MONI BAGCHEE

INDIA, nay the whole of Asia, will be celebrating on August 22, 1977 the birth centenary of Ananda Kentish Coomaraswamy, one of modern Asia's rarest of creative intellectuals.

We are sure that this centenary will be celebrated in many parts of the world, too, for in ultimate analysis Coomaraswamy was a universal man even though his life was characterised by deep conviction and intense faith in the Hindu Dharma.

To dwell on the merits of his work at length would be saying the well-known facts over again. Primarily he was an exponent of the spirit of Asia, especially of Indian art at its deepest bend of perception. His real achievement, however, was his untiring efforts to bring to the attention of the modern world of letters, through his interpretation, the thoughts of the great truth-seekers of the past.

It was Coomaraswamy's of the desires to place before the Occidental world the glories of the teachings of the East, stressing the accomplishment of Indian culture in all its aspects. It was his claim that though the apparent differences between the basic ideas of the Occident and the Orient seemed insurmountable, the essentials and the truths they both proclaimed were the same; as truth is truth which neither time nor place can change. Thus in his life and works we find a perfect synthesis of faith and reason.

At the turn of this century there came from Ceylon a lone pilgrim to this country to find his way through the forest of the unknown to the citadel of India's cultural heritage. For him the geographical entity that is India was not a barrier in the search for and attainment of truth. It was the reawakening of India of the nineteenth century.

through which he made his voyage with a searching eye and a perceptive mind. In the course of his sojourn extending over 10 years, the young pilgrim bathed deep in the various reservoirs which had preserved the spirit of 30 centuries of a nation's civilization. He discovered for himself the basis, the function and purpose of it in a manner that is astonishing, and in a method that remains almost unsurpassed even today. His innumerable writings on Indian art and architecture—some of which have passed into classics—bear ample testimony to it. But above all, Coomaraswamy played a very distinguished role, that of an ambassador of a subjugated country representing and explaining its great culture to the world.

He was never a traditionalist, as some critics have observed. On the contrary, his was a museum without walls; for Coomaraswamy, one tradition led to another until the frontiers seemed to blur: Christianity through Thomas Aquinas led to Plato and Greek antiquity, these to Nagarjun and Buddhism, and from these, inevitably, to the Vedanta; and all these were brought to bear on his understanding of a modern problem in psychology or sociology or a contemporary work of art. He could thus move back and forth between antiquity and modernity and circle round the globe with fabulous ease thus enacting the

concept of the Universal Man. Coomaraswamy has convinced us in essay after essay that the Indian mind made no distinction between the sacred and the secular, between the fine arts and the useful arts because all art has a necessity and reminded us that art is a way of life, that "art contains in itself the deepest principle of life and it is the truest guide to the greatest art of all, the art of living."

Our best homage to the memory of Coomaraswamy will be if and when we accept his lofty ideals which found expression in the following words uttered by him: "What is mainly responsible for our present predicament is the powerful drag exerted on man to move away from his soul, the pull towards the titillating objects of sense. It is true that man, because of his sensate nature, becomes externalised, forgetting his true nature which

When I survey the life of India during the last 3000 years, and bear in mind her literature, traditions and ideals, the teachings of her philosophy, and the work of her artists, the music of her sons and daughters, and the nobility of the religion they have evolved, and when from these elements form a picture of an ideal India and an ideal earthly life, I confess that it is difficult for me to imagine a more powerful source of inspiration, a deeper well of truth to draw upon.

A. K. Coomaraswamy

is spiritual. Man is not a biological being, but essentially a spiritual being. Let him not, therefore, get lost in the world by his senseless adherence to gross materialism."

Thus it is by his comprehensive and convincing exposition of the *Philosophia Perennis* that Ananda Coomaraswamy has won renown as a cultural bridge-builder between East and West, and, in tune with him let us reassert that all that India can offer to the world proceeds from her philosophy.

On this auspicious occasion of his birth centenary (which is an event by itself), let us try to grasp, to our advantage, the

significance of the cultural heritage of India which lies in the firm awareness of the fundamental meaning and purpose of life. "And in this task," says Coomaraswamy, "we may learn from India to build our society on the foundations of the Religion of Eternity."


Seldom has one man done so much, in so many different ways for his own people and for mankind. A sage and a seer, the rediscovery of *Philosophia Perennis*, what we call *Sanatan Dharma* in the trouble-torn twentieth century is perhaps Ananda Coomaraswamy's unique contribution to mankind.

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Thus Spake Coomaraswamy

The last end of every human activity is the knowledge of God, and it is our duty to refer all our acts to our last end.

* * *

The greatest thing one should learn is never to think for himself.

* * *

The spirit is the essential aspect in man; it is more valuable, and must be kept mightier, than the sword.

* * *

Every Indian should justifiably be proud of the splendid civilization he has inherited; indeed, it is his special legacy—a sort of treasure to preserve. Let him not be led away by the passing fashions of our age.

* * *

It is for us to proclaim that wisdom is greater than knowledge, for us to make clear anew that art is something more than manual dexterity, or the mere imitation of natural forms.

* * *

India has much to contribute to mankind in these great days of freedom. Let each one of us manifest the glory of India in the higher achievements of her people.

* * *

Let us not forget even for a moment that there exists an ultimate universal power which is always within man, and which makes itself known in the world through man.

* * *

Nations are created by poets and artists, not by merchants and politicians. In art lie the deepest life principles.

* * *

Indian culture is of value to us not so much because it is Indian as because it is culture. I see all cultures as dialects of the same language.

* * *

I do not believe in art for art's sake. My theory of art is utilitarian. The concept of Nataraja is a synthesis of science, religion and art.

Gleaned by Moni Bagchee



Portrait of Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, Summer—1947, by Dorothy Norman. Photo: Courtesy, Dorothy Norman.

The Last Time I Saw Him

DOROTHY NORMAN

SUDDENLY I had an urgent desire to see Coomaraswamy. I went to Boston in order to do so. I took my camera with me. For years I had wanted to photograph that extraordinarily sensitive head, but I had failed to do so. Why I now felt such sudden urgency I cannot say. I had no word that Coomaraswamy was ill. I had no reason to believe that the end was so near.

We met at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Coomaraswamy was at his desk working when I came in. The desk, as always, was buried under masses of documents. At once, and as always also, without a moment's delay, we were in the midst of a discussion about symbolism, art, India, America.

The voice was rather strained. The skin was almost frighteningly transparent. The long, delicate hands, the entire body, moved with unaccustomed effort.

I photographed only briefly. The light was dim. I had no

artificial light with me. I was filled with fear that any exertion might prove tiring. I continued to be afraid, even while we spoke, that any protracted expenditure of energy might be harmful. But Coomaraswamy seemed as eager to talk as ever before, and he spoke with his usual classic langour, combined with disguised passion.

"American preoccupation with improved 'design' is utterly meaningless." He spoke as from a great distance. But the peculiarly toneless aspect of the voice seemed to heighten, rather than to lessen, the intensity of what was said.

"To have any significance," he observed, "a rug, a house, anything that man creates, must possess far more than what is called 'good design.' Certainly it must have quality, too. But, even more than that, it must be a living symbol to those who make it and use it of an entire approach to life."

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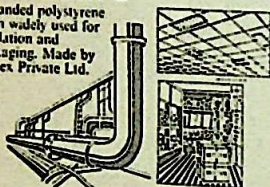
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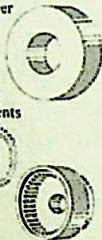
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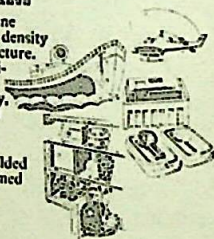


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How often we had spoken of the same theme, of how every-thing man-made must have a deeply religious meaning. Of how it must be made with the gods in mind, and in their image. Of how it must face towards the gods, reach towards the gods, symbolize the gods.

According to Coomaraswamy a work of art must be made in the Thomist sense. Art to him was simply the right way of making things. The right way, which went beyond mere craft. The right way, which embodied the right spirit—all great traditions being right, all great traditions being equal one to the other.

And how did one know what was the right way? This was a question upon which Coomaraswamy wasted little time. Either one knew or one did not know. He spoke of the found, the saved and the lost. Of how the found were those who knew; the priests, the seers. The saved were those whom it was possible to teach, with whom it was possible to communicate. And then there were the lost, those who did not themselves automatically know the right way; those whom one could somehow not teach.

He spoke, as always, of the American error of thinking of art in terms of originality. And of Gandhi in relationship to art. "Gandhi," he remarked, "can be looked upon as a moral saint. But not as an aesthetic saint. He said, for example, that a woman should not wear a necklace. Had

he been also an aesthetic saint he would have said 'If a necklace is to be worn then it should be a good necklace.'"

We spoke of another of Coomaraswamy's favourite subjects: the wrong way, to him, in which contemporary museums exhibit contemporary objects. "It is absurd to put objects that are properly part of one's daily life into museums, with the mistaken idea that anything is made merely to be looked at."

He spoke with great feeling of a book he was eager for me to read, *Capitalism, Socialism, or Villagism?* by Bharatan Kumarappa.

He agreed with what Gandhi had written in the Foreword, that "Villagism as it is being attempted in India, based as it is on truth and non-violence, is well calculated to avert the doom" of annihilation toward which mankind is rushing by continuing "along its mad career of exploitation of the weak by the strong."

To Coomaraswamy, just as one could not think of a rug, or a house, or any other artifact, in terms of design alone, so one could not think of the right way of living in terms of the individual alone. One must take into consideration the individual's relationship to, and his concept of, the community as a whole.

The ideal of villagism in the Gandhian sense represented to Coomaraswamy a goal higher than that of capitalism or social-

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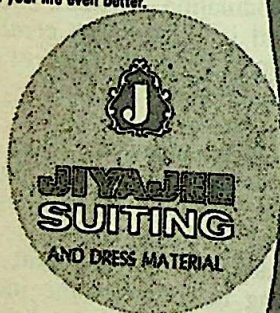
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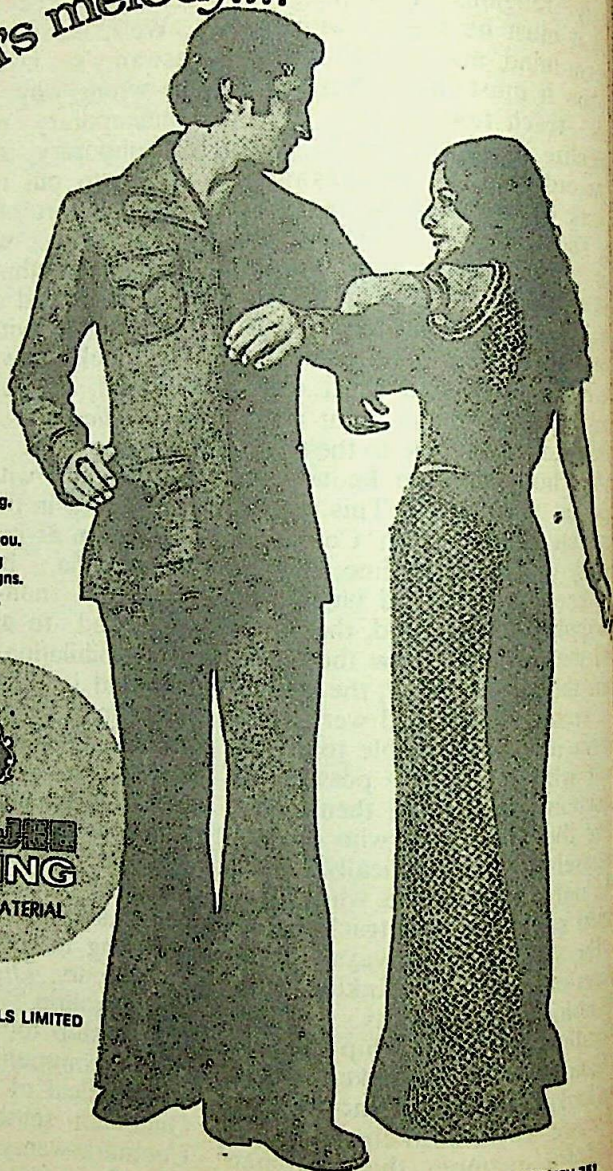
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ism; a goal higher than that of either mere individualism or mere centralisation of power.

He believed with Tagore that "men have been losing their freedom and their humanity in order to fit themselves for vast mechanical organisations." With Tagore he hoped that "the next civilization" might be based not on "economic and political competition and exploitation but upon world-wide social cooperation; upon spiritual ideals of reciprocity, and not upon economic ideals of efficiency..."

Coomaraswamy spoke that day, too, of Meister Eckhart, and with particular warmth. For in his last year Coomaraswamy merged more and more intensely in his own thought the great tradition of the West and the great tradition of the East, just as he felt that such a merging must take place in the world at large.

As we said goodbye he shook his head sadly about how few Indians seem to realise the meaning of the great tradition they have inherited, or to live in its image. He spoke with even greater sadness of the way in which America has lost all sense of the great tradition. But, he remarked, because India still clings to her great tradition, at least to some degree—even though sometimes wrongly—she represents a greater hope for the

We want our own India for ourselves because we believe each nation has its own part to play in the long tale of human progress and that nations which are not free to develop their own individuality and character are also unable to make the contribution to the sum of human culture which the world has a right to expect of them.

A. K. Coomaraswamy

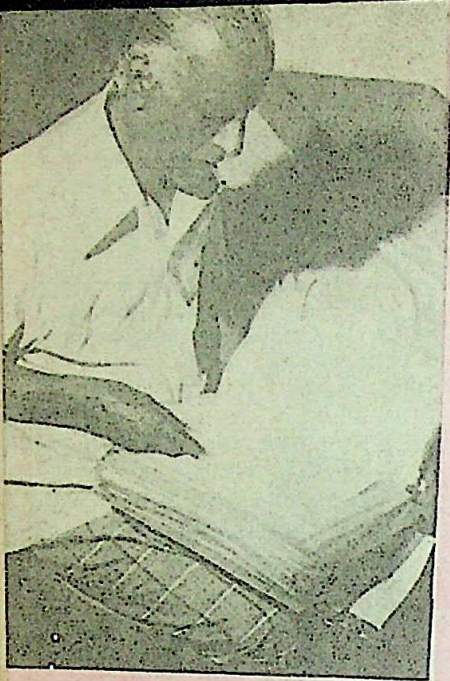
world than does any country in the West. The revival of a positive attitude toward villagism, he said, and the possibility that an enlightened cooperative society might be created in India filled him with great hope. He tapped Kumarappa's book with the same reverence he might have displayed in handling a piece of great Indian art.

There was something deeply moving about hearing the far-away voice sharing the quintessence of what the long and dedicated life had taught. But I left with a heavy heart nevertheless. The skin was a shade too transparent. The voice was a shade too weak. The body seemed almost alarmingly fragile. When I left I said sadly to those whom I joined. "That extraordinary man will soon die. I shall never see him again."

Within little over a week I received word that Coomaraswamy had died. (On September 9, 1947) □ □ □

He is happy, whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

—Hume



DURAI RAJA SINGAM

IN this birth centenary year of Kalayogi Ananda Coomaraswamy—he was born on August 22, 1877—we wish to share with our readers the tributes paid to him by distinguished men from diverse walks of life.

The tributes have been gleaned from a 376-page commemoration volume entitled "Ananda Coomaraswamy — Remembering and Remembering Again and Again" brought out by Shri S. Durai Raja Singam.

In one sense, Shri Raja Singam has out-Boswelled Boswell. Though he never met Coomaraswamy and never stayed with him, he could

How They Saw Him

comprehend in all clearness, the mighty scholarship of AKC. His collections, "Coomaraswamyana,—a profound work of a true devotee—has been gifted by him to the Jaffna Public Library in Sri Lanka, AKC's ancestral home.

Shri Raja Singam, who since his retirement lives in Kuala Lumpur in Malaysia, is a Malaysian-born Ceylonese school teacher and one of the oldest and most consistent admirers of the Kalayogi.

Only 825 copies of the special commemoration volume priced at Malaysian dollars 36 (library edition) and dollars 25 (Ordinary edition) were brought out and copies can be had from the author, House Seven, Section Eleven—Three, Petaling Jaya, Malaysia.—Ed.

I am certainly an admirer of Dr. Coomaraswamy's work and I have found myself again and again in very close sympathy with his thought. I agree that his life work should be honoured and that anything possible should be done which would make his work and his philosophy more widely known.

—T. S. Eliot

Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy was one of the supreme minds and thinkers of modern times—a syncretist of inspired genius, gifted with a vast encyclopaedic and universal culture.

—Kaikhosru Shapurji Sorabji

*It was Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy's book *Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism* which brought me into the Buddhist Movement when I first read it at the age of 17 in 1918, and I have read it many times since. I, therefore, have a particular regard for his memory... I regard this book as the finest single volume on Buddhism yet published.*

—Christmas Humphreys

Dr. Coomaraswamy was one of the greatest and purest idealists of our times, of a most genuine and inspiring character.

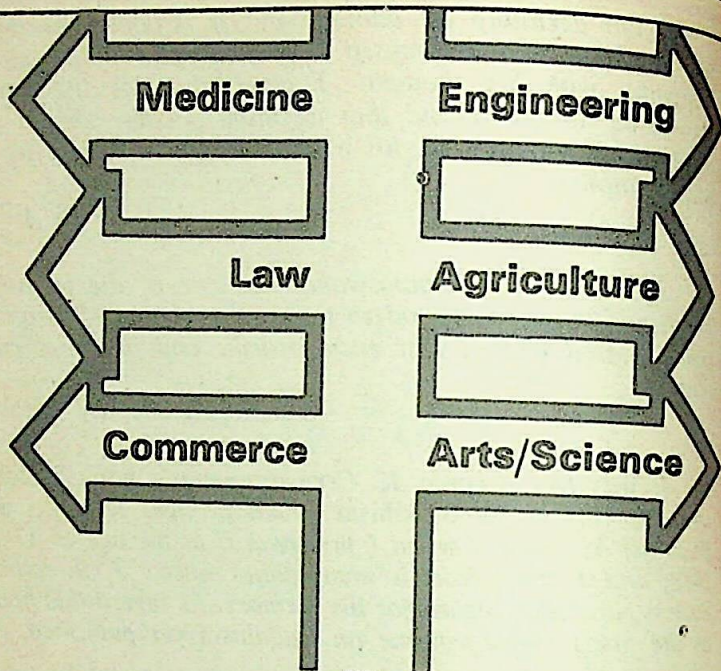
—W. Stede

Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, the champion of Indian Art, has earned the lasting gratitude of modern India.

—J. Ph. Vogel

*Unfortunately I never met Dr. Coomaraswamy personally, though we exchanged several letters after the publication of my book *The Perennial Philosophy*. It was only through his writings that I knew him and was able to profit by that extraordinary combination of vast learning and penetrating insight which gave to Coomaraswamy his unique importance as a mediator between East and West.*

—Aldous Huxley



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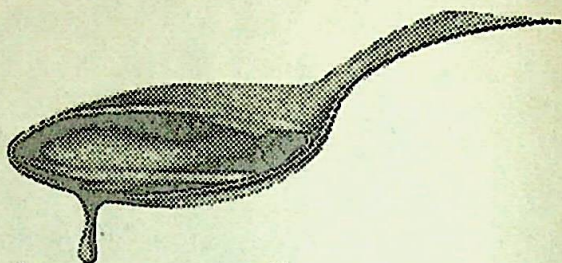
TAGORE AND COOMARASWAMY

Paintings of Tagore

ANANDA COOMARASWAMY

Rabindranath Tagore, as everybody knows, took to painting at the last phase of his life. He liked to call his paintings as poems in picture. After exhibiting his paintings in the art galleries of London, Paris and Berlin, the poet came to America towards the end of 1930. Here he gave an exhibition of his paintings at Boston and New York. Dr. Coomaraswamy who was then associated with the Boston Fine Arts Museum as its Director, and who was a great admirer of Tagore, introduced the paintings of Tagore to the American audience by writing this Foreword to the souvenir published on that memorable occasion.

AN exhibition of drawings by Rabindranath Tagore is of particular interest because it puts before us, almost for the first time, genuine examples of modern primitive art. One may well wonder how those artists and critics who have so long striven for and praised the more calculated primitivisms, archa-



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isms, and pseudo-barbarisms of European origin will respond; will they admire the real thing?

Because Rabindranath is a great and sophisticated poet, a citizen of the world, acquainted with life by personal experience, and by familiarity with the history of culture in Asia and Europe, it must not be inferred that these paintings, all a product of the last two years of the poet's activity, are sophisticated or metaphysical.

It would be a great mistake to search in them for hidden spiritual symbolisms; they are not meant to be deciphered like puzzles or code messages. Nor do they bear any definite relation to the contemporary Bengali school

of painting led by his nephews Abanindranath and Gogonendranath Tagore, or to the contemporary movement elsewhere.

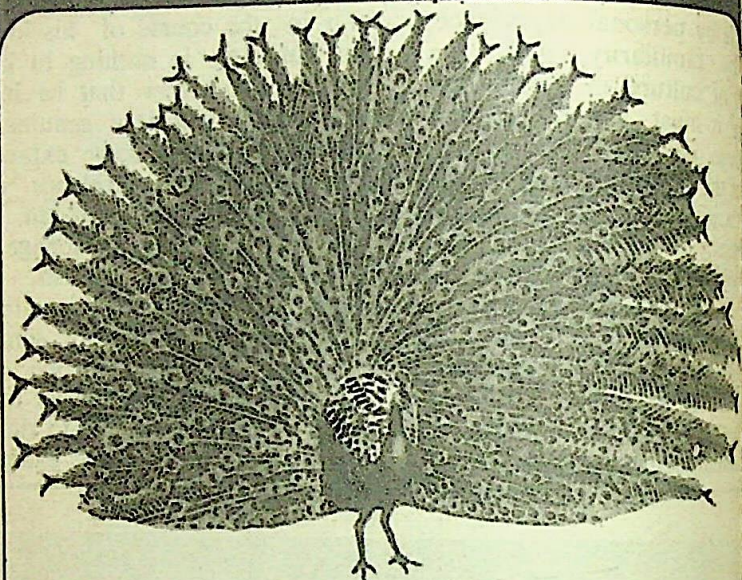
It is obvious that the poet must have looked at many pictures in the course of his long life; but there is nothing in his own work to show that he has seen them. This is a genuinely original, genuinely naive expression; extraordinary evidence of eternal youth persistent in a hoary and venerable personage.

Childlike, but not childish. It is perfectly legitimate to be amused by, to laugh at, or with, some of these creations, as one is amused by a child's vision of the world; it is not legitimate to ridicule them. From a few exam-



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bles one might gather that the artist "knows how to draw", but this is not a consistent quality, and it would be as much beside the mark to praise this apparent knowledge when it appears, as to criticise the work as a whole as that of a man who does not know how to draw.

In these days we have become familiar with the cult of incompetence, and have professed to admire the work of countless artists who do not know how to draw, and in addition have voiced sufficiently loudly their contempt of training.

Rabindranath, on the other hand, has no contempt for training or virtuosity; he simply does not possess it, and knowing this he puts before us in all simplicity, certainly not cynically, the creations of his playful vision, for us to use as we will.

There is, indeed, one quality in respect of which these pictures may be called at once typically Indian, and adult in spite of their naivete; this quality finds expression in satisfying composition, clear-cut rhythms, and definition of forms. They do not mean definite things, but are in themselves definite; in this sense they may be called truly mystical, and offer a refreshing contrast to the vague and sentimental works of the pseudo-mystics, in which more recognisable forms appear, but which

none-the-less *sprechen immer nur im Luft herein*.

A comparison with the work of William Blake is naturally suggested; for here, too, was a mystic poet who from the resources of a vivid visual imagination created forms not to be



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een in nature, but yet endowed with the precision and definition of natural forms. The parallel can be carried even further; for most of the work of Blake is actually a kind of marginal comment to poetry; while the separate paintings now exhibited by Rabindranath are actually, as he himself tells us, a development from marginal and interlinear play enjoyed when composing, or correcting manuscript.

The poet gives no descriptive titles to his pictures—how could he? They are not pictures about things, but pictures about himself. In this sense they are probably much nearer to his music than to his poetry. In the poetry, so far at least as the con-

tent is concerned, he is not primarily an inventor, but rather the sensitive exponent of a racial or national tradition, and therefore his words are more profoundly sanctioned and more significant than those of any private genius could be; all India speaks and understands the same language.

The poetry reveals nothing of of the poet's personality, though it establishes his status. But the painting is an intimacy comparable to the publication of private correspondence. What a varied and colourful person is revealed!

One picture, that might be taken for a representation of a cross between Shylock and Ivan the Terrible, has qualities



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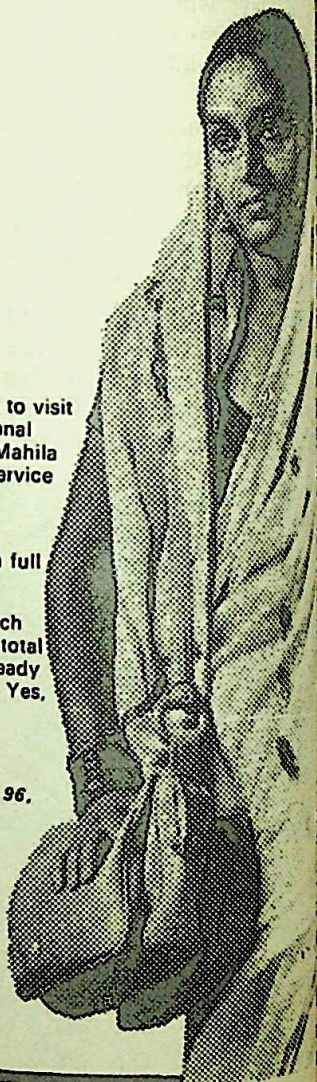
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strangely suggestive of a stained glass window; others, in the poet's own words, depict "the temperate exaggeration of a probable animal that had unaccountably missed its chance of existence," or a "bird that can only soar in our dreams and find its nest in some hospitable lines that we may offer it in our canvas," in others, human seriousness is made ridiculous by animal caricature; others representing a crowd attentive to a flute player may embody some allusion both to Krishna, and to the call of the infinite in the poet's own songs; another is a dancing Ganesh, far removed from the canons of Hindu iconography; the "Concurrence of Birds" is incidentally a comment on the League of Nations; there are portraits, including one of a young Bengali girl, the direct antithesis of "Ivan the Terrible"; groupings of coloured flowers; pages of actual manuscript; and soft ethereal landscapes.

The manner is as varied as the theme, and this despite the fact that all the pictures are done with a pen, usually the back of a fountain pen, and coloured inks or tints; any method is employed that may be available or that may suggest itself at the moment. The artist, like a child, invents his own technique as he goes along; nothing has been allowed to interfere with zest. The

I remember one anecdote of Ananda Coomaraswamy. He said once:

"When the curtain goes up, it is too late to create a masterpiece."

Isn't that delicious! And how very true! Every masterpiece is the product of long training and discipline—is it not produced casually, on the spur of the moment!

When I was Curator of the Bush Collection of Religion and Culture at Columbia, he sent me his own photographs to have slides made for our collection—a most generous act! And so we had a magnificent collection of slides of the great religious art of India. During this time I had a fruitful correspondence with him, and he wrote articles and book reviews for our "Review of Religion" of which I was Managing Editor. When I was in Boston I visited him in the Museum and I attended his course on Indian Art at the Metropolitan Museum. So I felt I knew him as a friend. Well, those happy days are over. I am 85 and that is really old.

—Dr. Marguerite Beck Block
(in a letter to S. Durai Raja Singam)

means are always adequate to the end in view; this end is not "Art" with a capital A, on the one hand—nor, on the other, a merely pathological self-expression; not art intended to improve our minds, nor to provide for the artist himself as "escape"; but without ulterior motives, truly innocent, like the creation of a universe.



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Language and Silence

PROF. K. SUBRAMANIAN

MAN is a speaking animal; he communicates through language. Because of this tool, he can talk about the past and the future. Animals are 'present-conscious.' 'Man looks before and after and pines for what is not.' One cannot tell a lie if one does not know how to use a language.

Everyday we use language to express our ideas, feelings and emotions. But there are occasions when we feel the inadequacy of language. When we are introduced to someone for the first time, we say something and try to keep the conversation going; it is a convention and it is normally observed. But when we are in the company of a person we know very well, we don't have to keep the conversation going. We can be silent

without any embarrassment. This is 'companionable silence.' Again when we are overpowered by love or hatred, we find words inadequate. We express what we want to say either through a smile or a frown.

Poets have tried to express their unique feelings in a unique way. Almost everything on earth has been dealt with by poets in some way or the other. Words have been used in their different permutations and combinations. Some modern writers like Henry Miller and Samuel Beckett feel that language has become poisoned with the prevarications of politics and advertisement. Nothing significant or worthwhile can be said through such corrupted language, they feel. Ionesco says in his *Journal*: "It is, as if through becoming

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involved in literature, I had used up all possible symbols without really penetrating their meaning. They no longer have any vital significance for me. Words have killed images or are concealing them. A civilisation of words is a civilisation distraught. Words create confusion. Words are not the Word. The fact is that words say nothing, if I can put it that way. There are no words for the deepest experience. The more I try to explain my self the less I understand myself. Of course, not everything is words, only the living truth."

The profound cannot be communicated through the medium of words. Sankaracharya in his *Dakshinamurti Stotra* says: 'mauna vyakhyā prakathita para brahma tattvam.' (Dakshinamurti explained the truth of Brahman through silence.) Truth cannot be caught in the web of words.

When words have become the carcass of words, it is very difficult to say anything in a significant way. We continually try to describe something that is forever new. Words cannot convey and contain reality. They can at best suggest it. Eliot says in his *Four Quartets*:

"So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years—

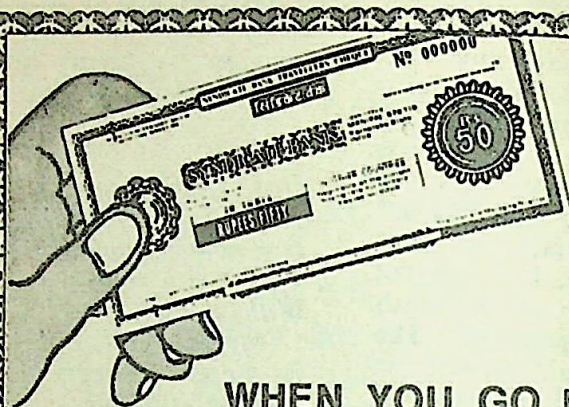
Twenty years largely wasted,
the years of l'entre deux guerres—

Trying to learn to use words,
and every attempt

*Is a wholly new start, and a
different kind of failure
Because one has only learnt
to get the better of words
For the thing one no longer
has to say, or the way in
which
One is no longer disposed to
say it. And so each venture
Is a new beginning, a raid on
the inarticulate
With shabby equipment al-
ways deteriorating
In the general mess of imprec-
ision of feeling,
Undisciplined squads of emo-
tion. And what there is
to conquer,
By strength and submission,
has already been discovered
Once or twice, or several
times, by men whom one
cannot hope
To emulate—but there is no
competition—
There is only the fight to re-
cover what has been lost
And found and lost again and
again: and now, under con-
ditions
That seem unpropitious. But
perhaps neither gain nor
loss.
For us, there is only the try-
ing. The rest is not our
business.*

(East Coker V)

This dissatisfaction with language is felt by several modern writers. They feel that anything profound can be communicated either through music which is pure sound or through silence.



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(According to Ramana Maharshi, Silence is uninterrupted speech.) In Samuel Beckett's plays silences are an undercurrent of the dramatic situation; the powerful images are not verbal but images of silence. His plays allow him the opportunity to explore the blank spaces between the words and the ability to provide visual evidence of the untrustworthiness of language. He wrote a speechless play called *Act Without Words*. To Beckett 'Language is a long sin against the silence that enfolds us.' A character in one of his novels says, 'Not to want to say, not to know what you want to say, and never to be able to say what you think you want to say, and never to stop saying, or hardly ever, that is the thing to keep in mind, even in the heat of composition.' To a question why he wrote when nothing could be said through words, he said: 'that there was nothing to express, no desire to express together with the obligation to express.'

This preoccupation with Nothing and Silence is typically modern. A popular comedian's first name is Zero. A pianist played a musical composition for 4 minutes and 33 seconds; the music was the music of silence. Wordless plays and soundless music are no longer abstract concepts. Modern man is tired of words; he seeks silence. He seeks peace that

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passeth understanding. In *Molloy*, Beckett says: "For to know nothing is nothing to want to know anything likewise, but to be beyond knowing anything, that is when peace enters in, to the soul of the incurious seeker." D. H. Lawrence says in his *Apocalypse*: "Oh lovely green dragon of the day, the undawned day, come, come in touch, and release us from the horrid grip of the evil-smelling old logos! Come in silence and say nothing."

When there is no desire, there is no need for speech. It is desire that sets in motion speech. *Nirashaa* (desirelessness) results in *nissabda* (silence). Accord-

ing to Heidegger the voice of things silences the voice of Being. The noise made by "things" prevents us from hearing the silence of the voice of Being (*Being and Time*).

The present noisy age may lead us ultimately to silence. Marshall McLuhan, the medium expert, says:

"Electric technology does not need words any more than the digital computer needs numbers. Electricity points the way to an extension of the process of consciousness itself, on a world scale, and without any verbalization, whatever. Such a state of collective awareness may have

been the preverbal condition of men... The next logical step would seem to be, not to delay, but to bypass language in favour of a general cosmic consciousness which might be like the collective unconscious dreamt of by Bergson. The condition of 'weightlessness' that biologists say promises physical immortality, may be paralleled by the condition of speechlessness that could ensure a perpetuity of collective harmony and peace."

1. Understanding Media: Extensions of Man (New York: McGraw Hill, 1965), p. 80

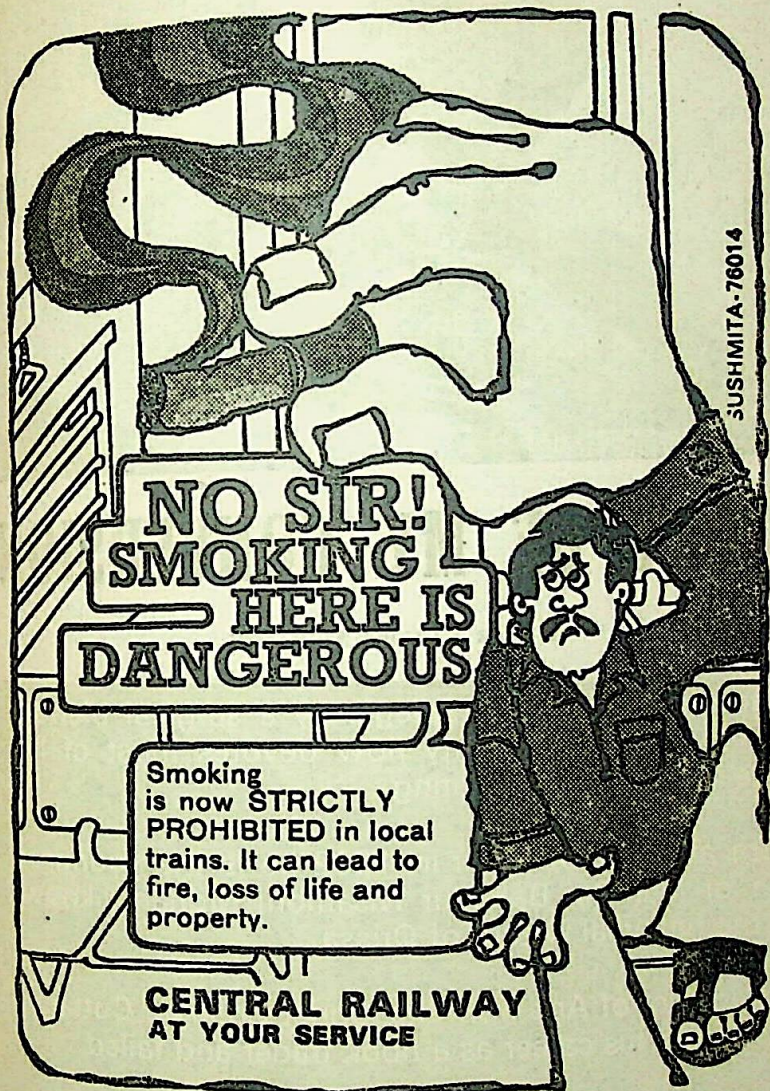
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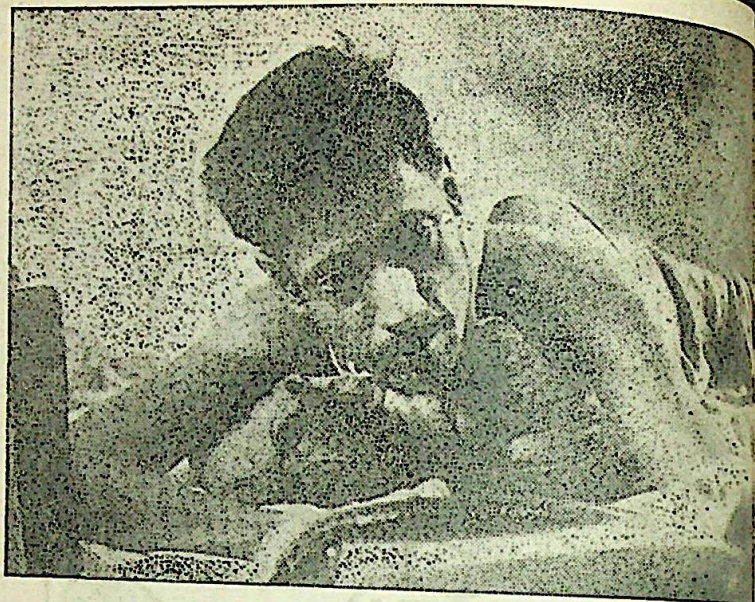
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STORY OF MY CONVERSION

KUMAR KISHORE MOHANTY

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Born at Patna of Bihar in 1932 he is the youngest son of late Raj Bahadur Nisamoni Mohanty known as the financial wizard of Orissa.

A Bachelor of Arts from the Christ College, Cuttack, he started his career as a book trader and failed.

Since 1970 he has translated seven Upanisads besides nearly a hundred poems of eminent Oriya poets and the Gita in Oriya verse.

It is not that I do not read Erle Stanley Gardner's Perry Mason mysteries any more, nor my basic nature has changed in any way, but the real difference lies in the fact that, instead of being caught in the web of modern brass tacks, I now live in the realm of the *Gita*, a world of wisdom, work and worship ingeniously blended together.

Now I have gained the wisdom to take refuge in Him when things go right or wrong, or willy-nilly I commit some misdeeds (not immoral actions—for God never protects one from such actions) exactly as does a mischievous child who hides himself under the folds of his mother's sari.

The only thing that has undergone total transformation in me is my attitude to life and the Lord, a transformation which one can gain only by the grace of God.

I am no longer afraid of darkness or ghosts nor I fear any evil, real or imaginery. It is not that my physical sufferings are less anyway, rather it has increased, but the *Gita* has taught me to bear them with fortitude. Now I have realised that 'pains are gains.'

I cannot say now if I had any faith in God during my childhood but I clearly remember to have worshipped Lord Vishnu, the Preserver, when I was eight or nine years old. This was an imitative action of a child rather

than the faith of an adult. But owing to long sufferings as a result of pneumonia I discontinued this practice of daily worship. During and after my illness I do not remember to have even prayed. I relegated God to linger in the limbo of my unconscious mind until I needed Him seriously on the 1st of January in 1945, after more than three years, when I was on the verge of death owing to haemoptysis (haemorrhage of the lungs).

When blood gushed up that night much more than the previous six days and showed apparently no sign of abatement, the female folks started crying. Sensing my life's end, my father asked for my last wish, if any. Unwittingly and without a second thought I blurted out: "Pray to God."

I have never known in my life what normal health is. What with inherited asthma and chronic cold, and a constitution-damaging pneumonia in my ninth year, I became a physical wreck.

In 1942, when I was only 10 years old I became completely paraplegic owing to a tubercular spine. But my happiness did not diminish as I became an introvert and started writing poems. My guru was the late Raghunath Panda, an office peon of my father, who taught me the technique of rhyming.

I am a born sadist and a person of nasty temper. How many

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innocent frogs have I crushed under rolling stones! Now I do not kill, not even an ant (I kill only the pestering mosquitoes) unless it is really necessary, and have turned a vegetarian after translating the *Gita* into English verse.

I only fling verbal missiles at my adversaries today, and they rarely miss the target. When angry, I spare nobody, not even my superiors, and the epithet 'rogue' given to me by my family members is not exactly a misnomer. I no longer beat a dog to death or aim my sling to unseat a horse-riding bridegroom for the sake of fun, nor do I injure a policeman to avenge a friend. As an invalid, of course, I cannot do these now. All I want to say is that my sadism is sublimated today. But astrologically speaking, my *ascendant* being Leo with Mars and others, and my natal sign being Leo, it will certainly be a miracle if I do not get angry now and again.

My friend Asit Kumar Mitra once told me: "Well, if you do not get angry I shall take it that something has gone wrong with you." I have been able to curb but not conquer my temper.

Let me skip over my youth as there is nothing to write home about. Around 1944, I was almost free from my paraplegia (paralysis of the lower part of the body) and was able to walk with a slight limp.

As I progressed from my adolescence to youth I lost my

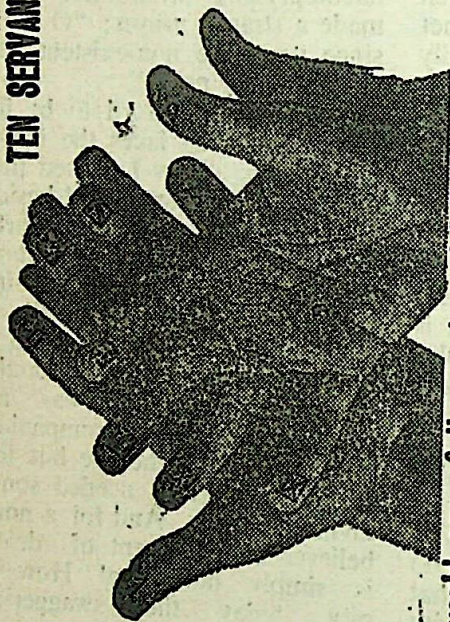
faith in God and developed an atheistic attitude. But I never went to the other extreme and never was an iconoclast. Rather, at times I have felt the faint undercurrent of divinity permeating my subconscious mind. But I definitely developed a disbelief in God. Or else, when I was again in my death bed in 1959 owing to the same severe haemoptysis I would not have made a strange prayer: "O God, since you are non-existent to whom shall I pray?"

No one can afford to be insincere when he faces the inevitable death. How I wished that day that there was a God beside me when I felt abjectly lonely and helpless despite the constant presence of my eldest sister-in-law, Gitanjali, near my bed! I felt as though I was alone in a murky heaving sea! No doubt sister-in-law Gitanjali was an excellent nurse and companion on this side of the life but for the other world I needed some divine presence. And for a non-believer the moment of death is simply horrifying! How I pity today the swaggering atheists!

In the middle of 1964 I recovered from a long spell of asthma attack and to keep myself busy I decided to take over the management of the household affairs, as usually in joint-families general supervision is nobody's business.

Like an unthinking enthusiast who gets a chance to rule, I

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immediately introduced socialistic pattern of democracy in our family of individualistic aristocracy where everyone wants to be the boss. I not only introduced the European system of fixed-time lunch and dinner but strictly observed the principle of not permitting anybody, not even my mother, to enjoy the privilege of getting special items of food prepared.

The standard of food improved immensely but at the cost of everybody's free-will. I did not know the simple fact that no married woman will tolerate a boss at home other than her husband. And I had three sisters-in-law. I should have paid heed to the advice of Sri Binod Kanungo, the Editor of *Oriya Encyclopaedia*, "It needs the same tact and trouble to manage a house as it needs to administer a State."

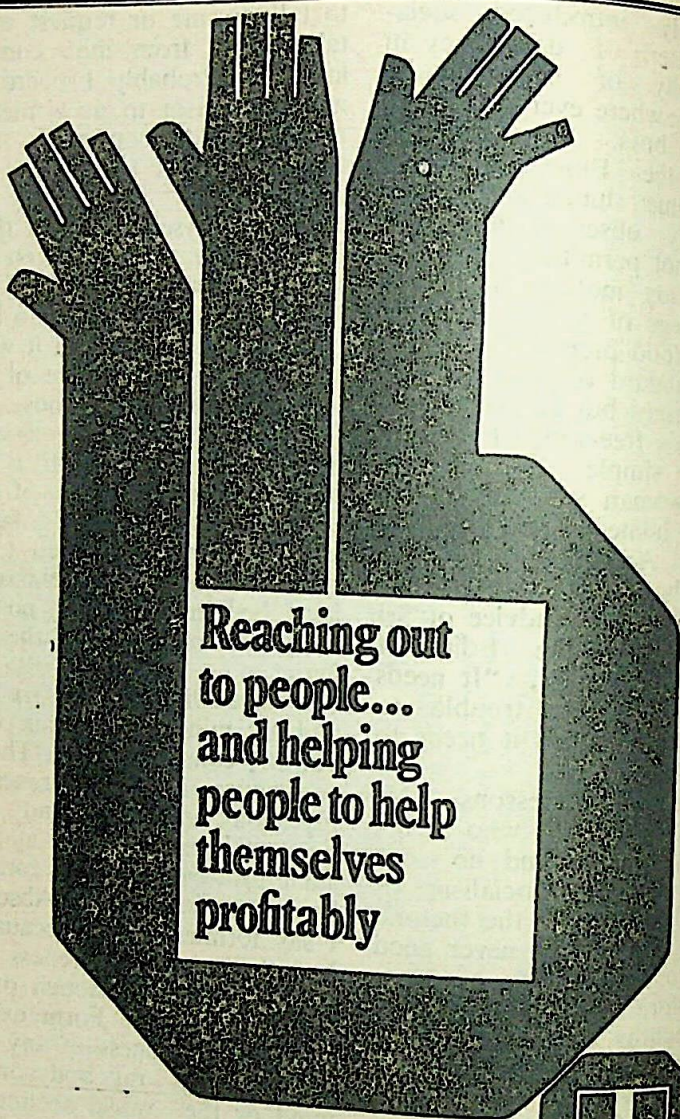
I learned two lessons. No one tolerates a boss who is not the bread-earner and no one likes socialism. Socialism is good so long as it is the rhetoric of the politician but never good enough to be put into practice.

So, before the completion of three months I fell out with everyone including the eldest cousin who was the head of our joint-family of four brothers and three sisters-in-law. I completely separated myself from them and confined myself to my room and even cooked my own food. They were so much displeased with me that no one even cared

to talk to me or request me to take food from the common kitchen. Probably I overdid in my enthusiasm to do something really good. You need more tact than talent to manage such affairs.

Left to myself I started thinking seriously. For the first time in my 32 years, I realised that the family bond was only a bond of convenience and that it would snap under the pressure of self-interest. Being at a loose end, I turned a thinker. I observed complete silence and with a view to cleansing my body of the effete matter, I started fasting and kept myself confined to my room. I just lied down on a hard bed in a supine position and fixed my gaze on the ceiling.

I stayed like this for six days and my mind blanked out without any conscious effort. Though conscious, I lost awareness of my body and mind and even time. There was only a constant awareness of a formless Form, probably the Absolute. I say formless Form because I had the vague awareness of a circle. I felt as though only I and that formless Form existed. I had no awareness of any third reality, be it my body or my mind or the world around me. Not even time existed for me. It was not a state of supreme bliss as is described by the yogins. It was only a state of zeroness of the mind with the awareness of a supreme Zero



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or the Absolute.

Whether it was a delusion of grandeur or a state of self-induced hypnotic condition or a real trance (*samadhi*), I cannot say, but I seemed to have gained automatically the true (it seemed to me so) knowledge of creation and its mysteries. Since it will take pages to describe and justify this realisation I refrain from any attempt at it.

After the lapse of six days I was brought back to the mundane world by my meddlesome family members who suspected suicide.

And what happened during the next three months may be best described by the prophetic words of Swami Vivekananda:

"The Yogi says there is a great danger in stumbling upon this state (a super-conscious state). In a good many cases there is the danger of the brain being deranged, and, as a rule, you will find that all those men, however great they were, who had stumbled upon this super-conscious state without understanding it, groped in the dark, and generally had, along with their knowledge, some quaint superstition. They opened themselves to hallucination." (*Raja-Yoga*).

I had hallucinations, delusion of grandeur, delusion of persecution and an obsession that tomorrow would not come for me. So I was hustled away to the Ranchi Mental Asylum in April

1965. When I returned after a stay of 14 months I was treated exactly as a criminal. I was subjected to humiliation and indifference, and was completely deprived of any legal right, even the right to use my own small library which I built up mostly in the Mark Twain fashion of borrowing.

I not only felt depressed and lost my self confidence but also developed progressive paraplegia so that I could not walk unaided. I became useless, both mentally and physically.

I cursed myself for my misfortune rather than blaming my family members. As you sow so you reap. I have made everybody taste my nasty temper and now they only retaliated. In 1956 when my father late Rai Bahadur Nisamoni Mohanty, died of insanity I boasted to my sister: "I shall never suffer from insanity as I have enough of mental stamina and self confidence." My going to Ranchi was an irony of Fate.

One day I chanced upon a copy of *Reader's Digest* where-in I read the true story of an insane who was considered incurable by the medical profession. But "faith in God" was the master medicine that cured him.

The first rays of hope gleamed through the darkness of my despair. What with other stories of industrialist Honda of Japan and Professor Miss Vergese of Vellore Medical College, both

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paraplegics, and friend Ashok Rao's insistence to write, I started to read and write. I felt much better.

Though I was a believer in the ultimate Reality since my six-day trance I had no particular faith in a merciful personal God. Perhaps He was paving the path of faith slowly and surely for me to tread on.

In early 1970 our family members moved to the newly-constructed building of my first cousin, the head of the joint family. But I stayed put in our old paternal home. Why should I go there to be more humiliated by them in their own house? Even a dog becomes a lion in its own lane. So they all moved away.

And I was left with a guard over me lest I might run away. I was virtually made a prisoner. They even removed all my books, my only companion, despite my strong protest. After all, we live in a world of the high and mighty.

Then, after three days of my solitary confinement, Shri Kailash Ch. Mahapatra, a noble-souled person, the General Secretary of Orissa Secondary School Teachers' Association, came to my rescue.

During my two months' stay in the Teachers' Association Office I became near-normal. Shri Mahapatra and Shri Biren Das, the then President of Ministerial Officers' Association, helped me to build up my self-confi-

dence. Shri Mahapatra even published an article of mine in their Association journal.

My family members now prevailed upon Shri Mahapatra to send me back to my cousin's house. I was given a decent room with an attached bath room. All my books were arranged on shelves, and even a separate servant was provided for me. So I had nothing to say against their negligence or hostility. I felt happy and continued to compose poems which I started at Shri Mahapatra's place.

Then, inspired by a book, *The Evidence*—the evidence of God—written by 40 scientists of the U.S.A., I started translating the *Gita* in verse. During the period of translation I had frequent quarrels with my family members as they turned almost vindictive because they could not excuse me for running away from home and damaging their precious prestige which to them was more valuable than a useless invalid like me. But, despite the disturbance, I worked from early morning to late at night and completed the translation in little more than three weeks.

"It is an inspired work," Professor Dr. M. N. Das of Utkal University, told me. I have, in fact, always felt as though an invisible power worked through me. I had to believe that "there is no invention in him (a poet) until he has been inspired and

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is out of his senses, and the mind is no longer in him." (Plato's *Dialogues*).

Soon after the completion of the *Gita*, series of incidents happened which made it clear that my life was in danger. Not to save my useless life but to save the precious manuscript of the *Gita* one day I left the golden cage. I had no remorse. Rather I felt free as a winged bird. I derived two benefits from the translation of the *Gita*. Gaining a strong belief in a Personal God, I became a one-master dog, my master being Lord Krishna. And I was rid of my inherent fear for ever.

I moved from the surging sea of scepticism, fear and depression to the solid path of faith, courage and happiness. □ □ □

"What," asked the learned man of the Buddhist saint who had acquired a wide reputation for sanctity and wisdom, "what is the most fundamental thing in Buddhism?"

The saint replied, "The most fundamental thing in Buddhism is to cease from evil and to learn to do good."

"I did not ask you," said the learned, man, "to tell me what every child of three knows; I want you to tell me what is the most profound, the most subtle, the most important thing in Buddhism."

"The most profound, the most subtle, the most important thing in Buddhism," said the saint, "is to cease from evil and to learn to do well. It is true that a child of three may know it, but grey-haired old men fail to put it into practice."

—James Allen

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A PILGRIMAGE TO TIRUPATI THE ABODE OF SRI BALAJI

वेङ्कटस्थो हरिः साक्षाद् वर्तते वेङ्कटाचले ।

The *Varaha Purana*, one of the Vyasokta Puranas, declares emphatically that Hari Himself resides in Venkatachala—Tirumala. Sriman Narayana, who had promised protection to the Devas requested by Brahma to protect people in the Kali Yuga also. His immense Grace, Hari offered to remain on the Venkatachala to relieve the miseries of His devotees.

This holiest of holy temples is at the top of picturesque (Tirumala) surrounded on all sides by other hills of equally scenic beauty. The legend has it that these seven hills are the hills of Sri Adi Sesha.

Thousands of pilgrims from all over the country, and from other countries come to worship Sri Venkateswara, or Balaji as He is known in North India. Many swear that their worldly difficulties have been dispelled miraculously even by sincerely trying to worship Him. The ecstatic feeling one gets at the darshan of the Lord has to be experienced to be known.

वेङ्कटेशसमो देवो नास्ति नास्ति महीतले ।

Tirupati is a small town in Andhra Pradesh, at the foot of the Seven Hills. Rail tickets can be bought directly to Tirumala from any station in India for the rail journey upto Tirupati, and then travel up the ghat road by bus to Tirumala. Tirupati can also be reached by direct buses from all important towns around. The Indian Airlines Corporation run flights to Tirupati from Madras and Hyderabad and have their own coaches for the transport of air passengers to Tirumala and back.

The Devasthanams have made excellent arrangements for pilgrims' stay at Tirupati and Tirumala. There are over 100 furnished cottages and several free choultries in Tirumala. Hari

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ver, pilgrims desirous of having accommodation in the cottages are advised to contact the Reception Officer, Tirumala-Tirupati Devasthanams, Tirumala and book accommodation at least one week in advance. The climate up the Hills is generally cold.

To enable all the pilgrims to have darshan of the Lord, the temple is kept open for about 14 hours everyday. Free darshan is open to the public for over 11 hours, by an orderly queue along closed sheds. Those who cannot wait in the queue can have darshan in about five minutes by purchasing special darshan tickets at Rs. 25/- per head.

It has come to the notice of the Tirumala-Tirupati Devasthanams that some unscrupulous people posing themselves as guides are offering to get accommodation, quicker darshan, naivedyas, etc. Pilgrims are advised not to fall a prey to the deceits of such outs.

Nobody can get accommodation or darshan except through the excellent arrangements made by the Devasthanams. Naive-tyams (offerings to the Lord) are being sold **ONLY INSIDE THE TEMPLE**. Please do not buy spurious stuff sold outside the temple by unscrupulous people.

This announcement is being made by the Tirumala-Tirupati Devasthanams to inform and help the pilgrims to Tirumala. Further information about booking of accommodation, performance of special sevas, utsavams, pujas, etc. can be had from the following officers of Tirumala-Tirupati Devasthanams:

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Let us briefly examine the salient features of that creed.

To the Hindus religion (*Dharma*) is the art and science of fulfilment of human life. It is both the knowledge and the quest of the *Purusharthas*, the aims of man in life. The *Purusharthas* are four in number: the discharge of duties, the earning of wealth, the satisfaction of desires and finally the realisa-

tion of the liberating truth. The *Bhagavata*—the Purana par excellence of the Hindus—sets out in precise terms the inter-relation and relative importance of the four *Purusharthas*:

The performance of duty should always lead to the final release; its aim is not the acquisition of wealth. In other words *Dharma* is for *Moksha* and not for *Artha*. Wealth, on the other hand, is meant solely for the due performance of the duties pertaining to one's station in life; it should not be utilised for the pursuit of pleasures. So *Artha* is not for *Kama*, it is for *Dharma*. Lastly the propensity to enjoy (i.e., *Kama*) should be confined to the limits of necessity; just as much as is neces-

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sary for the sustenance of life. Life should not be mortgaged to the senses. The supreme goal of human life is the realisation of the one ultimate truth and it is that truth which has been variously termed as *Brahman* (the Universal Spirit) *Paramatman* (the Supreme Self) or *Bhagawan* (the Lord).

That is the quintessence of Hindu ethics. And religion is essentially ethics—*Dharma*.

But all ethics is rooted in metaphysics and together they constitute philosophy. What, then, is the philosophy of Hinduism? That philosophy is called Vedanta.

The principle postulates of Vedanta are:

This manifested universe of matter owes its origin or appearance, existence and inevitable dissolution to an indefinable, immutable spiritual substratum, connoted by the expression *Brahman*;

The inner reality of this fleeting universe is also the inner reality of man;

Life is a journey, maybe a very long one, but one day it must come to an end and when it does come to an end it is there at the point from which it started;

Death in this world is not the end of existence any more than birth here is its beginning;

The only enduring happiness so far as man is concerned comes from the direct vision of the

Truth that is God;

The way to attain that truth is any one (or all) of these: (1) ego-less love; (2) ego-less work; (3) ego-less contemplation; (4) ego-less knowledge.

Those four paths to liberation are, in Hindu terminology, the four Yogas. In Bhakti Yoga you surrender yourself, in Karma Yoga you sacrifice yourself, in Raja Yoga you forget yourself and in Jnana Yoga you transcend yourself.

That being the sum and substance of Vedanta, how true is the statement of Swami Vivekananda, that prince of monks, that Vedanta is not a religion, it is a philosophy of religion!

It must be clear to the readers from what has been stated above that there is one fundamental difference between Vedanta and the various systems of philosophy formulated by the eminent thinkers of the West from Plato down to Bertrand Russell.

In the West philosophy is always the product of logical thinking and logic is the only test of philosophy. Vedanta, however, holds that logic is not the ultimate test of reality. Ultimate reality cannot be comprehended by the intellect, it has to be experienced by direct contact. This direct contact is certainly not possible through the body, mind or even intellect of man. It is possible only through another faculty which lies dormant above Reason. That

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faculty is aroused only in *Samadhi*.

Samadhi is a super-conscious state and not an unconscious or half-conscious state of mind as is sometimes assumed or asserted even by well-informed persons. To a Vedantin, *Samadhi* is a tested tool.

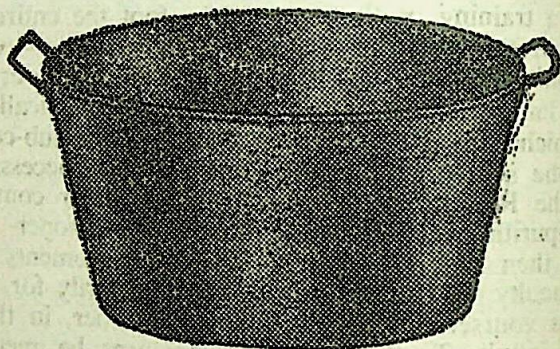
Vedanta is therefore not only a study; it is an experience as well. Hence the necessity for *Sadhana*—practice or training—in Vedanta. It is not a mere training of the intellect that is insisted on in Vedanta. What is required is a training of the entire being of man, of all the diverse faculties in him. At the end of a long and sustained *Sadhana* which involves severe control of the sense organs and the mind, the Reason is purged of all its impurities and incrustations and then suddenly that dormant faculty is awakened and you see yourself melting in the blaze of infinite Truth.

Melting? Yes, really. That is what all real Vedantins have affirmed. In truth there is no 'I,' for the obvious reason that this I is too small to hold that Truth. Can there be a drop in the ocean? No, the drop can exist only out of the ocean. Put the drop back in its place, from where it came and see what happens to it. The drop finds its self by losing itself.

So, that is the Supreme teaching of Hinduism through Vedanta, paradoxical though it

may seem: self-realisation through self-abnegation. There is no higher truth than this and certainly no higher morals.

We are familiar with the accusation that the Hindus are a world-negating people. We would have been grateful to our accusers if they had just cited a few instances to prove their charge. For our part we know that one of the most widely known of these world-negators had led such a lazy, discontented life extending over a period of 32 years in all, that he traversed by foot the entire length and breadth of India twice at least and established four centres of religion at practically the four corners of the sub-continent and made all the necessary arrangements for their continued existence and proper functioning. These arrangements have worked satisfactorily for 12 centuries now. Further, in the course of his sojourns he met in debate (and defeated, according to tradition) every one of the leaders of thought of his day. He wrote, in the meantime, enough material to fill some 20 volumes in print. If that is how a world-negating philosopher lives and conducts himself in the world, would you, my friend, hesitate to join us in shouting three cheers to the philosophy of world negation? From the Indian point of view, a philosopher's life is the touch-stone of his philosophy.



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AUGUST 14, 1977

There is a widespread notion that Sankara, the great Monist, totally denied the existence of the world. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The fact is that Sankara conceded as much reality to the world he saw around him as to his own body and mind. What he refused to concede was absolute reality—timeless existence—to the world of appearance. Philosophy, one should remember, is not simple common sense. It cannot take anything for granted and has necessarily to subject all kinds of experience to a rigid analysis. The result of that analysis may not always be pleasing to us and may not accord with our pet prejudices. But philosophy is nothing if it is not fearless confrontation of the truth.

We may next consider whether there is any place in Hinduism for humanitarianism, philanthropy and all the rest. It may perhaps be of interest to the Western readers to note that Hinduism declares that every man is born into this world with five debts. These five debts have necessarily to be repaid. And who are the creditors? Here is the list: (1) the Devas (i.e., celestial beings); (2) the *Pitris* (i.e., manes); (3) the Rishis (i.e., seers); (4) the men (i.e., human beings); and (5) the *bhutas* (i.e., all other living beings). The debts due to them are cleared by the performance of the five appropriate *Yajnas*.

Yajna means an offering and what is offered should be to the liking of the recipient.

The celestial beings are supposed to be great lovers of beauty, music, dance, art and the like. Worship of beauty, therefore, is the worship of the Devas. It follows that whatever is done in the cause of the Muses is *Deva Yajna*. Then there is *Rishi Yajna* which means any work calculated to promote or propagate knowledge and learning, for the Rishis are devoted seekers of knowledge. *Pitri Yajna* means offering made to the departed souls, our progenitors. *Nara Yajna* is serving man. The importance of this particular *Yajna* is emphasised in an oft-quoted couplet in Sanskrit which says that what Vyasa has said in ten million stanzas can be put in two lines of verse viz., *Paropakarah Punyaya Papaya Parapeedanam*. (There is only one way of earning merit and that is by helping others; sin is nothing but injuring others). Lastly, Hinduism enjoins on us the necessity to regard all living beings—*bhutas*—as we regard selves—*Atmavat sarva bhutani yah pasyati sa pasyati*. That is *Bhuta Yajna*.

That takes us to the Hindu doctrine of *ahimsa*. *Ahimsa* has been described in the *Agni Purana* as the practice of desisting from the infliction of any kind of pain, by word, deed or thought, on any other living be-

ing. That *ahimsa* is the highest *dharma*—*paramo dharmah*, the *summum bonum*—has been proclaimed in one voice by all the *Srutis* (Vedas) and *Smritis* (Codes of Conduct). Real religion can be defined as the practice of *ahimsa*.

For removal of a possible doubt, however, it has to be mentioned here that Hinduism with its sound sense of realism has sanctioned the use of *himsa* (killing), if need be, for the destruction of the diabolic vices of falsehood, hatred and egoism. But, then, this is an exception.

Hinduism has, perhaps more rituals and ceremonies than any other religion in the world has. A cardinal fact which has always to be borne in mind about these rituals and ceremonies is that every one of them is symbolic in character. Symbolism, no doubt, is a technique adopted in all religions, but Hinduism has almost raised it to the level of a science. Here everything is symbolic. The innumerable Gods, Goddesses, temples, idols, *mantras*, *tantras* and sacrifices have all been so conceived as to be suggestive, indicative or illustrative of some scientific or philosophic idea or other.

It is in the *Puranic* literature that we come across an unlimited use of symbolism. The *Puranas* have served not only to swell beyond measure the enormous mass of the literature of Hinduism but also to subject that religion to ridicule. Their

fanciful concoction of the meaning or purpose of is not evident to the ordinary reader, their unbridled indulgence in obscenity, their mutual inconsistencies and contradictions have all been availed of by critics in their war on Hinduism. But the critics seldom realise that enlisting the services of *Puranas* in the attack against Hinduism is like taking the aid of the enemy in one's conflict in the fight against him, for *Puranas* are the trusted servants, not masters, of the *Vedanta*.

Through the centuries *Satya Dharma* has not only defied its existence but vindicated its claim to be the universal religion of man. It has been increasingly attracting the attention of the intelligentsia. In the past 150 years it has produced a Sree Ramakrishna, a Paramahansa, a Swami Vivekananda, a Swami Ramana, a Mahatma Gandhi, a Sri Aurobindo and a Ramana Maharshi besides a host of less well-known personalities like Ramana Swamiyar, Chattampi Swamikal and Sree Narayana Guru. Their lives are the most authentic proof of the validity, vitality and invincibility of this "mother of religions," the only religion of the world which teaches, not precept alone, but by practice that all religions lead to the ocean even as all rivers lead to the ocean.



Our ancient insights into the importance of food in determining mental and physical health and also character traits are being increasingly recognised by modern science.

The author of this lucid article is presently Assistant Professor in Horticulture in the Andhra Pradesh Agricultural University.

He says "This world would be a happier place to live in, if our pharmacopoeias resemble our cook books and our cook books replace our pharmacopoeias."

A lot of sense about food, medicine and health

DR. V. SURYANARAYANA

FOOD includes all things that go to nourish the body, and as Lin Yutang, a celebrated modern Chinese philosopher says, "Our lives are not in the lap of Gods, but in the lap of our cooks." So everybody tries to befriend his cook, because so much of the enjoyment of life lies within his power to give or to take away as he sees fit. If a man thinks about the many things in life that truly give him enjoyment, invariably he will find that food is the first one. It is therefore an inevitable concern of every man whether he has good food at home or not.

The tempo of life of the modern man is forcing him to

give less time and thought to the matter of cooking and feeding. A housewife who is employed can hardly be blamed for serving her husband with canned food and relatively ill-planned menu. It is contented by many that it is a pretty crazy life when one eats in order to work and does not work in order to eat, and that we need a certain kindness and generosity to ourselves in the matter of food.

Taking the broader view of food as nourishment, we need hardly draw a distinction between food and medicine. What is considered good for the body is as much a medicine as it is food.

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Modern science has recognised importance of diet in curing disease or in preventing it, and happily today all modern hospitals are well-equipped with trained dietitians.

According to a sixth century Chinese Medical Writer, Sun Ssemiao, "a true doctor first finds out the cause of the disease, and having found that out, he tries to cure it by food. When food fails, then he prescribes medicine." Thus food has been regarded essentially as a regimen for health since ancient times.

Truly has it been said that he who wants to take good care of his health should be sparing in his tastes and give up indiscriminate eating habits. One who does not unduly strain his system would be free from sickness. To be nourished well, one should eat only when hungry and not simply fill oneself with food. Eating little, and between long intervals, is a guarantee for good health.

It has been demonstrated by medical men that rats fed liberally and at frequent intervals died sooner than those receiving food sparingly and at longer intervals. This undoubtedly holds good for human beings also. It is therefore wise to heed the maxim that one should aim at being a little hungry when well-filled, and being a little well-filled when hungry; being always well-

filled hurts the lungs and being always hungry hurts the flow of vital energy.

The distinction between food and medicine is not well-defined in our indigenous medical systems in which much importance is attached to regulation of diet for curing or preventing disease.

All that medicine can do comes down to the essential principle of strengthening our vital energy, through acting on the most highly complicated system of organs and fluids and hormones, called the human body, and letting the body cure itself. This can as well be accomplished more often than not by carefully planned diet.

The dietetic department of modern hospitals would have to be enlarged, and eventually we would have to come to a conception of health and disease in terms of what we eat and what we avoid eating.

We should eat with care in order to prevent disease instead of taking medicine in order to cure it. This point is not stressed enough and we often go to see the doctor only when we are sick and do not see him when we are well.

This world would be a happier place to live in, if our pharmacopoeias resemble our cook books and our cook books replace our pharmacopoeias.

Legend has it that in the Imperial Cook Book of the Mongo-

lian Dynasty, there are chapters devoted to preserving long life and warding off disease through a passionate devotion to Nature by laying much more emphasis on the importance of fruits and vegetables in our diet.

The philosophy of food seems to boil down to three things: freshness, flavour and texture. For the common people who cannot afford expensive foods, there is comfort in the knowledge that anything would taste good and nourish well in its fresh condition.

For this reason, people who

have their own garden or live in the country-side are quite sure of having the food. But for those who do not know how to buy fresh food, those who are willing to put up with cold storage food, any discussion of epicurian values of food is futile.

The texture of food, as regards tenderness, elasticity, crispness and softness, apart from its taste and nutritive value, is largely a matter of timing, adjusting the heat of the food.

As for flavour, there are several classes of food: those that

GUILTY FOOD BEHIND CRIMINALS

Some doctors and psychiatrists in the United States and Canada have come to the conclusion that food allergies and malnutrition are sometimes tied to violent crime and the criminals can be cured by a proper diet.

As Wall Street Journal put it, chocolate can turn someone into a criminal and a banana can lead to blows, that is, if a consumer is allergic to chocolates and bananas.

A community of 50,000 in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, now requires offenders to take a test to see whether he or she suffers from hypoglycemia which can cause a person to become irritable, irrational, afflicted by a vague sense of dread and frequently violent various hypoglycemia-associated crimes, including assaults, sexual offences and other law violations, have been re-

ported in Cuyahoga.

An offender on probation is ordered to change diets by replacing sweets and starches with high protein foods, fresh vegetables and fruits and vitamin supplements. If the offender refuses to change the diets, probation can be revoked.

In Spencer, Oklahoma, a psychiatrist reported that a 12-year-old patient became aggressive after eating a banana. He was also allergic to apples. An 18-year-old youth became violent when he was tested for reaction to tobacco.

In Manhasset, New York, a 22-year-old man, who was arrested for assaulting his wife, admitted during the examination to cravings for chocolate, cola drinks and coffee. He was given these and he became calm.

best served in their own juice without mixing anything except salt or sauce, and those that taste best when combined with the flavour of another food.

There are certain flavours in nature which seem to be 'made for each other' and reach their highest degree of delicacy and delectability only in combination with each other. In fact, there is a large class of eatables whose chief function seems to be to lend their flavour to others, and similarly there is another class of foods which have no flavour of their own and depend entirely on borrowing from others.

It is not only the kind or quality of food that counts for good health, but also the way it is prepared and served. The Truth in the old adage that "man is what he eats" is evident from our understanding of the fact not only the physical well-being but the mental health and spiritual attitude of man are conditioned largely by the type of food he eats.

□ □ □

*A gentle word is better
Oft-times than gift of gold;
A smile may break the fetter
That long some heart did hold.*

—L. M. Hodges

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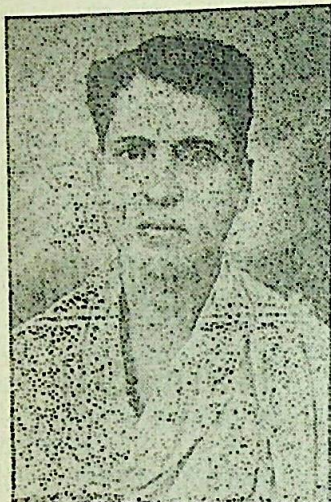
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HIS EXCELLENCY DR. NAGENDRA SINGH, President, International Court of Justice, The Hague—"I am very glad Swamiji is keeping great tradition of Tantra-Shastra alive. Swamiji's Kavacha is a powerful blessing which helped me also".

HON'BLE SRI SURYAMURTHY, Judge, High Court of Madras—"Swamiji R. T. Thevar is a great Tantric. His Kavachas are powerful and help to overcome evil forces and insuperable obstacles".

HON'BLE SHRI P. CHENNAKESAVA REDDY, Judge, High Court of Andhra Pradesh, Hyderabad—"Professor Thevar is a great Tantric. I am amazed at his spiritual powers and the excellent efficacy of his Kavachas. Lord Shanmuga bless him with long life to serve the suffering humanity".

SRI P. PARAMAGURU, M.A., B.L., I.P.S., Commissioner of Police, Madras—"After receiving the Kavacha prepared for me with special care, all my endeavours are being crowned with success. I enjoy mental peace and earn public goodwill and support in an increasing measure".

SRI R. K. MUNISWAMY, I.P.S., Deputy Inspector General of Police, Chennai Range, Nellore—"Dear Swamiji, 'I have very great pleasure in informing

that I have had the fortune of using the kavachas prepared by you both for my children and myself and that I have had astounding results. The Kavachas have presented us results with remarkable accuracy".

SRI C. RADHAKRISHNA, B.E., M.E., Executive Engineer, Public Health, Tirupathi—"Sir, my sister-in-law suffered a lot under the influence of black magic and almost lost her speech. You gave All Powerful Navagraha Kavacha. She is completely cured within 15 days of wearing the Talisman. She is speaking quite normally and is having complete happy life". He again writes—"As per your advice I have brought my youngest sister-in-law and also the wife of my brother-in-law who are suffering due to effects of evil spirits and black magic. You have given Talismans to each of them. I am very happy to inform you that the Talismans worked very well and they are both very happy. I hope God will give you a very long life to help the people in distress".

MR. K. V. JAYARAM, M.Com. Akey Industries, Station Road, Hubli. 20. "Shri R. T. Thevar, I am grateful to you for sending me "Tharakari Kavacha" for my wife in the last year. I am glad to inform you that with the grace of Lord Muruga, I am blessed with a son on 11th March 1976".

MR. S. M. HAYAT, C/o. Modern Engineering Co., Near Narayanaguda Bridge, Hyderabad. "Namaskarams :—First I should offer my gratefulness to you for having recovered from the witchcraft after taking Super Special Kamalai Kavacha I will be grateful to you for my life long".

MR. HARUNA OLUSEGUN ADEKUNLE, P. O. Box. 186, Ikeja, Lagos State Nigeria. West Africa. "My Dear Prof. Thevar, A year ago you sent me a Kamalai Kavacha, when I was in some problems which I thought were insurmountable. To-day, I have every cause to be happy and to say to you without mincing words, BRAVO : I am lost in the train of thought and could not find the appropriate words to describe your spiritual power. No doubt, the sky is the limit for you".

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The reigning Pontiff of Srimad Vyasaraja Math of Sosale (Karnataka), Jagadguru His Holiness Sri 108 Sri Vidyapayonidhi Tirtha Swamiji, will for the first time stay in Bombay for his "Chaturmasya" between August 13 and September 26, 1977.

Here is a brief account of the origin of the Math and its glorious "parampara" up to Sri Vyasaraja Swami (after whom the Math has been named), the pre-eminent pontiff-philosopher and Royal Adviser to Krishnadevaraya, the celebrated sovereign of the Vijayanagar Empire.—Ed.

SRI VYASARAJA SWAMI

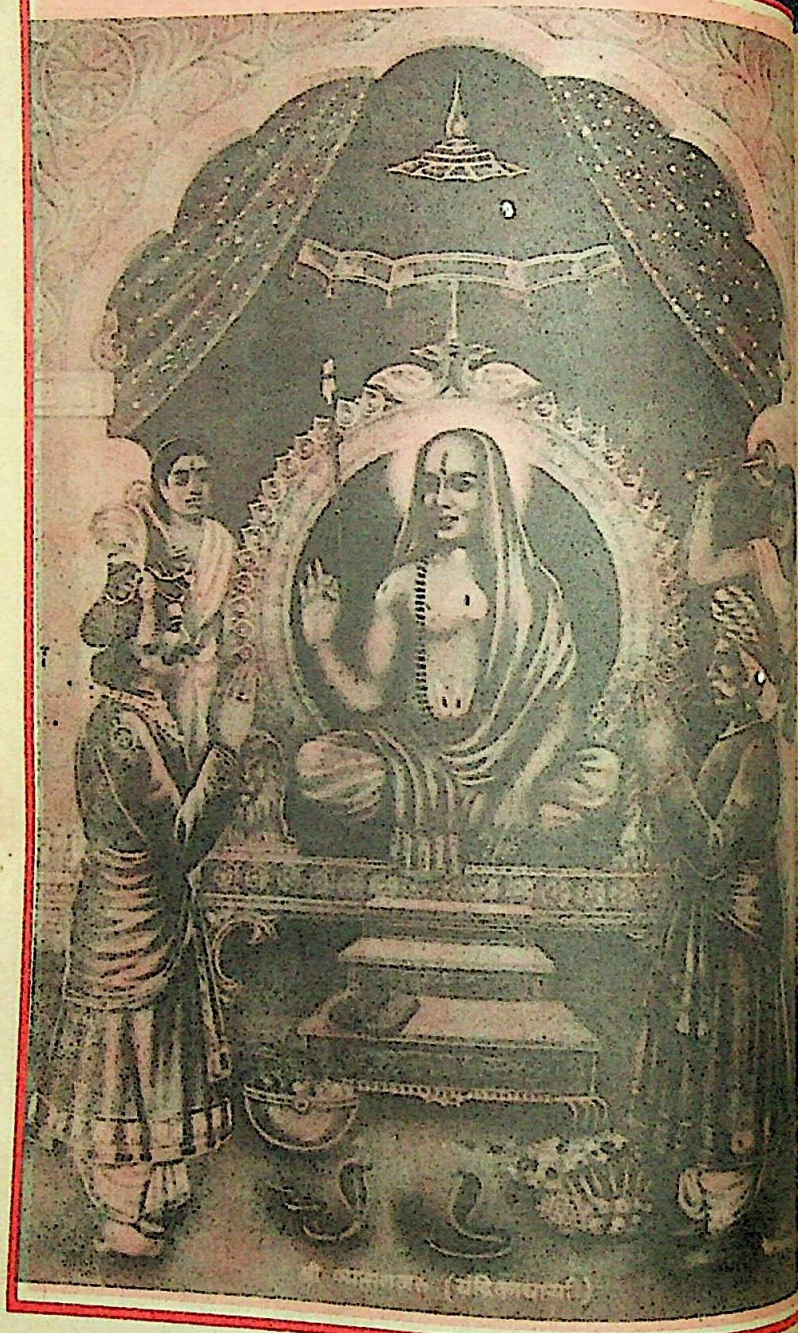
DR. B. N. K. SHARMA

IN the line of distinguished Pithadhipatis founded by Sri Sri Madhvacharya in the 13th century, there came, after Jayatirtha, his disciple Vidyadhiraja. True to his name, he was a master of learning. His commentaries on the *Gita* and *Vishnusahasranama* still await publication.

Vidyadhiraja ordained two disciples. The senior was Rajendra Tirtha and the second, ordained some years later, was Kavindra Tirtha, who became the common ancestor of the present Sri Raghavendra Swami Matha and the Uttaradi Matha. Rajendra migrated to North India to propagate Dvaita philosophy and Vaishnava Bhaktimarga in U.P., Bengal and Orissa. His disciple Vishnudasacharya who was a master of the

six Darshanas, is the author of three brilliant philosophical works, of which only the *Vaadaratnavali* is now available to us. *Vaadaratnavali* served as the model for the *Nyayamrita* of Sri Vyasaraja, who has quoted from it.

Rajendra's successor Jayadhvaja Tirtha also chose to remain in the north to propagate Vaishnava Bhakti Sampradaya there. His disciple Vishnu Puri is one of the predecessors of and a leading light to the followers of the Bengal School of Vaisnavism headed by Sri Chaitanya. After Jayadhvaja, came Purushottama Tirtha who was succeeded by Brahmanya Tirtha, and the next in line has been the celebrated Vyasaraja Tirtha.



Swami Vyasaraja on the throne of King Krishnadevaraya.

Vyasaraaja's North Indian disciple Lakshmiapati Tirtha was the Guru of Madhavendra Puri. His disciple was Ishvara Puri and his disciple, Sri Chaitanya. The Guruparampara of Sri Chaitanya is thus historically and spiritually derived and descended from Sri Madhvacharya through Jaya Tirtha, Rajendra Tirtha and Vyasaraaja. This fact has been acknowledged in the works of recognized authorities of Bengal Vaishnavism like Kavi Karpura in his *Gauranganoddeshadipika* and by Baladeva Vidya-bhushana in his *Siddhantaratna* (commentary on his *Govindabhāṣya*) and in his *Prameya-ratnavali*.

It redounds to the credit of the Samsthana of Sri Vyasaraaja that it has given birth to one of the greatest Bhakti Schools of Shuddha Vaishnavism of Sri Chaitanya in the North, through the pioneering efforts of Sri Rajendra, Jayadhva and Vyasaraaja and has brought the followers of Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu within the larger fold of Sri Madhvacharya's Shuddha Vaishnava Sampradaya.

The Gaudiya Matha in Dacca in Bangla Desh is still known as "Maadhva-Gaudiya Matha". The message of Sri Madhvacharya and Vyasaraaja is today being carried to the West and the Far East through the Hare Krishna Movement of ISKCON, a representative of the Chaitanya

School.

Sri Vyasaraaja Swami (1460-1539)

Sri Vyasaraaja (more popularly known as Vyasaraya) needs no introduction to the followers of Maadhvacharya. In the words of the author of the *Raghavendra-Vijaya* no one who fails to pay homage to Sri Vyasaraya is fit to be called a scholar:

व्यासराजस्य भजते दासतां को न कोविदः

Sri Satyanatha Tirtha of the Uttaradi Mutt speaks of the mellow light of *Tattvajnana* shed by Vyasaraaja's *Chandrika* on the world of thought. The author of *Seshavakyarthachandrika* on the *Sudha* hails his Guru Vidya-dhisha Tirtha as an *avatar* of Vyasaraaja. Sri Vijayindra describes Vyasaraaja as a veritable conflagration (*davagni*) in burning down the forests of false doctrines. The *Srimushna Mahatmya* ranks him with Madhva and Jayatirtha as one of the '*Munitraya*' of Madhva Darshana. Vyasa-Ramacharya, disciple of Sri Raghuttama Tirtha of the Uttaradi Mutt, calls Vyasaraaja the great mountain of philosophical lore, whence his own (*Nyayamrita-Tarangini*) 'nectar river of nectar logic' takes its rise. Purandrara Dasa pays his Guru Vyasaraaja the highest tribute (in Kannada language) that, among all his Pontifical contemporaries, Vyasaraaja alone had played a unique role in

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making the world of thought recognise the greatness of Madhva Siddhanta as a philosophical system:

एषु मुनिगच्छिद्देनु माडिदरैय्य

व्यासमुनियु मध्वमतवनुद्धरिसिद

The celebrated Raghavendra Swami, therefore, rightly calls Vyasatirtha (Vyasaraja) the supreme authority on the religious-philosophical tradition of the Maadhva school:

व्यासरामुनीन् वन्दे संप्रदायार्थकोविदान्

The Maadhva school has the unique distinction of having an incomparable contemporary historical biography of one of its greatest builders and exponents, viz. Vyasaraja Swami, in the form of a great *Champu Kavya* in Sanskrit by a gifted poet Somanatha Kavi of Kanchi-mandala and a non-Maadhva.

This unique historical *Champu* entitled *Vyasayogicharita* throws a flood of light on several facets of the long and crowded life and achievements of Vyasatirtha, as a precious boy, a brilliant student, an ideal Balasannyasin, a rising Pithadhipati, a Master of *Darshanas*, a consummate logician, a bulwark of Maadhva philosophy, an author of nine philosophical classics, a *Sampradaya kovida*, a dynamic leader of the Haridasakuta of Karnataka, who, by his example and leadership, enriched the Kannada language and literature and the



Sri Krishnadevaraya with his consorts offering prayers to Lord Venkateswara. These bronzes are in the famous Tirumalai Temple.

cultural history of India by the discovery and induction of great Saint-Composers and Musicologists of the stature of Purandara Dasa, Kanaka Dasa and Vadiraja, and a statesman who guided the internal and foreign policies of his beloved disciple, Emperor Krishnadevaraya of the never-to-be-forgotten Hindu Empire of Vijayanagar in the 16th century. The description of the 'Ratnabhisheka' of Vyasarayana performed by Krishnadevaraya given in the *Vyasayogicharita*, the references in the *Sulaadis* of Purandaradasa to Vyasarayana's occupation of the throne of Vijayanagar during



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the inauspicious period of the 'Kuhuyoga' in the life of the Emperor in or about 1526 A.D. and the sculptural representation of the historic procession in which Vyasaraya was carried in a palankeen with royal insignia into the temple of Virupaksha at Hampi found in the lintel of the Mahaadvara of the temple bear witness to the fact of Sri Vyasaraya's actual occupation of the throne of Vijayanagar to save the life of the King from the effects of the *Kuhuyoga*. The 'Darbar' or "*Deevatige Salaam*" function which is being conducted every evening by the presiding Pontiff of the Vyasa-raja Math—which is a unique feature of the traditions of this Math, symbolizes and preserves the historical memory of this great event to this day. The suffix "Raja" in "Vyasa-raja" also points to the royal status given to him by his own disciple Krishnadevaraya in the circumstances described above.

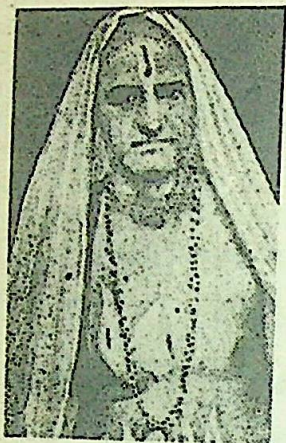
There are several inscriptions of Krishnadevaraya recording grants to his *Guru* (i) at Tirupati, for instance, where the site for the Vyasaraja Matha was granted to him, (ii) at the temple of Vijaya Vitthala at Hampi, in which Vyasaraja is clearly referred to by the Emperor as 'my *Guru* (गुरुलु व्यासरायरिगे). The Shimoga copper plate grant of Krishnadevaraya to Vyasatirtha,

in 1527, sends a thrill through every fibre of our being when we listen to the Emperor's grand recital of Mahatma Vyasatirtha: using the term "Mahatma" in the sense in which it is used by the Gitacharya, viz., वासुदेवः सर्वमिति स महात्मा सुदुर्लभः.

The Emperor's eternal tribute to his *Guru* runs:

निगमागमनिर्णोतिनिर्बराधोशमन्त्रिणे ।
नृपेन्द्रमुकुटोरत्ननीराजितनिजाङ्घ्रये ॥
निरहंकारचित्ताय नीतिमार्गोपदेशिने ।
शेषाय नरवेधाय शिक्षितान्तरवैरिणे ॥
पुराणपुरुषध्यानपुण्यतुष्कलमूर्तये ।
मध्वाचार्यमताम्भोजमातृष्ण्डायिततेजसे ॥
ब्रह्मप्यतीर्थशिष्याय ब्रह्मनिर्मलमूर्तये ।
व्यासतीर्थयतीन्द्राय विद्वदिन्दीवरेन्दवे ॥

The inscription lauds Vyasa-raja as "comparable to Brihaspati, the preceptor of the gods, in deciding the import of Nigamas and Agamas. The precious gems set in the diadem of the Emperor light up the feet of the *Guru*, when the King prostrates before him, like so many lamps waved in worship. With all his greatness, there is no trace of pride in the *Guru*—the counsellor of true righteousness. He is Adishesha incarnate in his learning and has subdued the six internal passions which are the enemies of man. His person bears an ethe-



The present Pontiff
VIDYAPAYONIDHI TIRTHA.

real beauty and suppleness by the power of constant and loving meditation of the primordial Being. By the warmth of his writings, he has emblossomed the great lotus of Madhva's Siddhanta. He is blemishless like the form of Brahman. This disciple of Brahmanya Tirtha is the monarch of ascetics who gladdens the learned as the full moon thrills the blue lotuses."

The most famous of the works of Vyasa-tirtha are the *Nyaya-mrita Chandrika* and *Tarka-tandava*. The first of these formed the starting point of the historic dialectical controversy between the Dvaita and the Advaita schools for nearly three centuries and in which Madhusudana Sarasvati, the greatest champion of the Advaita school from Bengal, felt called upon to participate.

Vyasa-tirtha's works his encyclopaedic knowledge of contemporary thought philosophical literature and an astonishingly brilliant intellect of great clarity and penetration rarely to be met with in one man. He had the ability to marshal a vast quantity of factual material and extraordinary ramifications of thought in half a dozen propositions couched in terse and telling terms. His works represent the highest achievements of Maadhva philosophy in the sphere of constructive exposition and reinforcement of Siddhanta and critical assessment of other views. The great historian of Indian Philosophy, S. N. Dasgupta has paid the highest tribute to him saying that "the logical skill and depth of analytical dialectical thinking shown by Vyasa-tirtha stand almost unique in the whole history of Indian thought."

Such in brief is the greatness and glory of Vyasa-raja, who was born in 1460, in the small village of Bannur on the Kaveri in Karnatak, lived 79 years of glorious achievements, and whose mortal remains lie enshrined along with eight other illustrious Saints of the Madhva Calendar in the island of Navabrindavana on the Tungabhadra river, near Anegondi—the ancient capital of the founders of the Vijayanagar Empire.

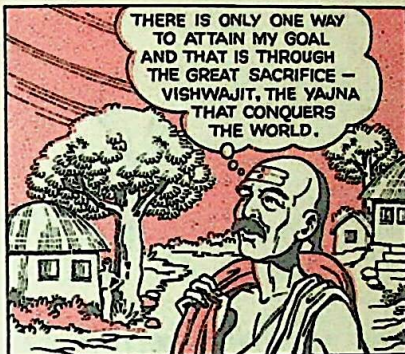
NACHIKETAS THE SEEKER

A STORY FROM
KATHOPANISHAD.
SCRIPT: JOHN DANTES.
ILLUSTRATIONS: SIRAJ.

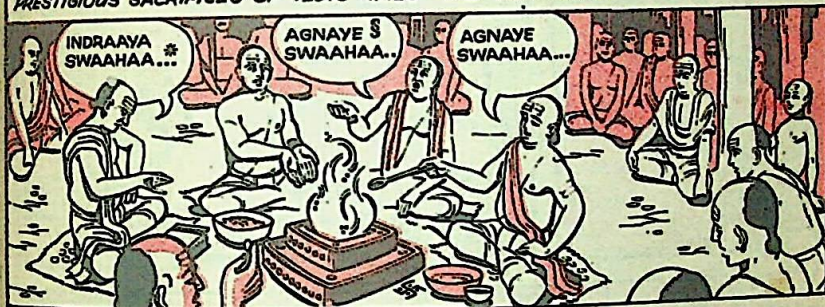
THE BRAHMIN, VAJASRAWAS, WAS
AN AMBITIOUS HOUSE-HOLDER WHO
YEARNED FOR FORTUNE AND FAME.



THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY
TO ATTAIN MY GOAL
AND THAT IS THROUGH
THE GREAT SACRIFICE —
VISHWAJIT, THE YAJNA
THAT CONQUERS
THE WORLD.



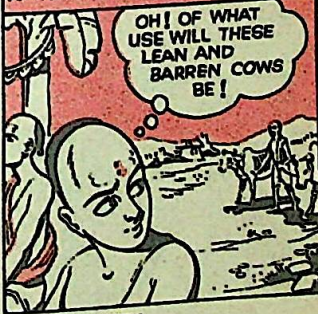
AND SO HE TOOK UPON HIMSELF THE TASK OF PERFORMING ONE OF THE MOST
PRESTIGIOUS SACRIFICES OF VEDIC TIMES — THE VISHWAJIT.



THE PERFORMER OF THIS SACRIFICE HAD TO GIVE
AWAY ALL HIS PROPERTY AS DAANA.†

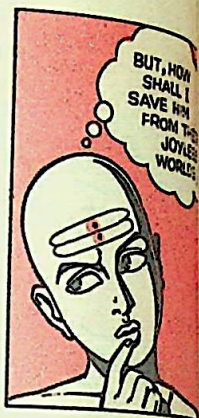
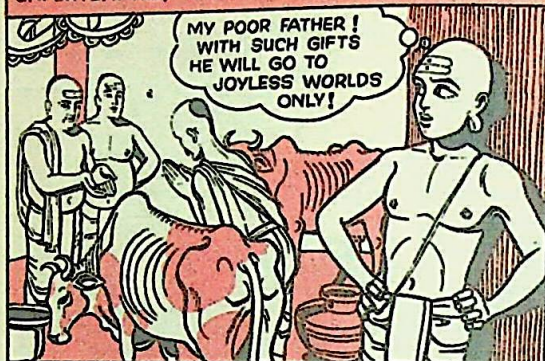


HIS SON, NACHIKETAS,
WATCHED IN DISMAY.

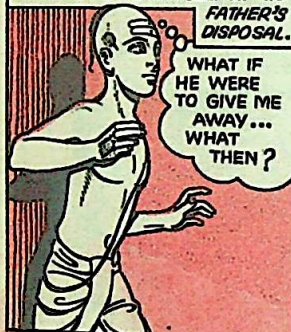


* OBOLATIONS BE TO INDRA... § OBOLATIONS BE TO AGNI. † CHARITY.

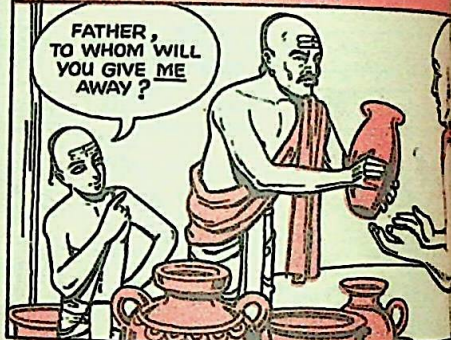
UNFORTUNATELY VAJASRAWAS WAS A POOR MAN.



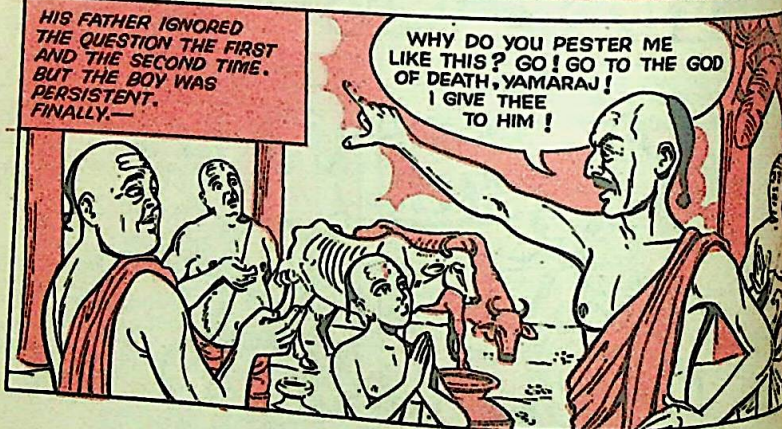
THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT WAS TO PLACE HIMSELF AT HIS FATHER'S DISPOSAL.



NOW DETERMINED TO SAVE HIS FATHER'S HONOUR HE WENT FORWARD.



HIS FATHER IGNORED THE QUESTION THE FIRST AND THE SECOND TIME. BUT THE BOY WAS PERSISTENT. FINALLY—



ALAS! WORDS ONCE UTTERED
ON SUCH A SOLEMN OCCASION
BEFORE THE SACRIFICIAL FIRE
COULD NOT BE TAKEN BACK!

NO SOONER HAD HE SAID
THIS THAN VAJASRAWAS
REPENTED.

WHAT HAVE
I DONE!
MY SON!...
MY SON!

IT DOES NOT
MATTER, FATHER.
I WILL GO TO
YAMARAJ.

MANY HAVE
GONE BEFORE
ME. MANY
WILL GO
AFTER
ME—

FATHER, DO NOT
BE DISHEARTENED.
THE LIFE OF MORTALS
IS LIKE THE GRAINS THAT
FALL BUT SPRING AGAIN
INTO LIFE. WHAT THEN
CAN YAMA DO TO ME?

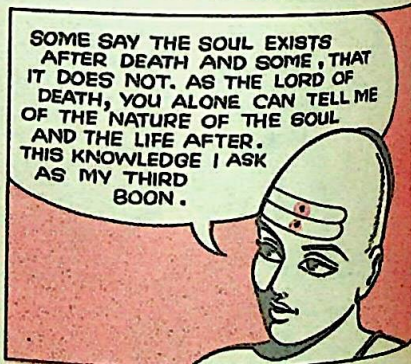
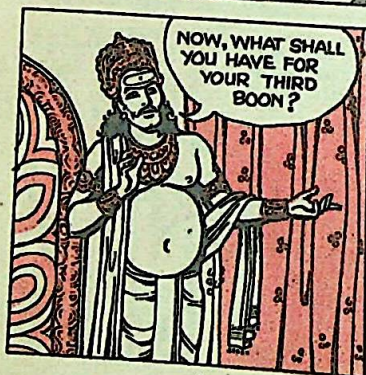
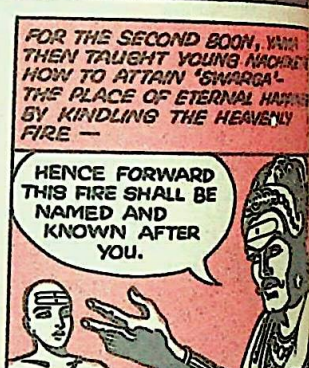
SO YOUNG NACHIKETAS
WENT TO YAMA.
FOR THREE LONG DAYS
HE WAITED OUTSIDE.

POOR LAD,
HE HAS NOT
TOUCHED FOOD
NOR WATER SINCE
HIS ARRIVAL HERE
THREE DAYS
AGO.

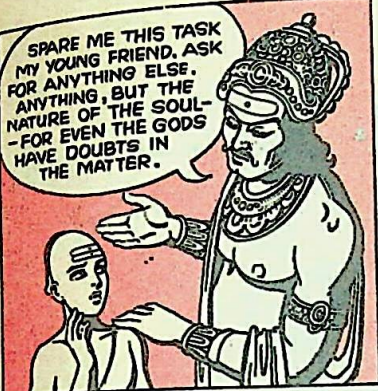
A FASTING BRAHMIN AT YOUR
DOORSTEPS.. VAIVASWATA!

A FASTING
BRAHMIN! I MUST
DO SOMETHING
OR HE WILL
BRING NO GOOD
TO MY
HOUSE!

PLEASE ACCEPT MY SINCERE
APOLOGIES FOR THE MANY
INCONVENIENCES CAUSED
TO YOU. AND AS
A TOKEN OF MY
SINCERITY...

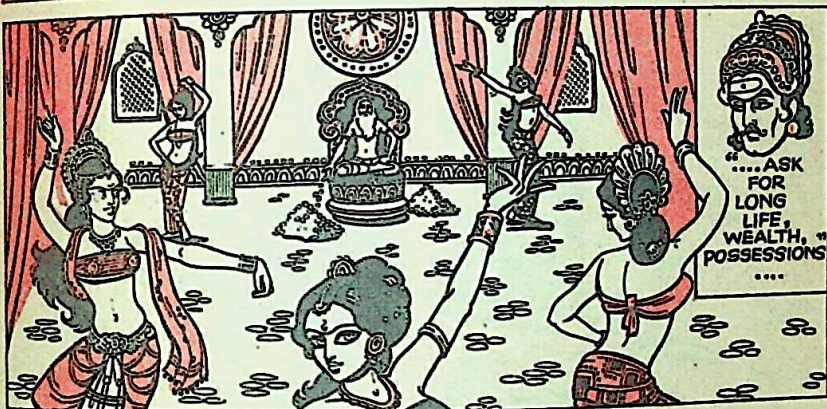
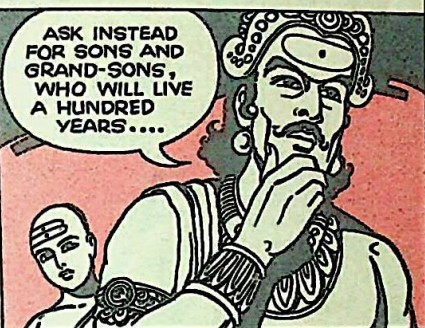


SPARE ME THIS TASK
MY YOUNG FRIEND. ASK
FOR ANYTHING ELSE.
FOR ANYTHING, BUT THE
NATURE OF THE SOUL—
FOR EVEN THE GODS
HAVE DOUBTS IN
THE MATTER.



YAMA TRIED TO PERSUADE NACHIKETAS
TO CHANGE HIS MIND.

ASK INSTEAD
FOR SONS AND
GRAND-SONS,
WHO WILL LIVE
A HUNDRED
YEARS....

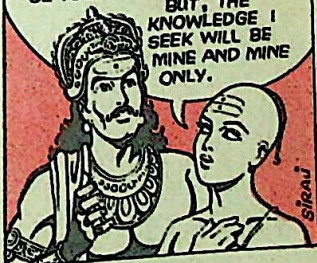


ASK FOR THESE NYMPHS
IN CHARIOTS,
ASK FOR ANY
PLEASURE. BUT,
DO NOT ASK ME
THE NATURE
OF THE SOUL.

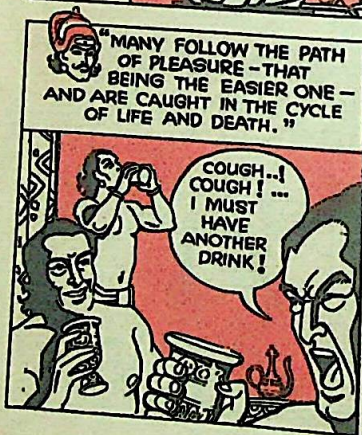
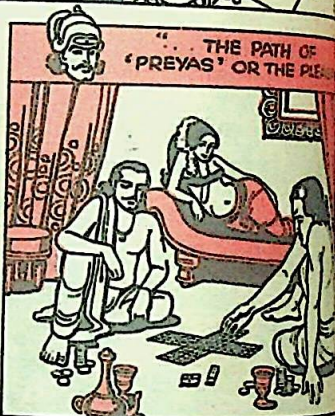
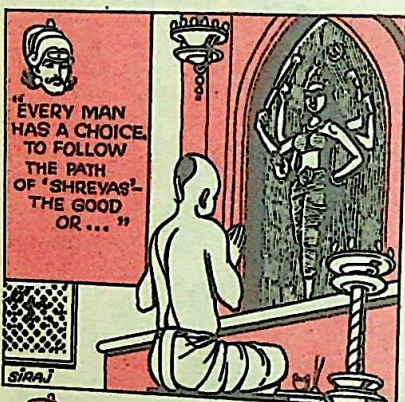


BUT NACHIKETAS WAS UNMOVED
BY THESE TEMPTATIONS.

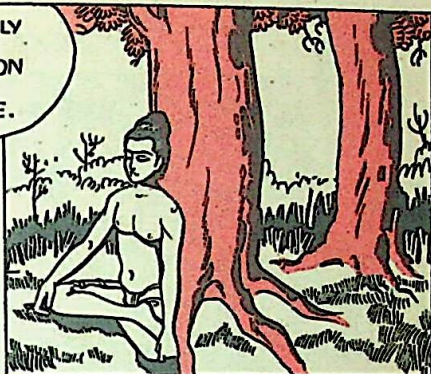
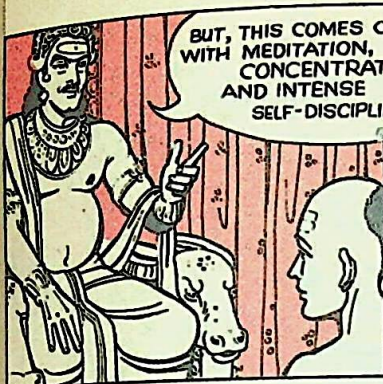
O YAMARAJ! THESE ARE
FLEETING PLEASURES AND WILL
BE YOURS ONCE I AM DEAD.
BUT, THE
KNOWLEDGE I
SEEK WILL BE
MINE AND MINE
ONLY.



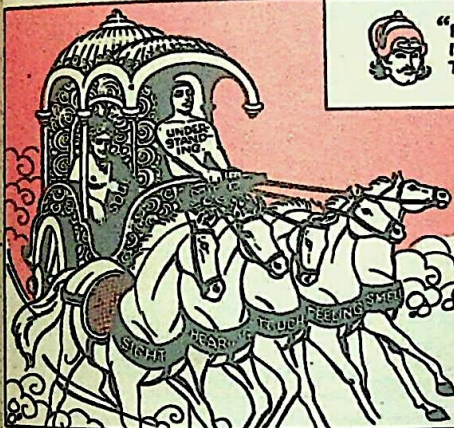
YAMARAJ WAS IMPRESSED BY THE YOUTH'S DESIRE FOR KNOWLEDGE.



BUT, THIS COMES ONLY
WITH MEDITATION,
CONCENTRATION
AND INTENSE
SELF-DISCIPLINE.



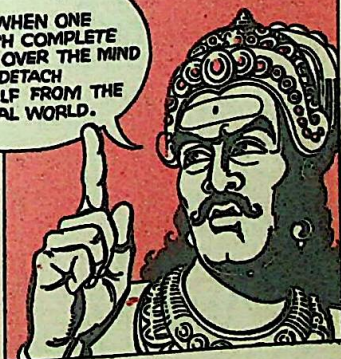
"FOR THE BODY
IS LIKE
THE CHARIOT."



WORLD OF
OBJECTS.

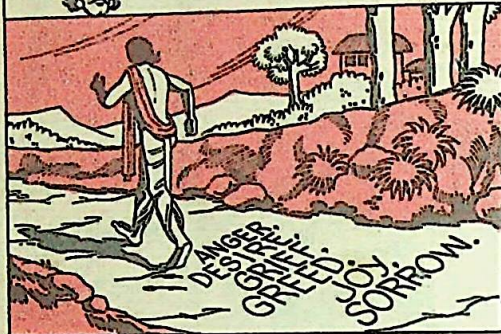
IF A MAN IS WISE AND CONTROLS
HIS MIND HIS SENSES WILL BE LIKE
GOOD HORSES DRIVEN BY
A GOOD DRIVER-THE CHARIOT
WILL SURELY REACH THE GOAL
- THE WORLD OF VISHNU.

ONLY WHEN ONE
HAS SUCH COMPLETE
CONTROL OVER THE MIND
CAN ONE DETACH
ONE-SELF FROM THE
MATERIAL WORLD.

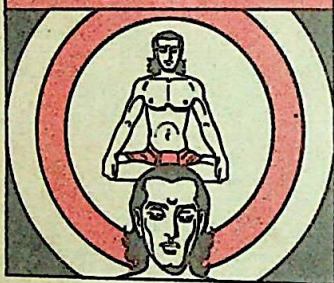




"THIS HELPS ONE
TO BE RID OF ALL PASSIONS."



"NOW CONCENTRATING
THE MIND ON THE SPIRIT
WITHIN ONE REALISES
THE DIVINE CHARACTER
OF THE SOUL."



"WITH THIS
REALISATION
MAN BECOMES ONE
WITH THE SPIRIT
WITHIN AND THUS
BECOMES
IMMORTAL."



WHEN THE KNOTS OF THE HEART ARE
UNTIED AND THE MIND IS
FREED FROM WORLDLY ATTACHMENTS,
ONE BECOMES IMMORTAL.



I HAVE NOW
ENLIGHTENED
YOU ON
THE NATURE
OF THE
SOUL.

KNOW THAT
THE SOUL IS
IMMACULATE
AND
DEATHLESS.



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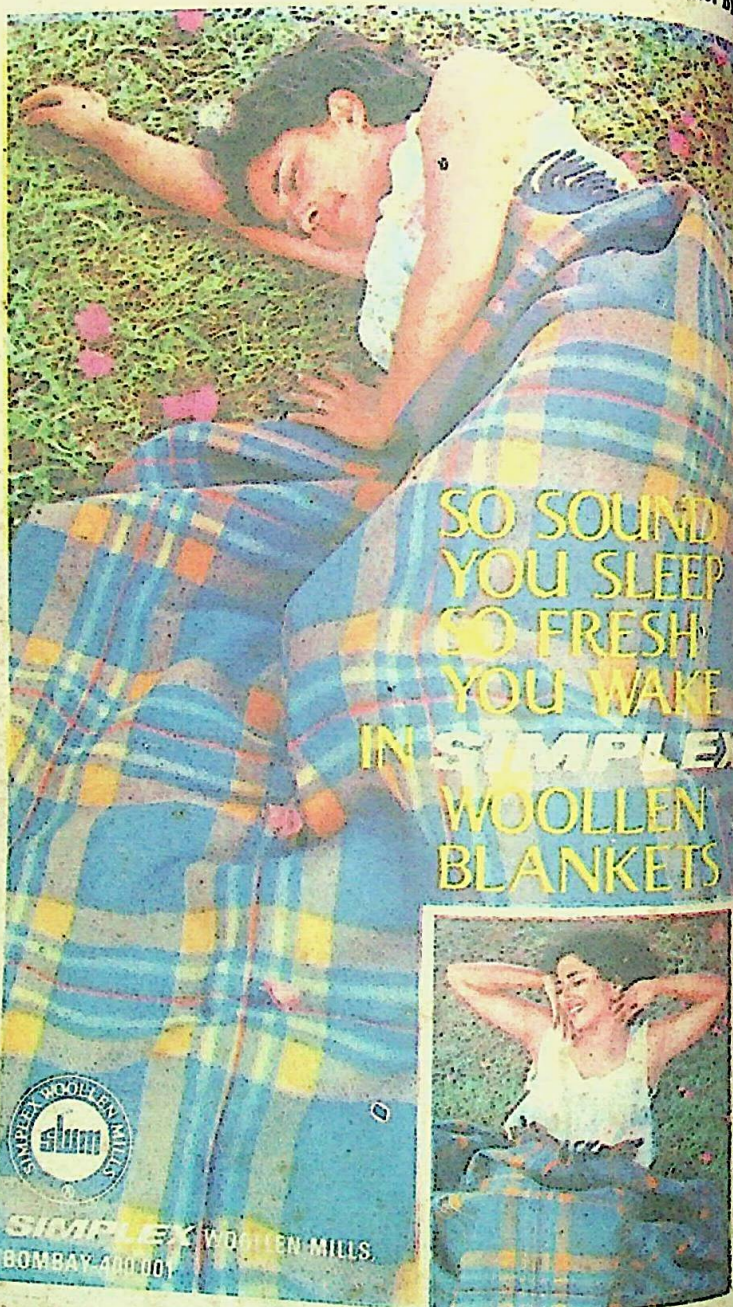
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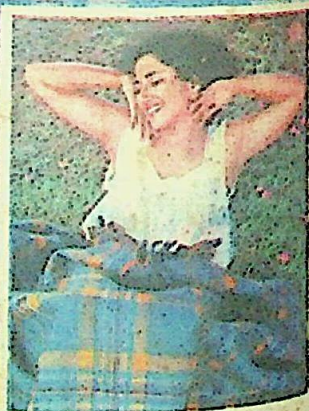
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SO SOUND
YOU SLEEP
SO FRESH
YOU WAKE
IN **SIMPLEX**
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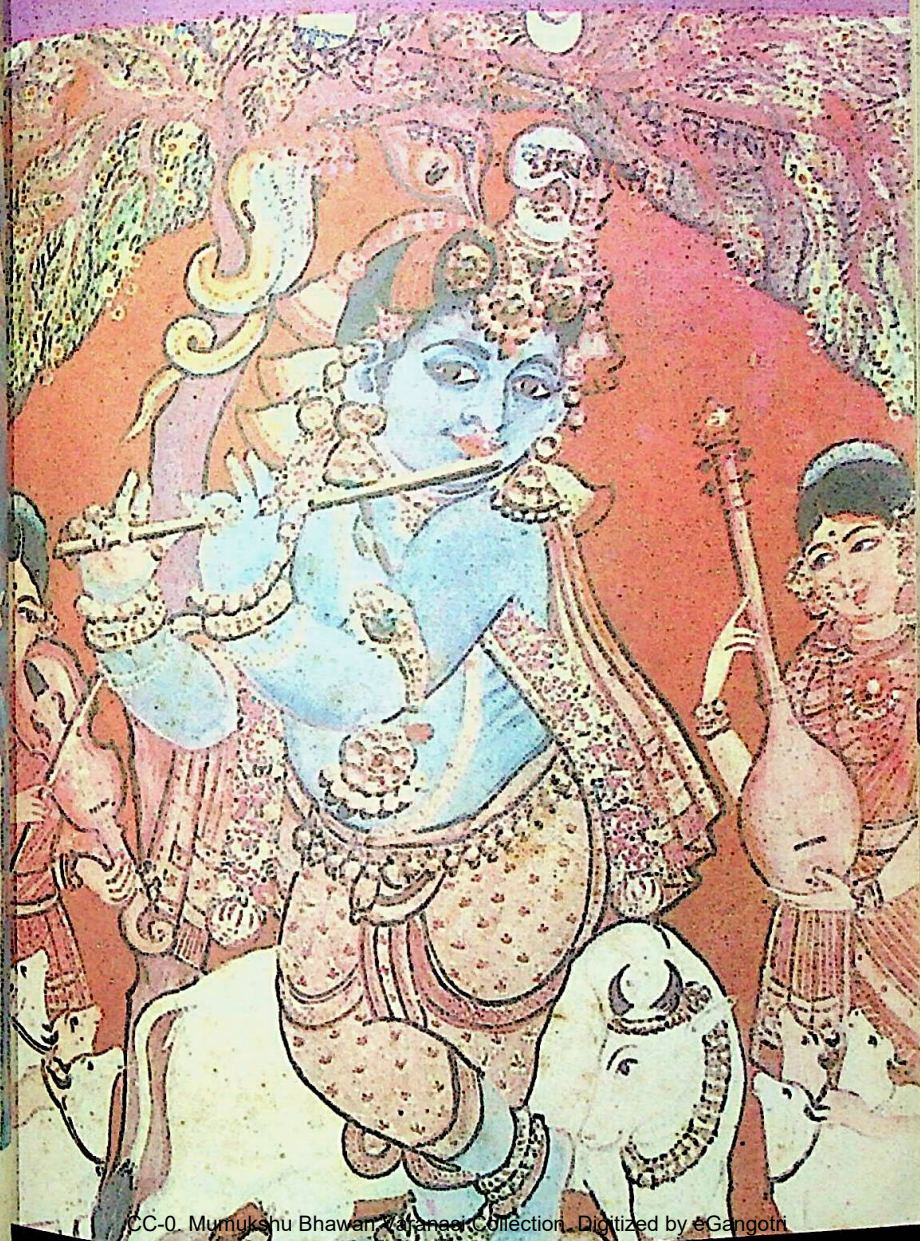
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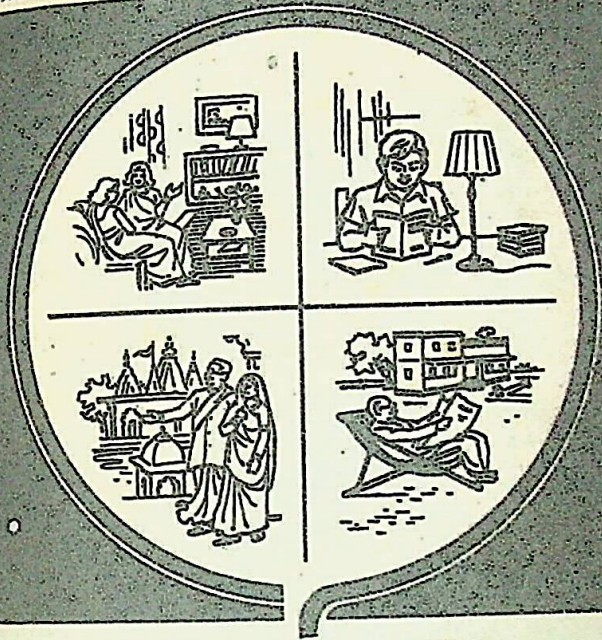
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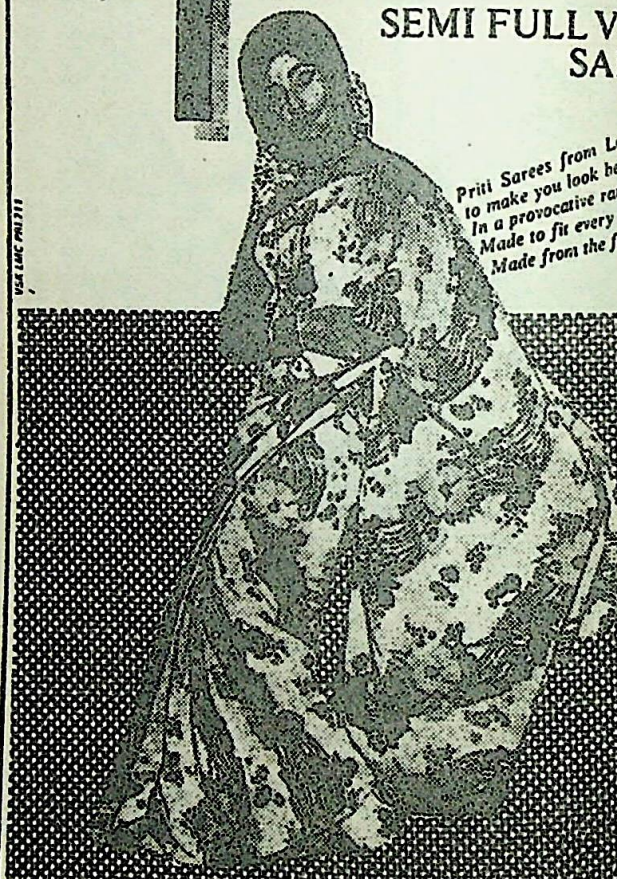
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वा नो भद्राः क्रतावो यन्तु विश्वतः

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

Rigveda I-89-i

BHAVAN'S
JOURNAL

PRAYER TO LORD KRISHNA

कृष्ण कृष्ण महायोगिन्, त्वमाद्यः पुरुषः परः ।
अवतान्यवतन्निभं विश्वं रूपं ते ब्राह्मणं विदुः ॥
त्वमेकः सर्वभूतानां देहत्वात्मेन्द्रियेश्वरः ।
त्वमेव कालो भगवान् दिग्विजय ईश्वरः ॥

O Lord Krishna, Destroyer of Devotees' sins! Supreme Yogin, Thou art the perfect primal Being. The universe—both manifest and unmanifest—the wise know as Thy form. Thou art the sole master of body, life, mind and senses of all beings. Thou verily art Time. Thou art the all-pervading Being, the possessor of all glories, the Lord omnipotent and changeless.

—Bhagavata, X, 10, 29 & 30.

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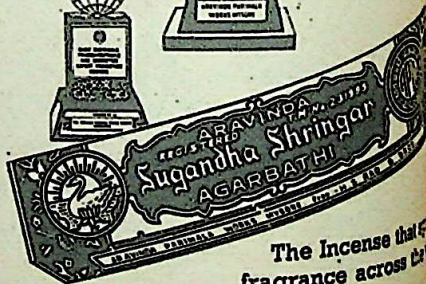


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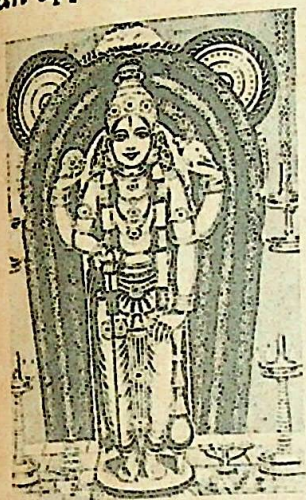


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The Incense that fragrance across the

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The Infant Lord of Guruvayur

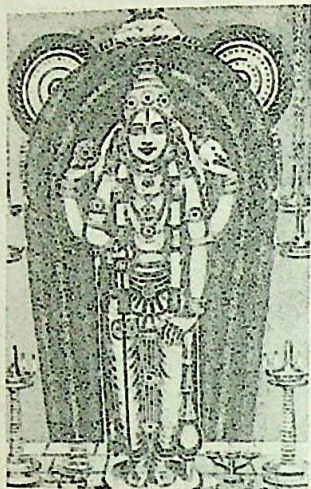
P. S. PARAMESWARA IYER

I

Yonder: There! Where the hum of voices
Makes the air resonant with solemn vibrations,
Of His sacred Names by hundreds
In tumultuous tones devoutly uttered,
Elevating the little self beyond bickerings and cares,
The Infant Krishna at blessed, holy, Guruvayoor,
Stations Himself on earth to welcome, with His enticing smile,
His devotees, from far and near, ardent for worship,
Or struck with woe and distress unrelieved,
To His grace and, forgetting the irksome ego,
Lose themselves in His alluring presence,
Assuring peace and plenty to those who trust.

II

Look! Look! pious devotees all, rush on and on,
Stumbling and fumbling through the motley crowd
Of men, women and children, on worship reverently bent,
Unmindful of erstwhile pal or spouse or child
To behold the effulgent Form of the eternal Spirit
Diffusing fluid Love and Cheer and Faith and Benediction
To the accompaniment of jingling bells and fervent cries of:
"Sri Krishna Govinda Hare Murare!



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Sri Natha Narayana Vasudeva!
 Hare Rama—Hare Rama—Rama Rama Hare Hare
 Hare Krishna—Hare Krishna—Krishna Krishna Hare Hare
 Radha Ramana Mukunda Murare:
 Kamala Vallabha Kaliyugavarada!
 Hare Mukunda! Gopala! Deenabandho! Bhaktavatsala!
 Hare! Hare! Hare: Anatharakshaka Guruvayoorappa!
 Narayana! Narayana! Narayana! Narayana!"

III

The surging, hurrying crowd, squeezing, swells and spreads
 The sacred chantings grow steady in sound, and resound
 And whilst the deafening measured din
 Of drums and pipes and all that kind
 Interspersed with tunes of sacred songs struggling
 To rise above the din and spreading sonorous chantings
 And jerven: prayers from deep down the heart—
 All running the race to invoke and serve the glory of the Lord:
 Aha! there get asunder with an arresting tinkle of merry jingling
 bells
 The little unkind doors that so long kept the Lord
 From out of your eager, hungry, yearning eyes!

IV

Ah! in that quick enchanting moment of moments
 You stand transfixed in trance as a charmed being,
 Your whole self melted and merged in something
 Grand—glorious—gratifying—ineffable and yet awful
 Commanding and yet cordial, convivial and yet constant:
 And, in the midst of the splendour of lightning
 Flashing from burning camphor and bright-lit lamps,
 Through the smoky clouds of fragrant incense,
 And peals of thundering cries resounding with sacred hymns.
 And the torrent of heart-pouring invocations by dazed devotees
 You bend and bend and glean a glance at yonder superb presence:
 And then! you get full, enthralled, sublime,
 Bathed in the torrent of fervour and drenched in exuberant ecstasy,
 Tasting, at a stroke, the poise and Supreme Bliss of Samadhi.

MUDDANNA'S

ADBHUTA RAMAYANA

16

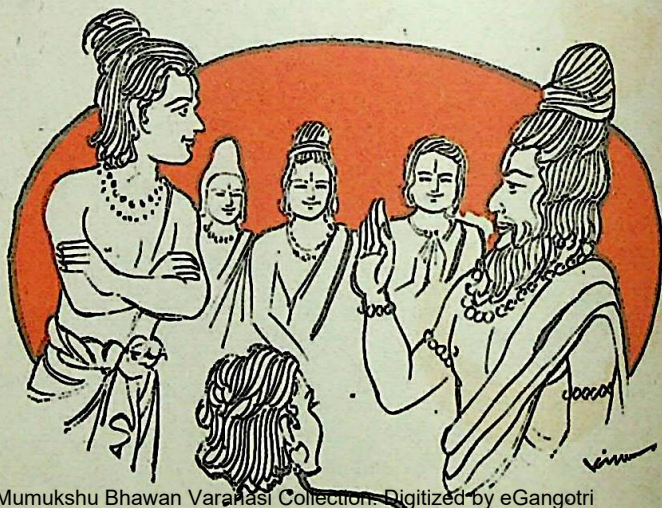
K. G. MALLYA

AT the fall of Lord Rama, Ravana jubilantly thought that the enemy was totally crushed and so, along with his soldiers, with all happiness he started dancing merrily in the battlefield in celebration of his victory.

In the Pushpaka plane were now left Sita and the sages. The sages became utterly pale, grief-stricken and heart-broken as they had never expected that

Lord Rama would lose the battle. But Sita...! She remained unruffled as though she had anticipated the calamity earlier!

Knowing not what to do, the sages helplessly joined their palms and respectfully said, "Mother, all that you have foretold has come true. We have no power for ourselves that the demon is invincible. Otherwise how could our troops with great and brave leaders disappear in a mysterious way? How could the fate be so cruel to Lord Rama? How can you bring him defeat? How can you not see him lying helpless in the battle field? How can you call you the Mother of the universe and the protector of the world? At this hour of crisis and danger, why are you silent? What has the wretched demon brought upon this much of grief and misfortune, are you still tolerant? Mother, this is our earnest



peal and sincere prayer: the great moment, right and ripe, has arrived for you to stand up and act! No more leniency and slackness! The demon deserves stern punishment and so please, please act! Don't delay any longer, Mother!"

Their prayers touched her heart and lo! suddenly in Sita there took place a tremendous



transformation: Her smiling face, with all charm, became terribly serious, red, awe-inspiring and horrible to look at! Her forehead which was like the half-moon soon became large and wide; tresses of hair which were beautifully tended became rough and stood erect; eyes that were as beautiful as lotus petals became large and blood-shot and the tongue becoming fearfully long came out of her mouth! In the place of her two arms tender and soft, now could be seen four strong arms carrying weapons and a skull! Instead of gold ornaments on her neck was a garland of skulls. It was a terrible sight indeed to behold Sita in that form—tall and terrifying, robust and ruthless, and emerging as the dreadful Mahakali she jumped down from the Pushpaka plane and charged forward to Ravana!

Ravana never expected that death would in such an unbelievably dreadful form of Mahakali come to him so soon. Within a moment at her hands all his thousand heads rolled down like ripe mangoes! Then she unsparingly attacked his troops and before long the battle field was filled with dead bodies of demons and demons only, not even a single one surviving! Still Mahakali's wrath did not subside! She summoned all her 'matrikas' who, looking all alike her, appeared in thousands! Joining together they made a

throne out of dead bodies on which Mahakali majestically took seat. A few of them started waving fans, a few more started singing in Her praise and others begged for her orders. "Play!" was her instant command and soon they started playing in the battlefield, kicking heads like balls and throwing and catching dead bodies like play things!

"The flames of her anger and fury may set the three worlds ablaze! Come on, friends, let us go and pacify her by our prayers!" Lord Brahma took the lead and all gods followed him. They prostrated before Mahakali, sang in her praise and prayed: "Mother, please calm down and may you assume your previous form, full of charm, beauty and grace. We are all frightened at your fury, nervous, and are unable to bear the sight of your being in this fearful form! Your wrath, if it continues, may kill all of us and reduce the universe to a heap of ashes! Mother, you are our life giver! Pray have mercy on us, and protect us!"

Mahakali signalled Lord Brahma who obediently went to the spot where Lord Rama was lying. He gently stroked his body, and as though getting up from slumber, Lord Rama woke up and sat looking for his bow and arrows. He hurriedly picked them up and eagerly asked, "Where's the demon gone? This time I will not spare him at any

cost!" He looked round and there he saw the 'matriliv' hopping, jumping, kicking and playing with and on the high throne was seated Mahakali, the most inspiring sight! Having seen her, Lord Rama's body vanished, body trembled without his knowledge from arms the bow and arrows down! He gaped and was frightened!

To Lord Rama, Lord Brahma described how Sita came from the Pushpaka plane, Mahakali and how she was a thousand-headed monster. In fear gone, Lord Rama stepped forward clasping palms respectfully and said, "Parameshwari, I know who you are! Forgive me and shower on me thy grace!"

For the first time Parameshwari graciously smiled. "Listen, I am called Maheshwari and am known as Adi Shakti—the energy. Behold me with vision!"

With the divine vision Lord Rama gazed and it was a sublime sight. On a high throne was seated Maheshwari with the brilliance of a million suns, a large garland of flowers, fragrance, was around her and a huge crown full of precious stones was on her head. She was dressed in an auspicious and colourful sari and her gold ornaments were shining. On her forehead

AUGUST 28, 1977

large vermilion dot and in her
divine court could be seen Turn-
suru and Narada singing her
with greatness, Indra with all his
retinue serving her, Lord
Brahma chanting Vedic hymns
in her praise, Lord Vishnu
reporting to her of past, pre-
sent and future, Lord Siva
waiting for her commands, and
at a distance could be seen
Yama, the very god of death,
clapping his hands out of fear
and respect for her. She was
serving the entire universe!

The sight was ineffable and
Lord Rama saluting a thousand
times and praising her by a
thousand names prayed, "Mahe-
shwari, I have seen thee and
dare not think of seeing you
any more in that great form!
My humble prayer is only this
much: May you come back to
me as my sweetheart, Sita—
modest, gentle and kind!"

Mahakali once more smiled
approvingly: "Well, I shall
reside in the Manasottara Moun-
tain region in this very same
form of Mahakali, and at the
same time return to you as your
beloved Sita! Now, tell me
what else do you desire?" Like
a mother to her child she affec-
tionately asked, her anger now
fully gone!

"Mother, just now with the
help of divine vision, I have seen
your divine glory and matchless
greatness. The form in which I
beheld you must always remain
in my heart! All my dead war-

riors should come back to me
alive and I must be successful
in all future adventure. These
are my three wishes, which
please grant."

"Be they be so!" saying this,
Mahakali with her retinue dis-
appeared, and with all her usual
tenderness, beauty and glory, Sita
came and stood beside Lord
Rama, bowing down her head
humbly, her cheeks red with
blushes.

Then Lord Rama and Sita
boarded the Pushpaka plane and
the sages who were watching all
the while received them respect-
fully. They sang in their praise
to the Divine Couple joyfully.

The return journey started.
Before long the River Sarayu
came to sight and they were at
Ayodhya. As the plane des-
cended down they were greeted
with joyful shouts, and a hero's
welcome was accorded to Sri
Rama.

The sages blessed Lord Rama
and Sita a thousand times and
took leave.

Lord Rama thereafter ruled
over this earth for several
decades and his exemplary rule
was remembered by several gene-
rations.

Like this, to his disciple
Bharadwaj, the poet sage, Val-
miki, completed the narration of
the *Adbhuta Ramayana*, the
most exciting of all the one
hundred crores of them the sage
had referred to his pupils earlier.

(Concluded)

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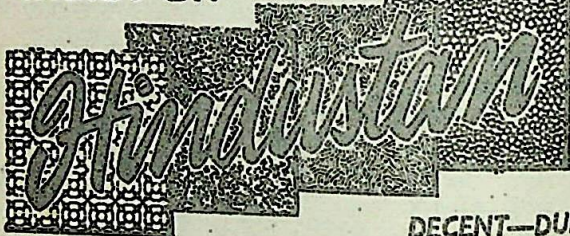
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HIND

KUM. HARI P. VASWNI

Characters: Mira, Vikram,
Uday, Tansen and Akbar.

Place: Golden Temple of
Sri Krishna.

ACT—IV

Two years later Rana Bhojraj, Mira's husband, dies on the battlefield. Mira is filled with the spirit of detachment. A month after the passing away of Bhojraj, Vikram is installed on the throne. Mira spends much of her time now in the Golden Temple and serves the Sadhus with singular devotion. This annoys Vikram and Uday.

Uday: Brother, matters have gone too far during this short time. It was all right for sister-in-law to carry on her clandestine affairs in the Temple when our brother was alive. She had cast a spell upon him. Have you also been influenced by her charms?

Vikram: I am the last person to fall under her spell. But I must be wary. For she has the people on her side.

Uday: Sister-in-law has brought a slur upon the fair name of Chitor by carrying on such liaisons. The common people have been bewitched by her beauty and charms, and by her so-called devotion. We, who belong to royalty, have to consider the opinion of the nobles.

Vikram: I understand what you mean, Sister. But I have ministers to face. I must see things for myself before giving a verdict.

Uday: Then, that is a fair proposition. Tonight sister-in-law has a special gathering in the Temple. You and I will stand outside at the threshold and will witness everything. Once you are satisfied, you can take action.

Vikram: We shall go to the Temple tonight.

Uday: Our dear brother died a month back. But sister-in-law has not yet cared to take off her golden bangles. She has instead cast off her veil. The vermilion is still fresh on her forehead. As for her dress, you see for yourself how showy it is.

Vikram: Yes, she forgets that she belongs to rank and royalty and must move about with decorum and decency.

Uday: Oh! I simply feel ashamed of her. The dignity of our royal family is at stake. And yet you merely sit and keep silent.

Vikram: What am I to do,

Uday? Must I turn her out?

Uday: Why not? The honour of our noble race now lies in your hands. He, who is at the helm, must be bold enough to act.

Vikram: I must have some positive proof before I throw her out. She has a hold over the masses. They will not hesitate to rise in revolt if they feel injustice has been done to her.

Uday: I often wonder what sort of a ruler you are. A ruler proves his worth by doing heroic deeds, by taking prompt action. You are always undecided and wavering. Who could imagine the mighty ruler of Mewar to be so weak-willed?

Vikram: I promise to be strong in future. But I must not be hasty and impulsive.

Uday: Listen, brother. I have not the least doubt that she has illicit relationship with the priests who visit her daily. You can go to the Temple incognito and make sure of it.

Vikram: I will do as you desire, only you must be by my side. But I must be positively sure that she is not a chaste woman.

Uday: We will meet outside her Temple tomorrow noon.

Vikram: Why postpone matters? Delay is dangerous. The situation calls for immediate action.

Uday: Yonder stands the Temple. Let us take a few

steps and stand at the
They find Mira
singing to the Image
her composition. Two
dressed as priests enter
ple.

Mira:

I pray, thee, Lord!
pilot to the canoe
life.

I have suffered much
world, please
out of the Vale of

I am a victim of
of my past lives
confer Thy
glance on me.

With pain I witness
miserable state
people of the world
are rushing
and rapidly into the
of Rebirth.

I have found a way
it. By singing
praise of my God
shall cross the Ocean
Metempsychosis.

So sings Mirabai.

(Mira opens her eyes
greets the priests)

Uday: (To Vikram)
She is so happy talking to
two men. I can assure you
they are not Rajputs.

Mira: (To the priests)
so happy to see you. You
from afar to meet my God.
Blessed are you.

Akbar: (disguised)

(Hindu) Yes, blessed am I to have your *darshan*, Maharani! Your fame as a devotee and your songs. I feel, should reach the whole of Hindustan.

Mira: My fame and my songs! Who am I? All that I am is due to the grace of my Gopala. He, who is the Guardian of the earth and Protector of cows, hath in His Grace given me a refuge at His Lotus-feet.

Tansen: Maharani, won't you plead to your Gopala on our behalf to bestow His grace upon us, too? You little know how eager my friend was to meet you. We have traversed long distances on foot to receive your blessings.



This has been a pilgrimage to us.

Mira: Is not our life on earth a pilgrimage? And yet how many move about in the mart of the world in the spirit of a true pilgrim?

Akbar: Won't you tell us who a true pilgrim is? Pray, enlighten us.

Mira: *Tapasya*, self-discipline, is one of the essential marks of a true pilgrim. A true pilgrim never forgets his destined goal, the shrine, the temple, the place of sanctity, he is bound for.

Akbar: Devi, you have spoken aright. How often do we not forget ourselves, enmeshed as we are in the clutches of *Maya*!

Mira: We needs must step from darkness into light, from *avidya*, ignorance, to knowledge, from *maya* into self-recollection and thence to self-realisation.

Akbar: The world is so full of distractions. Won't you tell us how we may lose our attraction for this *samsara*?

Mira: Love, longing and *bhakti* for the Lord will enable us to cross this *samsara sagara* (ocean of worldliness.)

Akbar: Your songs! *Maharani*, are they not the outcome of love, longing and deep devotion for Him? (points to the Image).

Mira: In His mercy hath He wounded this heart with His shafts of love. And now I find no pleasure in worldly things.

He hath become me. I dance to every His song. I move to His behest. He is the Life, the breath of my life. When He smiles, I rejoice. He frowns I sigh.

Akbar: You sing, *Mira*, from the depths of your heart within which burns the Divine. But let me tell you your songs fill my heart with sorrow and pain, no joy. May I know why?

Mira: The heart of a pilgrim with sorrow is more real than that filled with joy. The path to peace of mind is paved with pain. Through the narrow alleys of grief and gloom we pass if we are to enter the Realm of unending ceaseless Light.

Akbar: Ere I came to *Maharani*, I thought I was to a singer and a devotee. After meeting you, I feel the presence of a seer and a saint.

Mira: What am I? I am on my perilous journey, the spirit of a pilgrim on the path, seeking after light. Now I have surrendered my all to the Lord, I am nothing.

(Closes her eyes and begins song).

*Krishna is the First,
Krishna is the Last:
Krishna is the Outward,
Krishna is the Inward:
And He is the Beloved!*

*None other do I know:
O He the Beloved is!
Krishna is He who Is!
Ya Hu!
Ya Hu!*

*(Goes into ecstasy and opens
her eyes after some time)*

*Akbar: (Wiping a tear) It is
difficult to fathom the love you
hold in your heart for your Ishta
Deva. It seems to surpass the
snow-clad Himalayan heights, it
is so pure and sublime.*

*Mira: May I now take leave
of you? I am in the habit of
hearing phrases full of praises
spoken concerning my Lord. I
feel embarrassed when they are
aimed at this unworthy being.*

*Tansen: Be at ease, Devi.
We cannot wait for long here.
We must make a move imme-
diately. But before leaving, my
friend has a request to make.*

Mira: (to Akbar) Request?

*Akbar: I have an offering to
make. Won't you be good
enough to accept it? To her
who hath been accepted by the
Lord of the three worlds, this
gift is a trifle.*

*Mira: The servant of the
Lord stands not in need of
worldly things.*

*Tansen: It will give my
friend immense joy if you accept
this.*

*(Produces a diamond necklace
and places it at her feet)*

*Mira: (Picking up the neck-
lace with semi-closed eyes) Dia-
monds, however precious, are*

after all mere stones coming
from the earth. As such they
belong to the Maker of the uni-
verse, the Guardian of the earth.
All gifts must go to the Great
Giver. *(Places it round the
neck of Gopala)* Gopala! You
certainly look more beautiful
with the necklace on! *(Claps her
hands in joy).*

*Akbar: (with a smile on his
face but with eyes wet with
tears) Bless me, Devi, before I
depart. (Bows to Mira).*

*Tansen: (Touching Mira's
feet) This servant also craves for
your blessings.*

*Mira: May Gopala always
bless you, brothers! (Akbar
and Tansen leave. Vikram and
Uday enter) Vikram! Uday! How
good of you to have come here!
Don't you think Gopala looks
superb with that diamond neck-
lace on!*

*Vikram: (Stunned by the
trusting manner of Mira) Yes,
indeed. (Goes near the Image
and examines the necklace. The
diamonds appear to be very
costly.*

*Uday: Who gave you such a
precious necklace, sister-in-law?*

*Mira: Did you not see the
two men who were here just
now? They said they had come
from afar. They brought this
necklace.*

Vikram: Their names?

*Mira: How foolish of me to
have forgotten to enquire about
their names. For me, brother,*

but one name counts. And that is of Gopala.

Uday: Indeed! The airs you put on! You must be very friendly and free with them. How could you accept such a costly gift from strangers whose very names are unknown to you!

Mira: Believe me, dear, I know not their names. I only know this that their hearts were full of appreciation. It did not even occur to me to ask who they were. It is enough they believe in Gopala and His abundant grace.

Uday: (To Vikram) See how she takes you off the track with her jugglery of words. I must admit she is an adept at the art of casting a spell upon whosoever comes to her. Let me have a look at the necklace! (Examines it) Oh Brother! We are undone! The necklace is a gift from Muslims. It has a Muslim design.

Vikram: (Shocked) Good Lord! Muslims to have entered our palace and gazed at the face of our Maharani! I must go and capture them. (Goes in high haste).

Uday: Fie on us Rajput women! Moghuls have dared to touch her feet and defiled our race! (To Mira) For once you have been caught red-handed.

Mira: Gopala! A storm seems to be brewing! I cannot understand why.

Uday: After all that has

happened how can you be you are innocent. You give up worshipping Gopala!

Mira: Gopala! My love has been my life and my solace. I have been able to survive because of my devotion for you. And now I am being asked to give up my body. But never, never will I give up devotion for you and longing for you. I am locked in every limb of mine in every pore of my body. Better by far to give up my life to give up love and longing for you! (Enter Vikram, with rage. He is accompanied by the temple priest).

Vikram: (To Mira) You surely know who these men were who came to see you.

Mira: (Calmly) He is well known, would I have kept my identity concealed from you.

Vikram: (To the Priest) Tell her at once who they are.

Priest: Maharani! The Emperor Akbar and his

nion, the famous singer Mira.

Mira: Gopala! Emperor Akbar has been here to see you.

Vikram: (Trembling head to foot) A Muslim dared to enter our sacred temple and defiled it with his presence. All because of you. Do you realise the consequence? What will the people say? They will learn of it? They are infuriated.

AUGUST 28, 1977

Mira: Let the people say what they will. Why should we quarrel on that account?

Vikram: I am afraid you have lost all common-sense. Today is Emperor Akbar, tomorrow will be his Muslim Ministers who will come to pay homage to you. Our noble Hindu traditions are being trampled upon because of you. So long as you are here with us we can never feel safe.

Mira: Brother, I am so anxious to see you happy, to enjoy long peace of mind. (*With folded hands*) Tell me what I may do to give you joy.

Vikram: To atone for all that you have done, you must drown yourself in the river and never more show your wretched face to the world.

Mira: So be it, brother. (*To the Image*) Gopala! Night after night did I painfully watch the stars and restlessly did I toss on the bed just to get a glimpse of you. Day after day did I keep my eyes fixed on the lane while mine ears did hearken for the sound of your footfalls. This is the result of loving you with every fibre of my being! Now that the final curtain is to drop, now that I am to make my exit from this world, grant me a loving glance, bestow your blessing upon me and shower your grace. I will feel strengthened

to plunge myself in the river and put an end to my unworthy life. What though I have lived to love and lose. Gopala! I cannot leave you behind me with those who have no faith in you. And though my faith is being tested and tried to the uttermost, let me take you with myself. For still are you dearer to me than my life, very breath. (*Holds the Image in her hands and sings*):

Arise! Awake! O merciful Lord!

All my relations are turned enemies.

I appear a burden to them all. Besides Thee I have none whom I can call my own.

Pray pull my boat out of the stormy sea.

Beloved! Without Thee I know no rest in the day and I pass my nights in wakefulness.

I stand knocking at Thy door. Pray open it.

The arrow of separation hath gone deep into my heart.

I cannot forget its pain for a moment.

Do you forget that ye retransformed into a beautiful lady, Ahalya, who was turned into stone under a curse?

Then where is the occasion to neglect me who is far lighter than that stone statue.

So says Mirabai. □ □ □

This, This is Life

SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA

Swami Ram Tirth, a brilliant Mathematics Professor - turned - Sannyasin, was a contemporary of Swami Vivekananda, and before he passed away in 1906 had earned an enduring name for himself as a powerful writer, speaker and mystic philosopher.

*This, this is life; this, this is immortality.
This is to live and move as Power, Shakti.
That splits pillars with glances.*

*Such can say
The world turns aside
To make room for me;
I come, blazing Light;
And the shadows must flee.*

*O kings and commanders!
My fanciful toys!
Here's Deluge of Fire,
Line clear! my boys!*

*Shake! Shake off, delusion!
Wake! Wake up! Be free,
Liberty! Liberty!
Liberty!*

*O mountains, Beware!
Come not in my way;
Your ribs will be shattered
And tattered today.*

*I hitch to my chariot
The Fates and the Gods
With thunder of canon
Proclaim it abroad;*

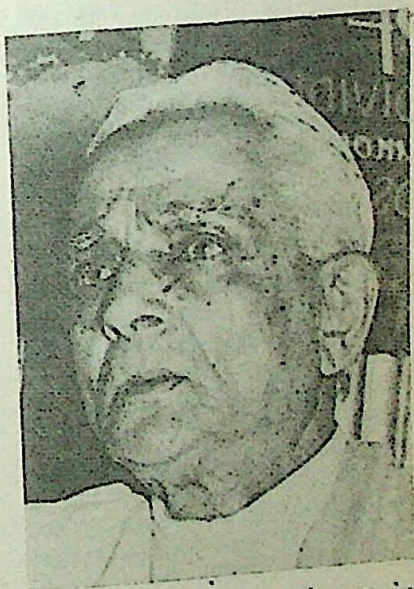
Lasting Peace

DR. R. R. DIWAKAR

PEACE on an individual level is a condition of the human consciousness, without any conflict or confusion, and with a positive potential for useful, helpful and progressive activity, leading to higher and happier dimensions of living.

On the social and international level, Peace is a condition of the collective psyche which is free from war and/or threat of war and is fraught with promise of activities which would lead to more useful, harmonious, and happy cooperative living yielding greater joy and sense of fulfilment on account of successful creative living and action.

Man has not been successful in establishing this condition except at intervals, and his history



has been a chequered one, in spite of his hunger and endeavour for universal peace.

Lasting Peace

Under the present circumstances, when science and technology have made it possible for nations to forge weapons of nuclear energy which can destroy the whole of life on this planet, we cannot be satisfied by intermittent patches of peace between wars, like shafts of light on a cloudy day; nor can man be complacent that wars might take place between two nations or groups of nations, it is enough if there is no world war. Because science and technology have been able to develop communication to such a comprehensive extent that no nation, nay no individual is an 'island'. The slightest disturbance in one corner of the world affects the whole human family and hence has arisen the hunger for *lasting peace*, peace without any break, total peace, peace which will ensure the pursuit of the arts of life without any the least hindrance or disturbance whatsoever.

Hunger of Humanity

One could hazard the statement today that *Lasting Peace* is the hunger of humanity. If one could take a referendum on this issue of the whole of humanity, men, women, and children of a particular age, after explaining to them as to what they are voting for, I have no doubt that there would be hardly any one who would vote against.

Benefits

The negative advantages of

Lasting Peace are very substantial. In the first there would be total physical relief from the fear of war—most ruinous, disastrous war—war which destroys person and property, the gains of years of labour and industry. A feeling of confidence and the confidence that could continue to work with prospects of attaining end is a positive gain. Other obvious advantages would be disarmament which would release about 20 million efficient men in the prime of their life, who are being trained to kill without being killed, will be available for useful constructive work after having been relieved from their so-called 'duty' of destruction of life, and property. Similarly, vast amounts of money spent on arms and armaments will be at the disposal of humanity for reconstruction of humanity. Today fifty per cent of scientific talent and inventive brain power is at the disposal of the military and military-industry complex. It would be there for being utilised for moving poverty, ignorance, disease, and so on.

A Dream

So, there is no doubt that the picture of *Lasting Peace* is what of a dream and one is likely to dismiss it as such. But has not man dreamt all that he has not been able to achieve?

realise many of the dreams? Why not try to realise this dream of a Lasting Peace! Is it beyond the capacity of man to establish Lasting Peace? Has it not now become a necessity instead of a dream or a phantasy. Is not the pursuit of arms race, the indefinite attempt at what is called 'balance of power' leading us to greater instability? The last twenty-five years have increased the nuclear capability of the super powers five-fold. Has the sense of security and stability increased five-fold? Has it not deteriorated rather than improved? Today more nations are thinking of having nuclear arms adding to the possibility of more wars and less security.

Urgency

So, the case for establishment of Lasting Peace is incontrovertible; the demand is innate in human nature itself; it is a necessity for all kinds of useful and progressive activity by human beings; war has now become not merely an interval of disturbance and negligible destruction but a calamity bringing in its wake total destruction.

Now the question is how to secure this Lasting Peace.

How of It

This is by no means a new quest. Even those who tried to build big and vast empires had the dream of Lasting Peace, though the empire-builders went about their business in a wrong

way. Now there are some favourable elements in the situation for bringing about Lasting Peace. The first important factor is all the politically-minded people and the different nations, now numbering about one hundred and fifty, are desirous of peace. After the catastrophic World War I, there was an attempt to establish world peace and the League of Nations came into existence. It was the dream-child of the nations who genuinely felt that war led them nowhere and means other than war ought to be devised to seek solutions for conflicts. Where do wars lead after all? After the war, both the victors and the vanquished have to sit round a table and adjust themselves - this is done at the cost of immense heartburning, a lot of suffering and sacrifice and enormous damage to life and property.

Failure

But that instrument, namely, the League of Nations, failed to forestall World War II. At the end of that Second World War, again war-weary humanity sat together and brought into existence the United Nations Organisation.

The United Nations Organisation and the UNESCO between them have done a lot of good and have tried to foster the idea of 'the Family of Man', and that wars should be avoided. But both have failed to deliver the

goods, namely, total prevention of war.

Now behind the facade of politics and political bargaining there is the grass-root struggle for economic amelioration and development towards a society free from all want, and freedom from fear.

The Scene

Today as one scans the political field, we find that there are two super-powers, the USA and the USSR, both armed to the teeth with nuclear weapons of various kinds and even now engaged in an arms race of unknown dimensions. Both of them are trying for tactical territorial advantages in deploying their arms. Many of the nations other than these two, are attached to either of them politically by treaties, secret or open. Then there is a group of what are called non-aligned countries which do not want to side with either super-power in case of conflict. While they would have all possible good relations in trade, commerce, technical know-how and culture, they would not have any political or military alliance with them or among themselves.

If we survey the economic field, we find that there are the developed and the developing countries. They are like the haves and have-nots in the same nation, with all the feelings and relationships which arise out of such a situation.

Half-way

Out of this politico-economic situation in the world, do we go to the position of Lasting Peace except by insisting that all war is ruinous to both parties, that as human beings we must be to find ways and means, procedures and methods, to solve conflicts and deadlocks without resort to war; that there are by which conflicts are solved by negotiations, by give and by mediation, by arbitration so on? Resort to brute force is barbarous, to say the least, even this attempt is only a way house. This cannot tell about what is called Lasting Peace.

Only Way

Humanity has now reached a stage of history and socio-economic evolution when nothing else and nothing less than Lasting Peace can ensure its progress. That can be brought about either by the super-powers and their satellites deciding to bring about Lasting Peace which would ensure the future of the blocks as well as the interests of others outside the circle; or the non-aligned powers deciding to bring all the powers—moral as well as economic—political—on the super-powers to agree to *One World Government*. It is not easy for this to happen. But there seems to be no other way. It is only when we have *One World Government*.

nations would be but autonomous entities without the power of war or military capacity. It is only then that all conflicts of interest can be referred to legal authorities to be decided on the basis of jurisprudence. It is only then that there can be global planning and equality of opportunity, and justice in the distribution of essential products. In fact, it is only One World Government which can see to it that there is no exploitation by those who have the means of production and distribution and that all work according to capacity and all get things according to need.

It is man who is the master of his destiny and if he has erred so far, it is he who has to correct himself.

Though I have mentioned as to what could be attempted for bringing about Lasting Peace, on the level of political power and constituted governments, I doubt very much if the final initiative would be taken by governments of the day. Because the attempt involves the dissolution and liquidation of all governments to be resolved into a single supreme One World Government. The utmost the constituted governments would do is to try to give much more power to the United Nations Organisation,

reduce armaments to a certain extent, always thinking in terms of 'balance of power' and/or balance of terror.

The real firmly-based movement for Lasting Peace can and would come only from the people of all countries. It is their future and well-being and progress which are at stake. The governments of the day rule and swear in the name of the people. Therefore, it is the people who ought to stand up and say, 'we want Lasting Peace.' The politicians and militarists have not been able to give it to us. They have developed a vested interest in *status quo*. The call must go from people to people. "Peace-seekers of the world, unite and strike for Lasting Peace", should be the slogan and education of the world population must proceed on that basis. Is it too much to expect that the call goes forth from the Russian people, who once gave the call, 'Workers of the World, Unite'? This is a far greater cause and more important in its results, since Lasting Peace would ensure a continuous, steady progress of humanity towards universal peace, harmony, cooperation, and the full flowering of all the potentialities, humanity is capable of evolving. □ □ □

Religion must not be considered true because it is necessary, but it is necessary because it is true.

—Mangoni

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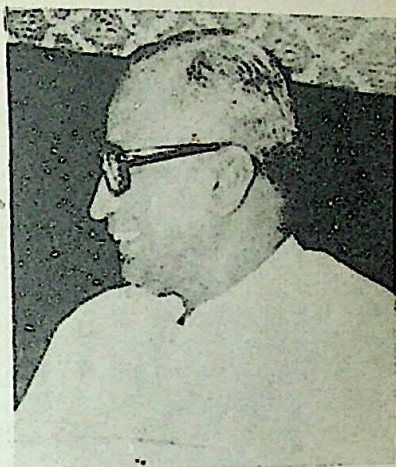
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The Gandhian Alternative to Western Socialism-3

DR. V. K. R. V. RAO



TO understand Gandhi's Sarvodaya, or, as some people have inadequately described it, Gandhian socialism, it is necessary to state certain basic convictions that he held on property and economic equality. In addition, of course, one must also take into account his impregnable faith in Satya and Ahimsa, Truth and Non-violence, and his confidence in Satyagraha or non-cooperation and civil disobedience as the instruments for effecting fundamental social change. To complete the picture must be added his characteristic faculty for giving practical and operable quality to his idealistic inclinations.

Speaking at the Guildhall in London on September 22, 1931, Gandhi said, "Possession seems to me to be a crime. I can only possess certain things when I

know that others, who also want to possess similar things, are able to do so. But we know that such a thing, that can be possessed by all, is non-possession, not to have anything whatsoever."¹ Even Proudhon's famous statement "Property is theft" is not more drastic than this categorical pronouncement of Gandhi on the complete immorality of possessing any kind of property. This denial of the very concept of private property stemmed from his belief that all riches, not only material but also physical and intellectual, belonged to God, and could be held by the individual only as a trust.

Gandhi, of course, conceded the right of the individual to possession that would secure him the elemental necessities of life.

1. Harijan, January 30, 1937.

but added "that even for this the condition of enjoyment or use of the necessities of life is their dedication. And that dedication or renunciation has got to be done from day to day, lest we may in this busy world forget the central fact of life."² He was also fond of repeating a Hindi verse of sacred origin which had become current among the common people and could be translated as under: "All land belongs to Gopal; where then is the boundary line? Man is the maker of that line, and he can therefore unmake it."

Gopal is one of the many names that Hindus use when meditating on God. There could have been no better formulation of the thesis that property is a social concept and was therefore subject to change at the instance of society.

Only, Gandhi derived the concept from his religious reasoning and not from the facts of socio-economic history favoured by mundane economic historians and sociologists. Gandhi drew support for his thesis not only from the Hindu scriptures but also from all the known scriptures of the world, including the famous observation of Jesus Christ on the admirer who was, however, not willing to give up all his property and follow him. "Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the Kingdom of God. It

is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God."

One can find many statements in Gandhi's writings and speeches enunciating the thesis of voluntary poverty, reduction of property to the basic necessities of human existence. But the categorical position taken up by him as well as other socialists about the limitations, if not the very denial, of the right of private property, overwhelmed with its stark simplicity made him feel that this could satisfy all the cravings of socialists and the communists who were so much against the principle of private property.

Gandhi equated private property, in excess of the needs of human existence, with exploitation; and it was this trust of private property made him proclaim several times that he was a socialist or a communist, though he was quick to repudiate the aspects of these creeds.

Economic Equality

Side by side with this repudiation of private property, Gandhi also proclaimed his profound belief in the rightness of economic equality.

I have already indicated the extreme position he took

2. Address delivered at Guildhall, London, September 23, 1931.

3. Address delivered at Guildhall, London, September 23, 1931.

regard to private property, where his ideal of economic equality involved complete non-possession or at best retention of only that amount as was necessary to meet the basic needs of existence. He applied the same principle not only to material property but also to the intelligence, skills, and other productive attributes of human beings that constituted their inseparable private property. He gave explicit formulation to these ideas when he said: "My ideal of Socialism is that everyone should get the same wages. A lawyer, a physician, a teacher, a labourer or a sweeper—all should get equal wages."⁴ He conceded that "Indian society may never reach that goal, but it is the duty of every Indian to set his soul towards that goal and no other, if India is to be a happy land."⁵

Thus, Gandhi's ideas on economic equality were more extreme than those of the socialists who concentrated their attention on the economic inequalities resulting from private property and ignored those resulting from differences in human skills or responsibilities. In fact, he made a sharp distinction between contribution and retention, and said that "economic equality of my conception does not mean that everyone would literally have the same amount. It simply means that

everybody should have enough for his or her needs... The real meaning of economic equality is: "To each according to his need." That is the definition of Marx."⁶

Gandhi was fully aware of the vast gulf that lay between the contemporary economic, social, and political reality, and what he called the socialism of his conception. He knew how the latter needed for its implementation changes of a tremendous dimension to be brought about in the social order. He was aware of the existence of the class struggle, the strategy that socialists and communists believed in, of generating and accentuating class hatred, and of getting control over the state and its machinery of power and using the same for the enforcement of equality. Hatred and violence were necessarily involved in the communist means for establishing what they called a socialist society.

He was, however, completely opposed to the use of either hatred or violence for bringing about social change. In fact, apart from their being wrong in themselves, he did not believe either that they would succeed in the long run in establishing an enduring socialist society. This did not mean, however, that he accepted the existing social order. On the contrary, he was certain that "a violent and bloody

4. Harijan, October 24, 1948.

5. Harijan, March 16, 1947.

6. Ibid. March 31, 1946.

revolution is a certainty one day unless there is a voluntary abdication of riches and the power that riches give and sharing them for the common good."⁷ When the Second World War was at a critical stage, he wrote in his weekly: "I have visions that the end of this war will mean also the end of the rule of capital. I see coming the day of the rule of the poor, whether that rule be through force of arms or of non-violence. Let it be remembered that physical force is transitory, even as the body is transitory. But the power of the spirit is permanent, even as the spirit is everlasting."⁸

Thus he shared with the Marxists their belief in the inevitability of the end of capitalism and agreed that socialism was the coming social order: but he did not accept their thesis that class war and violence were the only possible midwives of fundamental social change. Nor did he believe that such a change could be permanent if brought about by violence. For bringing about an enduring change, Gandhi believed that use had to be made of education, persuasion, love, and non-violence. Declaring that "socialism is as pure as crystal"⁹ and therefore needed crystal-

like means to achieve it, he asserted that Truth and Ahimsa must incarnate in socialism. He proclaimed his faith thus: "I do say fearlessly and truthfully that every worthy object can be achieved by the use of *satyagraha*. It is the highest and most fallible means, the greatest. Socialism will not be reached by any other means."¹⁰

With *Satyagraha* as the means and socialism as the objective to be achieved, Gandhi offered an alternative to the class war, proletarian dictatorship that communists and scientific socialists had espoused as the only means for the achievement of what was called socialism.

The difference lay not only in the means to be followed, but also in the content of the objective. For Gandhi's socialism was limited by class constraints. He believed in a classless society but did not think that this involved the destruction of individuals who constituted propertied classes. He was prepared to identify capitalists with capitalists nor agrarian exploitation with landlords, as he was not prepared to identify Englishmen as individuals with British rule. He was a believer in the essential unity of man. For him, all human activities, whether political or economic, social or religious, had to be guided by the ultimate

7. *Constructive Programme* Second Edition, 1945, P. 20.

8. *Harijan*, February 1, 1942.

9. *Ibid.* July 13, 1947.

10. *Ibid.* July 20, 1947.

vision of God, and this could be secured only by the service of all.

"I am a part and parcel of the whole," he declared, "and I cannot find Him apart from the rest of humanity."¹¹ It was this profound identification with all human beings, what the modern intellectuals would call humanism and what as a Hindu he derived from Advaita, that lay behind Gandhi's unending reiteration of his love and friendship for the Englishman even when he was trying his hardest to destroy the Englishman's rule over India. He fought the British on the political plane but was not prepared to see a single Britisher hurt or destroyed. Even so with capitalism, what he wanted to destroy was the system, and not the individuals who constituted its unjust beneficiaries.

His goal was *Sarvodaya*, the welfare of all; and this include not only the humble, the lowly, and the lost, but also the capitalist and the landlord. The capitalist had to forswear the use of capital for his personal ends, the landlord must give up the land in excess of his basic needs, and the exploited must be taught the strength that comes from non-cooperation with the exploiter, but all men had an equal right to life and the necessities of life.

It was therefore that he declared: "And if I would recog-

nise the fundamental equality as I must, of the capitalist and the labourer, I must not aim at his destruction. I must strive for his conversion."¹² The language was the same that he had used with the foreign rulers of his country. In fact, it was the same language that he used with all those whom he regarded as either holding an unjust position or acting unjustly. The target of attack was always the system and never the man behind the system. The objective was conversion, and not physical destruction; the means was Satyagraha, and not violence.

Gandhi believed that it was possible through non-violence to transform the existing relationship between the classes and the masses into something healthier and purer and he could not subscribe to any social order, however good it was in other respects, that did not conform to his fundamental conviction in Truth and Nonviolence.

In the Gandhian dictionary, it is impossible to distinguish between means and ends; and therefore Gandhi's conception of socialism was basically different from that associated with communism or scientific socialism or the Russian experiment or now the Chinese experiment. Gandhi's socialism therefore cannot be treated as a first or even a second cousin of Marxian socialism. It is, in spite of superficial similari-

11. *Harijan*, August 29, 1936.

12. *Young India*, March 26, 1931.

ties in some of the end-products envisaged in both, quite clearly and categorically an alternative to Marx and Lenin, Stalin and Mao.

And it is this alternative that now needs consideration at the hands of the world which is seeking a new but enduring social order that will be based on justice, equality, and freedom. The essence of that alternative is Truth and Non-violence, love in place of hate, service in place of self, and conformity by moral conviction in place of conformity by physical coercion.

Sarvodaya

I am afraid all this must sound quite romantic, if not mystical or even mythical, in this hard-headed age of the atom bomb, and the vast and increasing difference in economic power among the nations of the world and the growing internal conflicts among the classes and the masses in the developing nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America, if not also of other continents. Nevertheless, it may be useful to outline the Gandhian alternative to the many "isms" that have so far failed to answer the unsolved problem of the new social order that all of us all over the world are so desperately searching for.

The Gandhian alternative is *Sarvodaya*, a classless society

based on destruction of the but not on the destruction of the individuals who constitute the classes, a system of production that does not fail to use of science and technique for creating an economic abundance but does not involve a process either kill initiative or freedom for development nor create a psychological ceaseless striving for more of material goods, a system of distribution that ensure a reasonable minimum income for all and, while aiming at a universal equilibrium of an arithmetical kind, will nevertheless ensure that all property or talent beyond a minimum will be used as a for the public good and for individual aggrandisement. A social order where all will be equal but there is no inequality in status or in opportunity for any individual, and a political system where change is the result of persuasion, differences resolved by discussion, and conflicts by love and recognition of mutuality of interest.

To this, Gandhi would have added "and a life spent in devotion to God and cultivation of the spirit" while lesser or more mortals may prefer to form their own substitution for the religion that constituted the life of Gandhi's life and teaching.

(To be continued)

A dispassionate analysis of a burning problem
—paving the way for ushering in an integrated
India

OUR LANGUAGE ISSUE

KOUNDINYA

THE language issue is looming large again since the advent of the Janata Government at the Centre. The Prime Minister, Shri Morarji Desai, says that he would not force Hindi on the non-Hindi region and at the same time avers that Hindi will have to become our link language—one day or the other. If only Pandit Nehru's famous pledge to the country that English would continue as long as the non-Hindi people wanted it had been duly inscribed in our statute books, all the later developments would not have arisen at all. But, alas it was not to be!

Besides, Rajaji's tireless crusade for the retention of English as heretofore, in the evening of his life, could not move the

powers that be, much to our chagrin, although English was the chief cementing force even for our freedom struggle itself.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the so-called three-language formula is a dismal failure. It has been observed more in its breach than otherwise mostly in the north as it *received only lukewarm support, if any, from many States.* Their Hindi-mania is so great that they would not take easily to the study of anyone of the Southern languages. It has been reported that the centre's efforts hitherto to persuade the Hindi region to study ² a regional lan-

1. Culled from the Editorial of "The Hindu" dated 22-10-1976.
2. From a press note issued by the NCERT, vide. "The Hindu" dated 12-1-1977.

guage from the South or the East were in vain.

Rajaji had once stated that English was the greatest gift of Goddess Saraswati to us and that we could ill afford to lose that most useful vehicle of expression, already with us.

Being the best window on the world, it has become more and more utilitarian to say the least, and it will be foolhardy on our part to discard it in a sense of false prestige. Further, our Anglo-Indian community, who forms a sizeable minority group amidst us, spread all over India, claims English to be their mother tongue. Recently, Sindhi was declared as one of our national languages to placate another minority group. So, on this analogy, if only English is also listed likewise we would not only be doing adequate justice to our Anglo-Indian brethren, quite in tune with our traditional culture and the spiritual heritage of the hoary past, but also be ridding it of the odium of its foreignness.

Seeing things objectively in their right perspective and predominantly in the interests of our holy motherland the following formula is being submitted as a substitute for the three-language formula:

1. *Regional Language* should reign supreme up to the matriculation standard in the respective regions.

2. *Official Language:* English is to be taught from VI Standard itself and should be the main medium of instruction in our universities so that migration of students from one university to another might not present a problem, and it would be conducive to studies where English is more prevalent even in the Far East. It should be the court language, i.e., in the High Courts and in the Supreme Court. It should be the sole medium of the U.P. Examinations to ensure uniform standard and impartiality. But not the least, it should be the official language of the Union and for inter-State purposes as it was when we achieved Independence and so should be included in the Eighth Schedule.

3. *Classical Language:* Sanskrit should be taught as an optional language, also from VI Standard itself. Those who are not willing to learn Sanskrit would be at liberty to take up an advanced course in either of their own mother tongues which would invariably be the language of the region of English itself. If so desired, Hindi may be substituted for Sanskrit. This will surely lighten the language load upon our younger generation.

Admittedly, all our national languages are deeply rooted in Sanskrit and all that we

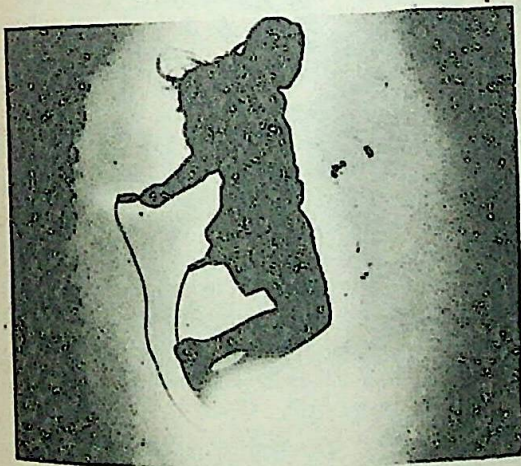
sacred are also treasured in this perfect language. So, none would raise any objection if it is resuscitated through this formula. Already the Centre is spending a lot for the furtherance of Sanskrit studies. Nowadays, the AIR is also broadcasting a news bulletin in this language daily. So, Sanskrit should be pressed into service for Protocol and for Ceremonial purposes and it would be highly dignified indeed, in effect.

To cater to the needs of the metropolitan cities with their

linguistic minorities, efforts could quite well be made to iron out all the possible hurdles in its actual working. Thus, it could be sufficiently broadbased so as to bring about the largest common measure of agreement, tending to be more and more centripetal. Given the will to do, I make bold to submit with due humility, that this scheme could solve our crucial language issue permanently, paving the way for ushering in an integrated India. May that day dawn upon us soon. □ □ □

There is nothing in the world so much admired as a man who knows how to bear unhappiness with courage.

—Seneca



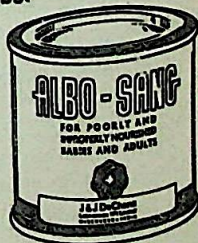
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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850.

Vedanta in Wordsworth's Poetry

R. P. DWIVEDI

IN many of his famous poems among which *Ode-Intimations of Immortality* and *Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey* occupy pride of place, William Wordsworth, one of the greatest seer-poets of English literature, presents ideas which bear striking similarity to the rich philosophical thought which found unimpeded flow in our Vedantic literature.

In fact, there are so many echoes of Vedanta in the poetry of Wordsworth that one is apt to conclude that the poet's 'philosophic mind' must have led him to drink deep at the un-

failing springs of Upanishadic Helicon.

A poet of nature, Wordsworth was essentially 'a seer of spiritual realities; a seer of the calm spirit in nature' and his poetry, at its best, is a fine harmony of his spiritual insight, ethical sense and profundity of thought. He is a curious amalgam of the seer, the poet and the reflective moralist, who dwells philosophically and even prophetically on Nature, Man and Cosmic Soul.

The epithets 'best philosopher' 'Mighty prophet' and 'Seer blest' which Wordsworth uses for the new-born, innocent

child in his famous *Ode* may be as well applied to the poet himself for "Voyaging in strange seas of thought alone." Wordsworth had found 'full many a gem of purest ray serene' which still shed undiminished lustre on the entire fabric of English poetry.

A careful study of the *Ode, Lines, Ruth, Laodamia, To Cuckoo* and other poems reveals that Wordsworth's sustained loftiness of thought had taken him to such heights that on him (to quote his own words).

'...those truths do rest, which we are toiling all our lives to find.'

What indeed are those truths? Those are the elemental truths of life which were keenly perceived, realized and expressed by the seers and savants of the East and particularly of our Vedantic times. A careful study of Vedanta, which is the aphoristic summary of the co-ordinated Upanishads, the *Brahma-sutras* and the *Bhagavad-Gita* and is, in fact, the culmination of Indian religion and philosophical thought reveals that serious scholars of the West drew freely upon it. Wordsworth's poetry bears ample testimony to this fact because numerous echoes of Vedanta can be easily heard in his poetry.

To cite a few comparative examples; the Upanishads assert

in unambiguous terms the whole universe of name and form, the world of beings becoming springs from Brahman (Supreme Godhead or Absolute cosmic Soul)—the eternal existence, consciousness and bliss (सच्चिदानन्द). Since the universe is the creation and manifestation of Brahman, it is also pervaded by Him. Naturally, therefore, only Brahman exists else in non-existent or illusory. Declares the *Chhandogya Upanishad* 'Brahman is verily 'All' सर्व खल्लिदं ब्रह्म : (Ch. 14-1). God is the subtle and underlying phenomenal existence; the whole nature is God's handiwork, as we are God's garment. Is filled and inspired by God who is its controller and soul.

The immanence of God has been corroborated by the *Brahma-samanyaka Upanishad* in many passages, the first being in the form of an answer given by Yajnavalkya to Uddalaka Aruni—'He is immanent in fire, in intermundia, in air, in the heavens, in the sun, in the quarters, in the moon, in the stars, in space, in the ether, in light, in all beings, in Prana, in all things and in all things whom these things do not know, whose body these things are, who controls all things from within. He is the soul, the inner controller.

immortal. He is the unseen seer, the unheard hearer, the unthought thinker, the ununderstood understander; other than Him there is no seer, other than Him there is no hearer, other than him there is no thinker, other than Him there is no understander. . . . Everything beside Him is naught' (*Br. III. 7*). In another passage *Brihaduranyaka Upanishad* tells us that God is the All—"both the formed and the formless, the mortal and the immortal, the stationary and the moving, the this and that. . . . He is the verity of verities, the soul of souls, and he is the supreme verity." (*Br. II S. 15*).

Wordsworth, like these unique revelatory utterances of the Upanishads codifies this truth in a mystical manner in *Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey* when he regards the Cosmic Soul as supreme power or all-pervading presence:

*Whose dwelling is the light of
setting suns,
And the round ocean and the
living air.*

*And the blue sky, and in the
mind of man:*

*A motion and a spirit, that
impels*

*All thinking things, all objects
of all thought,*

And rolls through all things.

Since God is All and everything else is Naught, the world is not real, it is an appearance.

It is not the permanent, all-abiding Absolute Reality but a fleeting show; and ephemeral entity having seemingly phenomenal reality. In other words, the world is 'shadow, not substance'—It is just a net-work of Maya.

This Vedantic doctrine finds utterance not only in Wordsworth's poems like *To The Cuckoo*, in which he calls the earth "an unsubstantial fairy place," but he seems to have actually experienced this illusory nature of the world in states of mystic trance that often visited him since his boyhood.

In the introduction to his *Ode: Intimations of Immortality*, he records such an experience in clear terms: "I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from the abyss of idealism to the reality."

Such an ecstatic state of realizing eternal truths is referred to in *Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey* as

*That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the
mystery,
In which the heavy and
weary weight
Of all this unintelligible*

world,
Is lightened
and finally (to quote from the
same poem)

We are laid asleep
In body, and become a living
soul:

While with an eye made quiet
by the power
Of harmony, and the deep
power of joy,

We see into the life of things.

One of the basic postulates of our Upanishadic philosophy has been the idea of transmigration of soul or faith in the cycle of births and rebirths. The doctrine of transmigration has been explicitly advanced in the Upanishads and particularly in the *Kathopanishad* and the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad*.

In the *Kathopanishad* when the father of Nachiketas told him that he had made him over to the God of Death (Yama), Nachiketas replied that it was no uncommon fate that was befalling him: "I indeed go at the head of many to the other world; but I also go in the midst of many. What is the God of Death going to do to me? Look at our predecessors (who have already gone); look also at those who have succeeded them. Man ripens like corn, and like corn he is born again."

(सस्यमिव मर्त्यः पच्यते सस्यमिव जायते पुनः—Ka., I, 1.5-6).

The *Brihadaranyaka* *shad* states the same "And as a caterpillar reaching the end of a stalk of grass, finds another of support, and then itself towards it, and goldsmith, after taking a piece of gold, gives it another and more beautiful shape, so likewise does this Self, after thrown off this body, impelled ignorance take another, newer, and more beautiful form, whether it be one of the man, or demi-god or of Prajapati or Brahma or of any other beings."

(Br. IV. 5. 10)

The same truth appears in the *Bhagavad Gita* when Krishna says to the agitated Arjuna, "As a man carding worn-out clothes, discards them and takes other new ones, likewise the bodied soul, casting off its old bodies, enters into new ones which are new."

वासांसि जीर्णानि यथा विहाय
नवानि गृह्णाति नरोऽपि नरः
तथा शरीराणि विहाय जीर्णा-
न्यन्यानि संयाति नवानि धर्मा-
(Gita-II. 22)

And further Lord Krishna says to Arjuna: "For in this case the death of him who is born is certain; and the death of him who is dead is inevitable."
जातस्य हि ध्रुवो मृत्युर्ध्रुवं जन्म मृत्योः (II. 29)

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Wordsworth, in his famous *Ode: Intimations of Immortality* confirms his faith in the transmigration of soul by saying in unmistakable terms:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar:

Not in entire forgetfulness.

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home.

Again, when Wordsworth laments the loss of pure innocence, immeasurable bliss and ecstatic vision of early childhood in the great *Ode* and exclaims in memorable words:

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

He attributes the loss to the worldly intellectuality and attachments as they grow upon man.

As childhood grows into youth and youth into manhood, the 'vision splendid' fades; 'the first

clear intimations of immortality are dimmed leaving behind an unilluminated waste of mere thought and moralising:

At length the Man perceives it die away,

And fade into the light of common day. (Ode)

The world of materialism or attachment (Maya) tames him so much so that man 'the little actor' thinks

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation. (Ode)

Whatever may be the crux of his philosophy of childhood, this belief of the poet can be safely traced back to the comprehensive doctrine of the Maya in the Upanishads and Gita.

The Upanishads tell us that the world is a delusion, an appearance, not reality. The *Taittiriya Upanishad* says "All beings spring from the Supreme Being, are sustained by Him and return to the same Absolute at the time of dissolution." Our life on earth is therefore, a sojourn. The *Isopanishad* tells us that "the truth is veiled in this universe by a vessel of gold, and it invokes the grace of God to lift up the golden vessel and allow the truth to be seen."

हिरण्ययेन पात्रेण सत्यस्यापिहितं मुखम् ।
(Is.—15).

It follows that our senses cloud our vision and lead us farther and farther away from our spiritual moorings as we come of age. Senses dupe us and turn us into worldlings. Lord Krishna says to Arjuna in the *Gita* "As the wind carries away the barge upon the waters, even so of the wandering senses, the one to which the mind is joined, takes away his discrimination."

इन्द्रियाणां हि चरितां यत्नतोऽनुविधीयते।
तदस्य हरति प्रज्ञां वायुर्नाविमिश्रितसि ॥

Thus the eternal and boundless Supreme Soul is, as it were, limited by the sense organs and the body. The Universal Soul shackled by the body becomes the individual soul; (Paramatma becomes Jivatma). 'Because of the presence of the Soul, the spark of the Divine, the senses or sense-objects or worldly attractions fail to dupe man fully from his divine mission. This metaphysical conviction finds expression in Wordsworth's *Ode*. He says that though

*Shades of the prison-house
begin to close*

*Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and
whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.*

However farther man may go away from Nature—the manifestation of God and the indwelling Supreme Soul which resides in his own individual soul, he cannot

*Forget the glorious he hath
known,
And that imperial palace
whence he came. (Ode)*

Since bliss (Anand) is an inevitable attribute to God, and man's soul being a fragment of Supreme Soul, it experiences the presence of God in moments of supreme joy.

'Of the innumerable expressions in the Vedantic literature

of the joy of life, of joy all-entwining principle and of creative life. The following passage from the *Upanishad* is very pertinent here Anando vyajanat; anandadhye vimani bhutani jayante dena jatani jivanti; prayananti abhisamvishanti titraya Upanishad, III/6.

"Joy is the Brahman; we are born all living things, they are nourished; towards they move and in joy absorbed" Joy as the emanation of life emanates from Upanishadic philosophy.

Wordsworth seems to have identical belief when he for joy and laments its loss.

*O Joy that in our eyes
Is something that doth
That nature yet remember
What was so fugitive!*

(*Ode: Intimations of Immortality*)
The same idea finds expression in 'Lines' where Wordsworth declares it as Nature's purpose to lead (us) 'from Joy.'

And lastly, the *Locus* of the Upanishadic philosophy is to be found in the of immortality of soul. In *Chhandogya*, the *Mundaka* above all, the *Kathopanishad* find numerous references to immortality of Soul. We are told in a passage of *Kathopanishad* 'that while we are in this body on earth, we

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visualize that Atman (Soul) as a mirror that is contrariwise, left being to the right and right being to the left.' In the *Bhagavad Gita* also Lord Krishna tells Arjuna about the immortality of soul:

"This soul is never born nor dies; it exists on coming into being. For it is unborn, eternal, everlasting and primeval; even though the body is slain; the soul is not."

(Gita-II-20)

He further says—"For this soul is incapable of being cut; it is proof against fire, impervious to water and undrivable as well. This soul is eternal omnipresent, immovable, constant and everlasting." II, 24.

Wordsworth seems to have been fully convinced of this *philosophia perennis* of the Vedanta when he eulogizes immortality by addressing the child in his *Ode* in the following words:

*Thou, over whom thy
Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master
o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to
be put by;*

The poet in speaking of the truths that wake; to perish never, seems to be reminiscent of the Upanishadic concept that freed from the trammels of the

body, the individual soul loses itself in the All-Soul when he declares in a quasi-mystical rapture:

*Our Souls have sight of that
immortal sea*

Which brought us hither,

*Can in a moment travel
thither,*

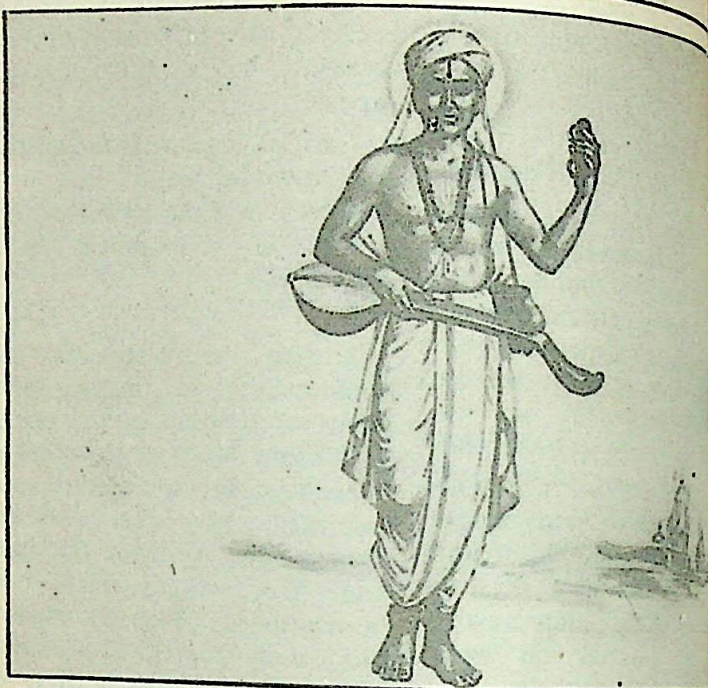
(Ode)

Tracing the expression and confirmation of many other tenets of Vedanta in the poetry of William Wordsworth forms an interesting literary venture and instances of close affinity between the Vedantic doctrines and Wordsworth's ideas may be multiplied. Such a comparative study proves that eternal truths transcend the barriers of clime or country; time or space, and shine through all ages and all lands. We should draw moral sustenance from them and live a fuller, freer life.

Even today the wise all over the world maintain a remarkable identity of views, and their thoughts foster international understanding:

*From hand to hand the
greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals
run,
From heart to heart the bright
hope glows
The seekers of light are one.*

□ □ □



He spurned worldly riches for spiritual wealth

Shrinivasa Naik who was destined to be immortalised as Saint Purandaradasa was born to a family of well-known merchants. In his early years his passion in life was wealth and he pursued riches with ruthless industry. But even when he had amassed an immense fortune he felt that there was a big void deep down within him which all his wealth could not fill. His soul thirsted after divine bliss and one day, the Saint in Purandaradasa awoke. He gave up all his wealth and became a mendicant. From then on

he strived after the riches of the spirit with the same overpowering zeal as he had done in striving for material gains. And he poured forth his soul in an unending cascade of songs. He is believed to have composed 4,75,000 songs of which some 8,000 are extant even today. The doyen of Karnatic music, he taught Puranas and Itihasas through his songs which cast their spell on generations of men and women and gave them—as they do even now—a glimpse of the glory of God.



**MAFATLAL
GROUP**

Debendranath, father of Poet Laureate Rabindranath Tagore lived the life of a Sannyasin in the sense he was 'in the world, but not of it.'

Maharshi

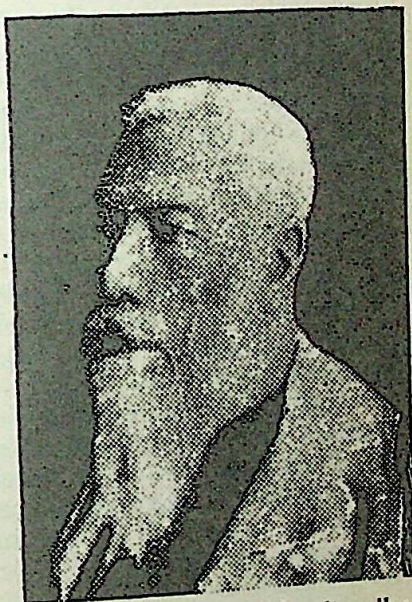
DEBENDRANATH TAGORE

DR. JOGINDRANATH CHOWDHURI

MAHARSHI DEBENDRANATH TAGORE, the illustrious father of Rabindranath Tagore was the eldest son of Dwarkanath Tagore. Debendranath was born at Jorasanko in Calcutta on May 15, 1917.

Of the great men of Bengal who had earned fame in the first half of the nineteenth century for their advanced ideals and beneficent activities for the welfare of the people, Dwarkanath (1794-1846) occupied a place second only to that of Raja Rammohan Roy, whose friend and associate he was, in many of his activities. He was a big Zamindar, banker, and industrial magnate, and as his income was in profusion, so was his munificence in abundance..

A contemporary newspaper



wrote about him: "To describe Dwarkanath's public charities would be to enumerate every charitable institution in Cal-

cutta, for, from which of them has he withheld his most liberal donations?... He has not only given largely but wisely." He had been to England twice and was a friend of F. Max Muller, the famous Sanskrit scholar, from whom we know that while he was in Paris, Louis Philippe, the king of France, "honoured him....by his presence and that of his court at a great evening party."

Debendranath was thus born of an illustrious father who took sufficient care to educate him in a proper manner. His education started at the age of six. He began to learn Bengali, Persian, and also music from his house-tutor. About the age of ten he was admitted into the Anglo-Hindu School in Calcutta founded by Raja Rammohan Roy and there he studied for about four years, showing his proficiency and receiving prizes. After this, he was admitted into the Hindu College, Calcutta, where, after prosecuting studies for a little more than three years, he left it and joined the Union Bank in Calcutta as a probationer. In this Bank his father was a director and held a very important position. He desired his son to be trained and then to assist him in his business concerns, and, with this end in view, he took him out of the College when he was only 17. Debendranath had also to undergo training in the

commercial concern, Calcutta, established by his father. He had eight annas' (50%) of the former. In this way he was connected with business men in Calcutta—both and Europeans. Not only, his father entertained persons in garden-parties with sufficient pomp and grandeur, he was sometimes asked to do after these entertainments as his mind was then occupied, namely towards sciences and philosophy, he found interest in these matters rather indifferent in attending such duties. His father could not realize this and felt concerned.

At the age of 21 on the 1st night previous to the death of his grandmother while she had been lying under a shed on the side of the Nimtola bazaar, situated on the bank of the Hooghly in Calcutta and "Sanskrit" was going on there, Debendranath, as he has said in his biography, felt suddenly a great change come over his mind, a feeling of heavenly joy, a feeling of indifference to wealth, and of indifference to this and thought that up to that time in his life he had known nor learnt anything of religion and God. His inquisitive query then within himself was: "Wherefrom receive this bliss?"

On deep thinking he came to understand that God in His Infinite Grace seeks opportunities to bestow it on men and that He had blessed him at the right moment. He then asked within himself, "Who says there is no God?"

Thus Debendranath received the light of a new life, though for very short while only, through His Grace, unasked. But a peculiar despondency soon overtook him, as he could not get that bliss again in spite of his best endeavours in meditation and prayer in solitude. He began to despair about his future and, finding no ray of hope, he made up his mind to study Sanskrit in right earnest that he might be able to understand thoroughly the sacred scriptures, namely, the *Vedas* and the *Upanishads* which might be of benefit to him in his forlorn heart.

During the "dark night of his soul," a flying leaf of *Isopanishad*, dedicated by Raja Rammohan Roy, which he picked up, came to his relief. It gave him a clue to his future course of action. He learnt that it was necessary for him to sacrifice all worldly pleasures, pomp and grandeur, and direct his attention wholeheartedly to the worship and meditation of God with a view to enjoying His Blissful company, and thus deriving real peace of mind.

Though born and brought up

in wealth and luxury, he developed a distaste for all these things, and placing implicit faith in God, he became a sincere devotee. His real state of mind is evident from one of his subsequent letters to Max Muller in which he said, "To be in the world, but not of it, is my beautiful ideal of a Sannyasin, and in that sense I am one."

From his early boyhood Debendranath had occasions to come into close contact with Rammohan Roy (1774-1933), whose serene and dignified appearance, had made a deep impression in his mind and he looked upon him with special veneration. The Rajah's belief in one God-head had appealed to him most, shaking his belief in the worship of different deities. Afterwards, as he acquired a good knowledge of the *Upanishads*, he found in them the same Truth, realisation of Brahman. To attain the bliss of Brahman should be one's aim of life.

The Tattvabodhini Sabha was established on October 6, 1839, with the object of publicising the underlying Truth of all the Shastras including that of the knowledge of Brahman according to the *Upanishads*. "With the formation of this Sabha, Rammohan Roy's religious and social views emerge in the life of the nation... as the embodiments of all-round progress. The uni-

fication of these diverse elements of the national life through the bond of national monotheism was an organisational achievement of no mean order and it reflects credit on the tact, foresight and earnestness of the young Debendranth." (*History of Bengal, 1757-1905*, Calcutta University, p. 568).

He was initiated into Brahmoism on the 7th Paus, 1765 Saka (December 21, 1843). Hence he looked upon this day of initiation as very sacred and considered it as heralding a new life in him. Following the footsteps of his father, Rabindranath had the same respect for this day and used to observe it every year by "Utsav" with special "Upasana" or Prayer to God at Santiniketan and he also held a fair or mela on this occasion including discussions of religious topics by the pious men of different sects and creeds, as desired by the Maharshi in his Trust Deed of Santiniketan, while making a gift of these lands. This day is being observed as above, even at present. Far away from the din and bustle of a town-life, this calm and solitary place on the lap of the Mother Earth at Bolpur in the district of Birbhum was to the liking of the Maharshi as affording him a very suitable site for meditation and worship of the Supreme Deity. Afterwards the Viswabharati University was established here.

The cravings of his mind never ceased and he found enjoyment in more and more "Sadhana." All world appeared to him impeding his sacred and noble life. He also found it necessary to have thorough acquaintance with the Vedas which, naturally, could not be had in Calcutta. So, he sent four young men to Banaras to study them. At this time Max Muller was preparing an edition of the *Veda*. But till then Debendranath had no information of this. We know from one of his letters to Max Muller, which was my own idea to send him to Banaras to study the *Veda*. The project entirely originated with me, and had no connection with the work you had taken in hand." Debendranath had been to Banaras and knew the real state of things there. In 1845 he published a book, *Vedantic Doctrines*, and, in the same year, on his instance, was started the English translation of the *Upanishads* by Rajnarayan Basu, an educated gentleman. From that time he began to publish the English translation of the *Rig-Veda* in its original in Sanskrit in the reputed journal *Tattvabodhini*. It may be mentioned here that a considerable number of the educated youngmen were, at that time, under the spell of Western Culture and against "every

old or purely indigenous," but Debendranath was always in favour of whatever was good in the indigenous culture and accepted only those of the West, which, in his opinion, might be taken for the good of this country. This he did with his wide knowledge of Western literature and philosophy, because he knew that there were many indigenous things which could not be discarded in any way. As instances, may be cited specially the *Rig-Veda* and the Upanishads which even Max Muller was of opinion "that there are things in those books.... which are new to us, and might be truly helpful to everybody who strives to solve for himself the many riddles of the world."

"By 1949-50 he (Debendranath) compiled in two volumes a magnificent selection from the Hindu Shastras with his own comments and a Bengali translation and exposition, entitled *Brahma Dharma*, the first part of which has been specifically described as *Brahmi Upanishad* by him". (*History of Bengal, 1757-1905*, Calcutta University, p. 569). Brahmoism came "to be considered based on the pure heart illumined by spiritual knowledge born of self-realisation." In his "*Brahma-Dharma-Vijayam*" in Sanskrit for the guidance of the Brahmos, besides other things it has the beautiful saying "Worship consists of

love of God and the performance of the work dear unto Him." Debendranath may be said to be the embodiment of the above. His life was one of dedication to the Almighty Father and performance of work dear to Him, namely, truth, honesty, self-abnegation, service to humanity and love to all created things including those of nature, with malice, or hatred to none.

His father breathed his last in London on August 1, 1846, and, in about 1½ years, Carr Tagore and Co., the big commercial concern, where Debendranath and his brothers, then, had major portions of the shares, and the Union Bank, in which also they had vital interests, had to be closed, and these went into liquidation owing to losses due to world-wide trade depression. To meet the liabilities of Carr and Co., he did not hesitate to give up their properties received by a Trust Deed of his father, although he had no authority to do it. A conscientious man as he was, he wanted to get rid of the liabilities even by living in poverty after surrendering all the properties, if need be. On another occasion, not long apart, as soon as he found that he had forgotten to include in the inventory of their property his valuable ring, then in his finger, he requested its inclusion in the list.

After paying up all debts, he

paid also his father's promised amount of one lakh of Rupees (with interest) to the District Charitable Society, desired by his father in his Will, as he very rightly considered it, too, as a debt. It appears from his autobiography that he was not sorry for these financial losses in business. He felt himself one ladder up in his spiritual life, and despite many problems and worries for the discharge of due liabilities, he devoted his time in prayer, study of Shastras, and writing of religious books.

He ever remembered his sacred duty of service to humanity and tried to do good to the people in every possible way. He established schools, and also, gave liberal donations to various institutions. The Hindu Charitable Institution in Calcutta was established mainly through his efforts. The object of this school "was to give the benefits of a sound and liberal education." In this way he was connected with many institutions including the Hindu College in Calcutta. He was, also, in favour of female education, and was of opinion that the main hindrance to the spread of their education was the conservatism and ignorance of men.

Besides encouragement of education, he was connected with many societies and organizations of Social Welfare. He was an

active member of the Theo-Philanthropic Society, which had as its object the moral uplift of the people. As President of the Suhrid Samiti (Friends' Society) his endeavours were directed towards female education, marriage of Hindu girls, abolition of early marriage and of more than one wife by men. According to the biographer, Jogesh Chandra Chatterjee, he gave many lakhs of rupees in charity for the welfare of the people, besides a considerable amount spent for different institutions.

Frequently did he go to "Sadhan Ashram" at Santiniketan and at times, to the ashram at Darjeeling, the natural beauty of which not only charmed him, but he keenly felt the presence of the Creator amidst His beautiful gifts there. These places afforded him the opportunity for his devoted prayer. Rabindranath, in boyhood, was once taken to Dalhousie in the Punjab by his father and thereby the future poet-laureate "early learned to commune with Nature and the Sublime solitude of the Himalayas of Mountains." The father's training had much to do with moulding the future of this illustrious son. Dr. Rabindranath who had been well acquainted with the Upanishads taught him the same master-mind. "The influence

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...Nature was deepened by
 ... (Rabindranath's) initiation
 ... the mystic teaching of the
 ... at his father's feet.
 ... This lesson never left him; he
 ... saw God immanent in Nature
 ... even in moments of deepest per-
 ... sonal loss." (Jadunath Sarkar).

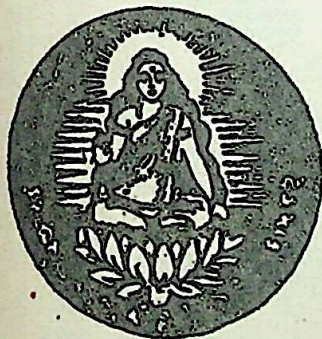
The Maharshi liked to hear
 ... the songs of Rabindranath
 ... whom, as we know from his
 ... daughter Saudamini Debi's writ-
 ... ings, he called "the nightingale
 ... of Bengal."

How tender and affectionate
 Debendranath was, is best

known from his deep mourning,
 like the father of an only son,
 over the death-bed of Brahma-
 nanda Keshab Chandra Sen
 (1838-1884), with whom, he had
 worked together in many reli-
 gious matters and social reforms
 etc., but from whom he was
 later on separated for differen-
 ces of opinion on certain mat-
 ters.

The Maharshi passed away
 from this mortal world on Janu-
 ary 19, 1905, leaving behind him
 a noble example of rare quali-
 ties, of which any nation may
 be proud. □ □ □

*Do you love life?, then do not waste time; for that is
 the stuff life is made of.*
 — Benjamin Bonaparte



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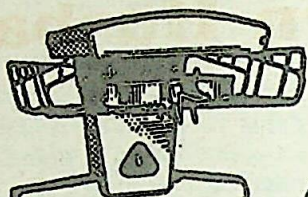
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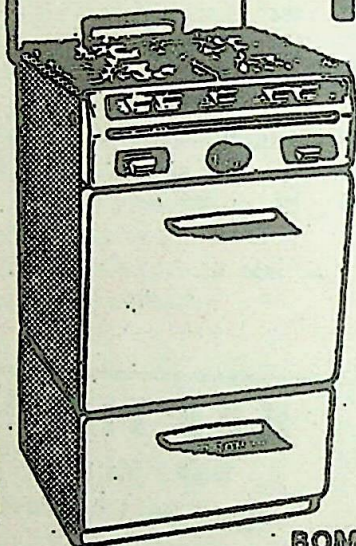
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Living With A Heaven-Born Husband

SMT. SARASWATI K. P. S. MENON

CHAPTER IX

A HOLIDAY IN EUROPE

WE arrived in London on a cold wet day but that very evening went to see a film with Greta Garbo in it. We had two companions on our trip, namely, N. R. Pillai and his wife, Edie, whom we called Dinks. My husband and N. R. had known each other ever since they were boys of 12. Their parents had known each other, too. Both were thought to be the most brilliant students of their generation. From the Schoolfinal examination, which they took together in 1914 and in which N. R. stood first and my husband stood second, until they took the ICS examination in 1921, in which my husband stood first and N. R. stood second, and even in Service, there was neck-to-neck competition between them. But there was never any thought of

rivalry and they sincerely rejoiced in each other's triumphs.

Dinks had her mannerisms—who has not? But if anyone can be said to have had a heart of gold it is she. She showed it particularly during the weeks and months when my husband was in the Safdarjung Hospital in Delhi in 1963 after undergoing an operation for a fractured leg. She insisted on sending him dinner every day and supervised the cooking herself. Since he had a touch of diabetes, she would regulate his diet with the utmost care and weighed and measured every article of food.

Our intention was to visit all the principal countries in Europe. The Government of India, however, while endorsing my passport "to all countries in Europe," endorsed my husband's passport

"to all countries in Europe, except the USSR and Turkey." Mustafa Kamal Pasha's Turkey was also regarded as a revolutionary State; and it was not considered safe to let a young man and that, in the Heaven-born Service, to be contaminated by the influence of Communist Russia and revolutionary Turkey.

It was good to be in London again and see our old haunts, go to a few plays and meet some old friends. Among them the oldest was Rev. K.T.N. Menon. My husband told me that in his under-graduate days no one would have dreamt that he was destined to be a Reverend! In a Bohemian set he was by no means the least Bohemian. However, he married a nice English woman, became a convert to Christianity, took holy orders and is now a Vicar in a Parish, not far from London. Holy orders have not affected his attachment to his still pagan friends or his delight in recalling those wild days.

My husband took me to Oxford, where he had studied from 1918 to 1922. He told me that Oxford now was very different from Oxford then. Then there were hardly any cars or buses, now there was the perpetual roar of traffic.

The colleges however were oases of peace. My husband took me to his rooms at Christ Church. Proudly he showed me

its magnificent quadrangle, lovely oak-panelled rooms, which he had lived, the dining room, where he used to read grace, the green meadow where he used to stroll and the river, Isis, where he used to punt.

But I was more impressed by the splendid kitchen designed by Cardinal Wolsey, so that in the 16th century was a saying that Wolsey had to build a college but had a tavern. From what my husband has told me about some of the parties there, like the one on Armistice day 1918, when he was his first, but by no means his last drink in his life, Christ Church is still a bit of a tavern.

In order to escape the heat, my husband and I went to the Riviera on the Mediterranean coast. N. R. and Dinks joined us there later. Our headquarters was in Roquebrune on the Riviera. N.R.'s new car was a boon. After a few days of driving in a certain direction, we would come back to the peace and rest. Mrs. Hydari, my husband, Akbar Hydari, my husband had succeeded in Ceylon, was staying at the pension with her children. I knew all the shops in Roquebrune, and quite often Dinks and I would go with her.

Once Dinks and I accompanied her to a cosmetic shop. She brought many expensive cosmetics.

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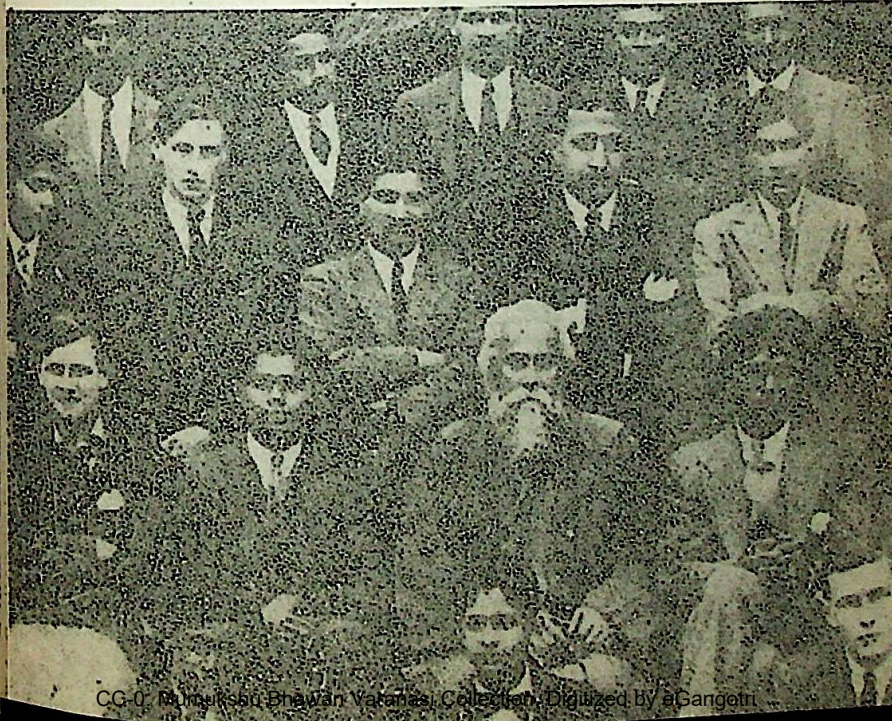
and perfumes and asked me what I was buying. I said I was not buying anything (even the cheapest was too expensive for me). "Every woman after 35 needs cosmetics" said Mrs. Hydari. Under Mrs. Hydari's tutelage we would do table-turning after dinner and we, at least I, would go to bed shivering with fright and seeing a ghost in every corner.

Soon we were setting out in N.R.'s car again on a long journey which took us along the Southern Coast of France, across the Pyrenees, to Barcelona and Madrid. We arrived at our destination at lunch time,

and as usual N.R. dropped us at the entrance and drove the car to the garage. When he entered the hotel, he told us later, the manager went to him and asked "What would their Highnesses like for lunch? Is her Highness a vegetarian?" N.R. came to our room fuming, saying "Not only have I to drive you all day, but I am taken to be your chauffeur and almost shown into the kitchen to take my meals."

Roquebrune was near Montecarlo and there we had our first, and last, essay at gambling in the Casino. We had the usual beginner's luck and won a few

Shri K.P.S. Menon at Oxford with Tagore (seated to the poet's right).





A moment of reverie before a magnificent painting.

thousand francs. They quickly disappeared, and when our losses came to the amount which we had set apart for gambling, we stopped. The best part of this experience was to see something of one side of human nature, the irresistible greed with which old habits would rush to the gambling rooms day after day, standing in queues, long before opening time, hoping to make fortunes but much more often losing them.

Once we stopped by the way-

side to have our lunch carried with us. After we threw two or three half-eaten bread and butter on the hill side. A shabby fat man had been waiting for some time from a distance. As soon as we moved off I saw him throw those pieces of bread. It was an eye-opener to me; I knew there was such poverty in Europe also.

We wanted to go but did not know a soul. Then I remembered one Panicker who had visited parents in London. So I sent a telegram addressed to Panikkar, Barcelona; the next day we got a telegram coming us.

Panikkar had been a student in London in the early part of the century. When a friend of his was accused of assassinating Sir Curzon Wylie, a Member of the Secretary of State's Cabinet for India, and Scotland Yard began to make investigations into Panikkar's conduct, he left his studies and escaped to Spain where he married a Spaniard, built a big house and became someone to be reckoned with. His wife and children were perfectly delighted to have had been in Spain for more than a quarter of a century. He was never able to visit India because of the fear that he would be arrested for his

activities in London. His heart joined for India and, in particular Kerala where his father and my father were contemporaries and great friends.

But matters were not so simple as all that. Raman Panikkar, or Ramon Panicker as he was now called, had left a newly wedded wife with her unborn child in Kerala. In London my father, as usual bluntness itself, asked him what he meant by deserting her. Panikkar remarked to my brother, "What would I do if I went back to India, Palat. Sit at the foot of the Anangan hills and look up at the clouds?" After he and his wife died, his children in Spain, while going through his papers,

were shocked to discover the existence of his Kerala wife and early son. His Spanish son who was a friar, a priest and his daughter came all the way to Kerala to meet them. They spoke to us about their half-brother with great warmth and admiration. He had no bitterness towards them, and his only question was "Tell me, what was our father like." The mother had died about a year earlier.

As soon as we got back to London my husband got a telegram calling him back and posting him as Deputy Secretary in the Education, Health & Lands Department.

My husband made full use of

these long trips, unlike me, who was inclined to sleep when the scenery was not exciting. He decided to read the *Bhagavad Gita* with me. Compared to him I was a Sanskrit scholar, and yet it was by reading with him that I understood many verses, which earlier I had read mechanically, almost daily, my mind wandering all over the world. He would pick out some favourite verses from every chapter to learn by heart, and he still has the habit of reciting them when he is shaving or bathing. He takes pride in saying that he is an agnostic, sometimes even an atheist. But I believe that in his heart of hearts he is as primitive as I am in his faith.

I shall always remember the urgent posting order to Delhi, for my husband had to see to our passages and I was left to do my shopping for presents etc. in London, all by myself, and also to go and lunch by myself. I got into one of Lyons Corner Houses, and when a waitress whisked out a menu card and handed it to me I found I had forgotten to read English. All the other diners seemed to be watching me; so I uttered the name of the only dish I could remember, "eggs and bacon." I saw the waitress's eyebrows go up half an inch, but to my surprise she brought it.

(To be contd.)

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Physicists have always wondered if there is a direct interaction between two conscious human beings without the aid of the sense organs. I believe I have some verification of its possibility...

Erudition and Inspiration

DR. RAJA RAMANNA



MY parents had built a somewhat largish house in Mysore during the early part of the thirties expecting to benefit from it during the rest of their lives. But as chances would have it, my father was transferred out of Mysore soon after it was ready for occupation and he never really returned to it till after his retirement. Mysore was in those days a sleepy old town and still is, except that in very recent years there are some signs of change, perceptible only to an old resident.

The activities of the city at that time were centered around the Palace and the University and there was hardly any demand for houses on rent, and any rent beyond Rs. 40/- per month was just unheard of. After a fairly long period, during which was hung up the sign "To

Let," which I am sure the younger generation has hardly seen, a request for the house came from a fairly well-known religious Baba from Bombay for as much as Rs. 100/-. While everybody at home was happy, there was a lurking fear that some unknown Sadhu was about to take possession of the house.

A few months later, a message came from the Sadhu's Secretary saying that the Baba would like to give us *darshan*, and asking if it would suit us to see him the next day. While my father felt there was nothing wrong about this *darshan*, my mother stood firm and said that she did not want any of the children exposed to a questionable Sadhu, who may not be beyond throwing holy ash and make mental defectives of us. After all, she said, if the children needed religious

instruction, the Ramakrishna Ashram which was just behind the corner, had many learned men among them and this was sufficient. So we never saw the Baba, and later he disappeared from the Mysore State in some state of ignominy.

The episode, though a minor one, had a lasting effect on me. Whenever I encountered a Swami, Baba or a religious head except those of the Ramakrishna Mission, I instantly avoided them. For me, a religious man was one to be respected, only if he was a learned man. It was only later I came to realise that for a learned man to be useful to his community, he must also be an inspired man.

Philosophy of Science

In recent years I have been greatly interested in the philosophy of science. This approach to knowledge has been neglected and is only now becoming an essential part of science. The fact that the various components of science like Physics, Chemistry, Biology have merged into one, makes a philosophical approach inescapable, as it used to be in the past, and in fact the old name for science is Natural Philosophy. It is indeed an anomaly that many of the Doctors of Philosophy as fabricated in our Universities, each year, know little of philosophy

or an integrated knowledge.

It was in this frame of mind that I accepted an invitation from the Theosophical Society, Adyar to contribute an article for their Centenary celebration. I chose the title "Physical Science—Is there any other?" and based on the strength of the scientific method of analysis of ancient and modern paradoxes we face in understanding consciousness on the basis of scientific postulates.

I made a passing reference to Adi Shankara and Advaita, the need to throw off our material constraints to understand higher reality. The paper was reprinted in the Journal of the

This journal, I believe, was inaugurated with the blessing of Shri Shankaracharya of the Kamakoti Peetha. I had known of the Acharya from many people but many of them had never gone to him to get relief from the usual disappointments of life—family disagreements, business, promotions, solace from persecutions from unsympathetic and sadistic bosses. But ever it was, whenever a reference was made of the Acharya, it was always in connection with his erudition and his simple life. In my cynical ignorance, I thought that people designate a man as learned only when he is unable to understand what is being said.

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I was indeed greatly surprised when one day, someone who had seen the Acharya came to me saying that the Acharya would like some answers to questions I had, concerning my paper reprinted in *Dilip*. After looking at the questions, I replied that the answers could not be transmitted through an intermediary, but if I am permitted will seek *darshan* of the Acharya during one of my visits to the Reactor Research Centre near Kalpakkam.

On arrival at Madras airport, I asked my friends if they had fixed a day and time with the Acharya. They seemed bewildered for they did not know how they could 'fix a day and time' as there was no one in the Ashram who could do this. I soon began to realise my smallness in expecting to get a time and place from an Acharya who had realised the vastness of Advaita. In our stupidity we try to transform the entire universe into our own small world, and my small world was restricted to seeing the Acharya as though I was seeing a Minister or Secretary in Delhi. This itself was a lesson in higher philosophy.

I soon realised that I just had to go to the Ashram to imbibe the atmosphere and sink into the vastness of something way beyond the material world around us. In Advaita what after all are time, place and the material

aspects of life? If one has to realise something of Advaita from the feet of the Acharya himself, the atmosphere around must be consistent with the aim of acquiring supreme knowledge. I had not understood the need of such consistencies and this was my second lesson.

It was on the morning of July 5, that I set out to Kanchi. I was accompanied by Shri Krishnamurthy, an Accounts Officer, who is also in his spare time a Veda Lecturer. (How much greater is his sparetime activity!) I requested I be accompanied by a Sanskrit Scholar in case the Acharya led me to difficult discussions on ancient knowledge and science, again assuming that it was going to be like a meeting of one of the so-called learned bodies at Delhi, Bombay or Calcutta. How ignorant I again was!

We arrived at the Ashram at about 8.30 a.m. The place encloses a small temple with a building to its side which is no more than a glorified hut. This serves as the residence of the Swamiji. There were several devotees waiting for the Acharya to give *darshan*, and in one corner a student was being assisted by one of the inmates in the recitation of the *Rig Veda*. At another spot, there was somebody reciting Sanskrit *Stotras* with an excellent intonation. For all this, I was grateful as I

had not yet come to resonate with the atmosphere and was not sure why I was there at all.

The worship, at the small but ancient temple raised in me the usual doubts and questions as to why worship must be like this at all.

To add to my questioning state, I noticed some policemen around, not at all in consonance with the surroundings. Somebody said the Governor of Tamil Nadu was coming and hence the bandobast. One of the aides of the Acharya spoke to us kindly and asked about us and suggested we wait for the appropriate time as the Acharya was busy reading something inside.

On a raised platform adjoining his room is a small window barely a square foot wide, through which devotees peep in to get *darshan*. I also looked in and saw in the somewhat dim light the Acharya deeply engrossed turning the pages of a book. At this moment, the Governor arrived and we all moved back. The Governor also went towards the window for a short time and left soon after, but all the while the Acharya continued his search among the books irrespective of what was happening outside.

A little while later, a strange peace seemed to envelop us and I felt as though we were in a space where the devotees, the temple and everything around us were some minor objects in a

great enactment around was simple to tremble, and nobody aware of one another's except as objects created some purpose to disappear into nothingness. In this feeling of negation, I tried to be that we were trying to get at something which was as yet beyond reach. It was nothing the world could provide. I was meditating about —an odd assortment of people were there at all it began to appear that the strains of the *Veda* was the only material of value in that atmosphere.

Suddenly one of the aides the Swamiji called us to the window, as the Acharya wanted to see us. He then asked the aides in his very weak Tamil to open the page of the book. After selecting the page with his finger from a book he asked me if I knew Sanskrit. I was happy that Krishnamurthy with me.

The translated version of the page, I give below:

Katyayana, in one of his *Vartikas*, सिद्धं तु निश्चितं also shows himself in favour of Advaita. The meaning of the aforesaid *Vartika* is as follows:

Truth is Brahman. The Brahman is Brahman and the Brahman is endless. We are

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understand Brahman by experience. So what is the use of the sentences taken from philosophy सत्यं ज्ञानमनन्तं ब्रह्म; तत्त्वमसि; etc. which tell about God?

It is repetition only. Is not it?

No. The scholars know Brahman well. Others will have confusion. In order to avoid it these sentences repeat the same frequently. Even the Bhashyakara (Patanjali) while commenting on the Sutra स्त्रियां opines in favour of Advaita. How can we see the mark of असत् (Non-existing)

Yes. We can see it. It is like mirage.

Explanation: The thirsty deer see the mirage and think it to be existing. So they run towards the place where they saw the mirage which actually does not exist. It is due to illusion only.

Similarly we see a beautiful palace called Gandharva Nagara. Really it is not there. Due to अम or illusion one thinks non-existing thing to be real. Really only One is there. That is Brahman.

While commenting the Sutra वर्तमाने लट् the same Bhashyakara quotes others in support of Advaita as follows;

For example, Kala (Time) is one. But for our convenience we have divided it into three such as भूत, भविष्यत्, वर्तमान (Past, future, present).

न वर्तते चक्रमिधुन.....

Meaning of the verse given above:

It does not exist, move and is not pushed. Even the waters that seem to flow towards the sea, really do not flow. Moreover, the world is one and nothing moves. The things that we see are unreal. They are visible because of illusion.

Here, Kaiyata, the commentator of Mahabhashya, says, "a person who understands the world and Brahman in this way is not blind. He alone sees really." Further he said, "He who implements the idea, that is, translates the idea into practice is a real Yogi."

Further it is said by His Holiness

ज्ञानेन तु यदज्ञानं.....

Meaning of the above verse:

To the person whose ignorance is destroyed by real knowledge, God gives light equal to the light of the Sun.

As I do not know Tamil except in the form of a crude dialect the aide translated all that the Swamiji had to say into Kannada and I replied in Kannada. Even the aide had diffi-

culty in understanding the Swamiji as his voice was very feeble. I referred to my talk on Reality and the questions the Swamiji had raised and gave my answers. The Acharya pointed to the page of the book again. Though Krishnamurthy tried, we had to admit that we could not understand the sloka just at the moment.

The Swamiji suggested to us to study it and return again.

The Acharya then made a mention of my contributions to science and asked whether I knew of Krishna Iyengar. After thinking of all the Krishna Iyengars I knew, it then occurred to me that he was referring to Sir K. S. Krishnan, the great Physicist and philosopher.

Sir K. S. was well known to me during my early years in the Atomic Energy Commission and I had listened to his discourses on philosophy.

The Swamiji then asked me to study the philosophy of Nagarjuna. I said that it is remarkable that the Swamiji should refer to Nagarjuna—as I was reading at the very moment his philosophy through the book of the late Prof. Hirayanna (Mysore University) on Indian Philosophy, which I believe, is the best book on the subject. I said, Nagarjuna was the greatest scientific philosopher of all times. The Swamiji nodded his head and asked me to send him

a copy of Hirayanna's book which fortunately is recently reprinted.

The Swamiji then laid his hand in benediction and our Sashtanganamaskara receded to the background. The sparseness and the things around, we smaller materially than we could think of and the power of the consciousness the spirit was enhanced *darshan*. The Acharya's sage to me was clear person whose ignorance destroyed by *real knowledge* gives light equal to the Sun."

What better inspiration there be for the pure science and philosophy. The material world has its human consciousness higher reality which understood only when it is destroyed by real knowledge even as the great Adi himself achieved.

I must have been in contact with the Swamiji for more than half an hour, but in the outside material time I have been with him for a lifetime. Here at last I knew I had met the presence of a great man and an inspired man.

Physicists have always wondered if there is a direct action between two human beings without the use of the sense organs. I believe we have some verification of this possibility.

Six Systems of Indian Philosophy-2

K. P. BHADUR

NYAYA, along with the Vaisheshika, forms a separate segment of Indian philosophy inasmuch as while the others have a wide range of emotional and religious ideas, these are based largely on logics and reasoning. But the aim of Nyaya is not merely to discuss logics. Although questions of logics do find predominance in it, the real objective, as for other systems, is to seek liberation by being indifferent to worldly pleasure and to the rewards expected in a future life,—in brief,—liberation.

This liberation can be obtained by true knowledge which is acquired by learning about the sixteen categories or topics mentioned in the Sstras. These are: means of right knowledge, object of right knowledge, doubt, purpose, familiar example, established truth, premises, confutation, ascertainment, discussion, controversy, caviil, fallacy, equivocation,

futility, and disagreement in principle. The first nine of these deal with logics, while the object of the remaining seven is to prevent and destroy error. Gotama enumerates and defines the categories in his first book, and critically examines them in the remaining four.

Nyaya literally means 'going into a subject', i.e., that analytical reasoning by which the mind is led to a conclusion. It is a science of right knowledge, *pramana sastra* (*pramana* = means of knowledge).

All knowledge implies the subject (*pramatr*), the resulting cognition (*pramiti*), and the means of knowledge (*pramana*). Nyaya deals with the highest state of knowledge. The four *pramanas* by which correct knowledge can be gained are intuition, inference, comparison and verbal testimony.

Intuition is the most important source of knowledge. Original-

ly it meant sense perception (though later on it came to include all apprehension whether through the senses or not).

Perception is of two kinds, determinate and indeterminate. The former implies knowing the specific and distinguishing qualities of an object, but the latter is free from this restriction. Normal perception involves five factors: (i) The object, (ii) The external medium, e.g., the light which makes it visible, (iii) The sense organ by which it is seen, (iv) The manas (the reasoning faculty), (v) The Self. If any of these fail to function properly there is faulty perception—for example, if the eye is diseased, or if one's mind (manas) is engaged elsewhere and he is inattentive, or if the light is insufficient, or if the self is emotionally disturbed.

Inference is of three kinds—firstly, when one sees a cause and infers a consequence: one sees clouds and concludes there'll soon be rain; or secondly, working the other way round, when one infers the cause from the consequence, like one sees a wet road and infers that it has rained; thirdly inference based on the uniformity of experience, as for example, when one sees a monkey he infers that he has a tail. These three are called respectively *purvavat*, *sesavat*, and *samanyato dristam*.

The syllogism has five parts:

The first is the proposition

(*pratijna*), i.e. Rama is mortal. The second is the reason (*hetu*)—Because he is mortal. The third the example (*udharana*)—All men are mortal.

The fourth is the application (*upanaya*)—Rama is mortal.

The fifth, the statement of conclusion *nigamana*—Rama is mortal.

According to Nyaya there is only one cause for one effect. For example, if we see a wheat stalk which all the ears of wheat have been stricken down from the top, one may think it to be either to someone having destinedly cut the unripe wheat due to enmity etc., or perhaps the result of a hailstorm if the stalks of wheat have been broken from the top it can be due to the former reason. In harvesting one has to cut the stalks from the bottom; this cannot possibly be done from the top of the wheat stalk. The confusion between the two can only be due to faulty inference.

Nyaya distinguishes three different kinds of causes. First, the material cause, e.g., the material cause of a jar is the clay. Second, the non-material cause, the drying quality of the sun from which the jar is fashioned. If the clay does not dry there will be no jar. Third, the efficient cause, the means by which the object comes into existence, e.g., the potter. The efficient cause of the jar.

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Comparison (*upamana*) is the means by which we gain knowledge of a thing from its similarity to another with which we are familiar. For example one has seen dogs but not a wolf, and he has been told that a wolf is similar in appearance to a dog. So when he sees an animal which looks like a dog but is not one, he at once surmises it must be a wolf.

Word (*shabda*)—According to Nyaya, a word denotes the individual as also its form and genus. When one is trying to distinguish, the word refers to the individual, and when he is generalising, it refers to the genus. When *shabda* is used as a source of knowledge it is the pronouncement of a reliable person. This may refer either to the visible world or to the invisible, e.g., the truth that one who does not know swimming will drown is an assertion of the former kind, and the statement that by speaking the truth one gains moral strength is one of the other type.

Apart from these main sources of knowledge there are others, e.g., *abhava*, which is a kind of contrast between the existing and the not yet existing. For example, one sees dense black clouds accompanied by strong wind and infers that the clouds will not rain because the wind will carry them away. Another is *tarka*, indirect proof. In this, one starts with a wrong

assumption and discloses its absurdities and so disproves it, and establishes the opposite. This is akin to the method used by the famous Greek thinkers. For example, one starts with the assumption that there is no God and gradually discloses its absurdity, concluding that there is one. Then there is *vaada* (discussion) which is a recognised method of arriving at the truth. Often, however, this degenerates into mere wrangling (*jalpa*) and cavil (*vitanda*). Memory is a source of knowledge but Nyaya does not admit it as a separate source. Memory, it believes, is only a reproduction of past experience.

The nature of doubt and fallacy is discussed by Nyaya. Doubt can arise in many ways. One is when one observes some property common to many things and can't distinguish an object. For example, one sees a shining object and is not sure if it is a piece of glass or a gem. The opposite of this is when one recognises properties not common to any of the objects, for example, he tries to determine if sound is eternal or not eternal. He observes that it is not to be found in men or animals who are mortal and therefore non-eternal; nor is it a quality of neutrons or protons which are eternal. Thus he is in doubt whether sound is eternal or not. Then there is conflicting testimony. A person who can be

relied upon says he has seen the Abominable Snowman in the Himalayas. Another equally reliable man says there is no such creature. These conflicting views of competent authorities create doubt. Another instance of doubt is irregularity of perception as, for example, seeing water in a desert, and not being sure if it is really water or just a mirage. Finally there is simple lapse of memory as when we see and recognise an acquaintance but can't recollect what his name is!

Five kinds of fallacies are enumerated. These are: the inconclusive—leading to more conclusions than one; the contradictory—which raises the question one set out to solve; the *sadhya-sama* kind—which gives a reason different from what is to be proved; and the mistimed—thinking of the reason when the time is past, e.g. a note of music struck on the violin before and after the musician played it.

The Naiyayika thinks that truth is prior to verification. If a thing is true, it is true. The verification is ancillary.

Nyaya believes that all error is subjective. The object remains what it is. The error lies in seeing it as it is not. All erroneous cognition has some basis in reality. This is obvious because error is only a distortion of the reality.

Nyaya believes in plurality of souls. If souls were not sepa-

rate, everybody would be conscious of the feelings and thoughts of everybody. Each individual has a soul which is eternal and out parts (*niravayava*). means freedom from Nyaya does not admit anything transcendent Brahman of the Vedanta. Prakriti of Sankhya. This is different from the body when one realises this the sufferings cease of them. Everyone tries to get and avoid pain. The good is the avoidance of (pleasure is also indirect). Fondness for living is attachment and stupidity is worse. false knowledge goes, ceases, and there is no

Nyaya accepts karma. actions have immediate results. Others take time to fruit. Nyaya also accepts God, but in a casual manner. Acts produce their results with His sanction. God in the Nyaya philosophy is a force outside the world. He does not have Omnipotence as a Creator. Other systems give Him.

The great contribution of Nyaya is in providing an analytical and questioning attitude in philosophy. It reasons about everything, taking nothing for granted. Its uniqueness lies in advocating commonsense, appealing to the intellect rather than to the emotions.

(To be continued)

KATHOPANISHAD

(1)

T. R. RAJAGOPALA AIYAR

TRUTH, by itself, should win entrance, but it has been found that, embodied in a tale, Truth gains more and easier access. The Book of Job, and Faust furnish good examples of this literary device. Plato's settings for the 'Dialogues of Socrates' with his disciples are some of the best examples. This same device being employed extensively can be found in the Upanishads of pre-historic times. The most striking illustration, probably in the whole literary world, is the unique tale-framework set up by the Katha Upanishad.

The story, in brief, relates how a sage consigned his son unto the God of Death, how his son boldly went to Yama's abode, and how he gained three boons, one of which was the secret of immortality, and how he attained Moksha, by the knowledge and realisation of his self.*

The sage, of the Gautama Gotra, is the son of Vajasravas, and has various names. We shall stick to Aruni. The sage's father Vajasravas may perhaps

* The story is an Arthavada—a tale intended to magnify the greatness of the Vidyā taught and is not intended to be taken in its literal sense.

have earned that name and fame, by the habit he had of feeding people. His son, this Aruni, performs a sacrifice in which he has to disburse all his worldly goods to others.

ॐ उशन् ह वै वाजसवतः सर्ववेदसं ददौ ।
तस्य ह नचिकेता नाम पुत्र आस ॥

Verse 1.—"Desiring the fruits of the sacrifice he was performing, the son of Vajasravas distributed all his wealth. He had a son, named Nachiketas."

The Upanishad begins its first verse, with a sharp note *usan ha vai*—"Desiring the fruits of the sacrifice, verily", in sharp contrast to the utter and untemptable desirelessness of the son, Nachiketas the hero of this Upanishad (this comes out in the tale later). The sacrifice is *Vishvajit*, in which the Yajamana should part with all his possessions (*sarvavedas*), retaining nothing for himself. Kalidasa, in the 5th canto of his *Raghuvamsha* describes how the Emperor Raghu performed a similar sacrifice, the *Sarvajit*, where he gave away all his kingly wealth. Parasurama the mighty, similarly gifted away to Kasyapa, the entire earth he had conquered from the Kshatriyas. And Kasyapa, in order to put a stop to his remaining a menace to the Kshatriya race, asked Parasurama not to put a step on the earth anywhere, which Parasurama had given him as a gift, and to keep which, he threw away his mighty axe into the sea. The

Lord of the waters receded the place where the axe fell, and the land so born for Parasurama's stay became known as Parasurama's Land, which is modern Malabar—so the legend says.

Aruni's gift of his kine to the priests are, however, such miserable specimens, unfit for that the son Nachiketas his father would not go to the higher worlds he yearned for, giving these kine, but to the lower worlds.

तं ह कुम्भारं सन्तं दक्षिणासु नीयमानान्
अहस्सन्निवेश; सोऽन्वत ।

Verse 2.—"Even in his tender and youthful years, when his kine to be gifted away as *Dakshina* were being led away to the *Shraddha*—reverential faith—this is what he thought."

The words used in the verse are: *Kumaram santam*, and Sankara interprets *Kumaram*, as his first stage of life, not having attained puberty and the period of procreation, a mere boy. One would hesitate to differ from Sankara, but I would give the word its natural meaning of youth; for only a man in the prime of life will be in a position to succumb to the temptations of progeny, wealth, and women; a mere boy is not in a position to be tempted by the *Dakshina* is the payment made by the Yajamana to the priests who conduct the sacrifice.

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Cows, gold, clothes, ornaments are the *quid pro quo*, but not silver, the giving of which is condemned.

Shraddha: Sankara says it is *Asnikya buddhi*—faith in the ritual for the welfare of his father.

Aavivesha: Nachiketas was possessed overwhelmingly.

लोका जघत्तुणा दुग्धदोहा निरिन्द्रियाः
अन्दा नाम ते लोकास्तान्स गच्छति ता
इत् ॥

Verse 3.—"He who gives away these kine which have drunk their fill, eaten their last morsel of grass, milked their last drop, and whose senses and limbs are worn out—will only attain unto the joyless worlds."

A more cryptic and damaging pen-picture of the cows which Aruni was bent to gift away as suitable *Dakshina* to the poor priests (who had done their duty) cannot be conceived—the cows had drunk their last drop of water, they had munched their last mouthful of grass, they had become too feeble to drink or eat further. All their milk had dried up long ago; they had calved their last, no more offspring for them in this life. They had grown so old and decrepit that it only remained for them to die, in their new homes or on the way. A scholar friend of mine, quipped on this thus—"Aruni should have evidently sequestered and put apart all his good cattle, put them away,

'benami' in the name of his wife or children, so that he could offer these decrepit ones for the sacrifice and resume the good cattle, after the sacrifice, as his own." This sounds very uncharitable, but the impression left by the verse in the mind of the reader is not complimentary to the father. Aruni had not dealt with the gods and the priests fairly. By adopting this trick of parting with skin and bone, instead of plump and useful cows, the father could not only not reach the joyful heavens he had hankered after, but get cast into *Ananda Lokah*—the world which knew not joy, the hell.

स होवाच पितरं तत्
कस्मै मां दास्यतीति ।
द्वितीयं तृतीयं तं होवाच
मृत्यवे त्वा ददामीति ॥

Verse 4.—Thinking thus, Nachiketas asked his father, 'Unto whom do you give me away?' When he repeated this twice and thrice, the latter (replied angrily) 'I give thee away unto Death.' Nachiketas, out of sheer, filial solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his father, that he should come to no harm by giving away the totally useless cattle but should gain the heaven he desired, butted in at this stage and asked his father, meaningfully, 'To whom do you propose to hand me over, as *Dakshina*?' A little later Nachiketas again made the

same plea. Why? His father had not understood the drift and motive of his question, but had instead taken it as a boyish, foolish utterance, and had taken no notice.

A second time, the father reacted in the same way; he took notice however, but passed it by as a boyish freak. But when again, his son pressed forward and beseeched him for the third time 'To whom, (meaning one amongst the sacrificial priests) do you give me away' not only the father, but all those present had to take note of it. The *amour propre* of the father was touched to the quick, and mounting in anger he cried out, unthinkingly, 'I give thee unto Death'. Now there are two strict observances to be kept in the sacrifice. The first, one should not fall into anger. The second, any promise made at the *Vedee*—the sacrificial platform—should be fulfilled. Aruni regained his poise very soon, but too late, and he repented for the words that had escaped his lips.

The son was stunned at these words, unexpected and terrible words. He withdrew himself from the assembly, mused apart for a while, and said in soliloquy.

बहूनामेमि प्रयमो बहूनामेमि मध्यमः ।
किं स्वियमस्य कर्तव्यं यन्मयाह करिष्यति॥

Verse 5.—Verily, I go among the first list (of worthy sons or disciples), or at least the second

and middle one. (That be so I wonder) what purpose Yama is going to be served by my being sent to him to-day.

Sons and disciples fall into three categories: (1) the first most anticipate the wishes and commands of the parents, teacher, and fulfil these wishes being told; (2) the second, the middle do what they are told, well and scrupulously; (3) the *Adhamas*, or the low, do not do their biddings or perform them ill or awry. Nishiketas proudly declares "I shall fall in the first or second categories, but certainly not in the third, that one of unworthy sons who are a curse to their fathers and who can be cursed by them. Now, I wonder: "Can there be any purpose of Yama, which to be served by my going to his abode! If there is, I have no objection, but there is none that I can see. Verily these words of my father were uttered in a fit of anger."

These words have a wide echo, a greater reach—God, who creates the universe is *अव्ययः पितृ* (*Vishnu Sahasranama*) the eternal Father of all beings. Every created being is by God consigned to inevitable Death. Is it out of anger? Anger, Adam and Eve disobeying God by eating the forbidden fruit, the Christians say? What purpose of God or Death is served by our dying?

(To be continued)

NOTES & NEWS

Bombay on September 8, 1977. Those who wish to join this pilgrimage and those who wish to offer their "kanikkais" may kindly contact the Secretaries of Sri Sarada Seva Samiti, C/o Sri Sankara Matham, Matunga, Bombay-400 019.

NEW ACADEMIC SESSION OF BHAVAN'S P. D. N. COLLEGE OF COMMUNICATION

COMMUNICATION and free flow of information from the Government to the people and from the people to the Government was important for the stability and progress of a country, observed Dr. Ram Joshi, acting Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bombay.

Dr. Joshi was inaugurating the new academic session of the Pranlal Devkaran Nanjee College of Communication and Management at the Gita Mandir of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on July 22.

Pointing out that any failure in Vice-Chancellor Ram Joshi inaugurating the Session. L. to R. Shri Dabholkar, Shri Doshi and Shri Pohekar.

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN'S

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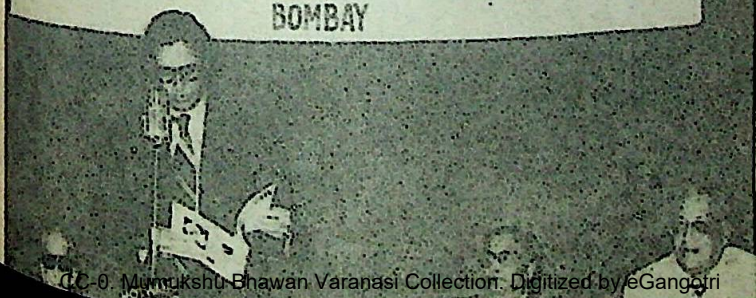
PRANLAL DEVKARAN NANJEE COLLEGE
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H. H. SRINGERI IN HYDERABAD

H. H. JAGADGURU Sri Sri Abhinava Vidyatirtha Mahaswamiji, along with his successor-designate Sri Bharati Tirtha Swamiji, is observing this year's Chaturmasya Vrata in Hyderabad from July 30, 1977 to September 28, 1977. As usual, the Chaturmasya will be offered on behalf of the Bombay devotees on September 5, 1977, by the Sarada Seva Samiti.

A Pilgrim Party, will leave for this purpose to Hyderabad by train on September 3, 1977 returning to



communication would create problems for everybody, he cited the example of Smt. Indira Gandhi.

Dr. Joshi told the students that merely being connected with the field of communication and merely learning the techniques would not be enough. "Devotion to the profession and commitment to truth are essential for the success of mass media men."

Stating that both Communication and Management were growing fields, Shri Joshi said that those who want to learn the science and art of Communication and Management must undergo vocational courses like the ones offered by the R. P. Institute of Communication Studies. In the art of management also communication was very important, observed Dr. Joshi.

He expressed the desire that lectures and discussions would not be a one-way affair. "Teaching and learning must become a two-way process in order that a dialogue is possible. Human mind, like a para-

chute, functions only when it is open."

Dr. Joshi also released The Annual of 1977 published by R. P. Institute of Communication Studies. Congratulating the students who had contributed studies on various aspects of communication, he said that the spectrum of topics covered in The word was indeed something worthy of commendation for the succeeding batches of students.

Shri J. H. Doshi, honorary secretary of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, welcomed the chief guest Dr. Ram Joshi and others. He also thanked the trustees of Pranal Devkar Nanjee Trust for the donation of Rs. 2 lakhs to the institution recently.

Shri Dabholkar, Chairman of Pranal Devkar Nanjee Trust, addressing the gathering praised the noble qualities of the late Shri Pranal Devkar Nanjee.

Shri G. S. Pohekar, Jt. Director of the R. P. Institute of Communication Studies, proposed a vote of thanks.

Shri T. S. Rajam, Vice-Chairman of Bangalore Kendra, welcomed the gathering at the College naming function. Sitting (L. to R.) Shri B. S. Rao, Principal, Shri Shyamlal Bhagwati, Shri S. M. Patil, Shri Justice P. N. Bhagwati and Shri S. R. Venkatachalam.



AUGUST 28, 1977

BANGALORE KENDRA

COLLEGE RENAMED

THE Bangalore Kendra organised on July 31, 1977 a function for renaming Bhavan's College of Mass Communication in Bangalore as Bhavan's Harilal Bhagwati College of Mass Communication.

M/s. Associated Textile Engineers, Pvt. Ltd. of Bombay had very generously donated a munificent amount to the Bhavan's College of Mass Communication, Bangalore, and as a gesture of gratefulness the College was named after Shri Harilal Bhagwati, father of the Chairman of the Company, Shri Shyamlal Bhagwati as per the latter's wishes.

Shri Shyamlal Bhagwati has been a benefactor of the Bhavan in many ways. He donated money for starting the Harilal Bhagwati College of Journalism in Ahmedabad and again a sizeable amount to the College attached to the Bangalore Kendra. He does not believe in a public parade of his private charities—a highly commendable characteristic.

Shri S. M. Patil, Chairman, Hindustan Machine Tools Ltd., who delivered the dedicatory address, spoke about the role of mass communication in educating the rural masses. He said that TV, one of the important wings of mass communication, had not yet developed in our country. The press, on the other hand, had developed to some extent. The role of journalists was not as effective as it should be.

Shri Justice P. N. Bhagwati, Judge of the Supreme Court, and Chairman of the Delhi Kendra, who presided said that in the name of the secularism, moral and spiritual values were being given the go-by from our present day educational institutions. He stressed the need to revive these

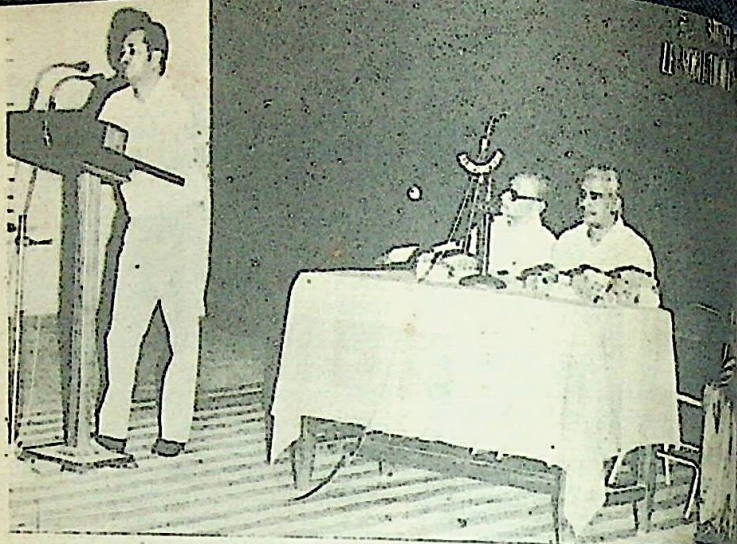
values and make the students aware of them to understand the rich cultural heritage of our country. Decrying the tendency to imitate the West, he asked, "Why should we bother to take from the West that which they themselves have begun to discard?"

He explained the role of the press and said that a free and an independent press was essential for democracy, as democracy would not survive without the right of dissent. He commended the Bhavan's activities and said that it had played an effective role in the reintegration of Indian culture. Shri Atul Bhagwati spoke commending the work of the Bhavan in reviving the religious and cultural heritage of India.

Shri B. S. Rao, Principal, Bhavan's College, Bangalore, proposed a vote of thanks.

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Shri V.P.B. Nair, I.P.S. speaking at the farewell function. At extreme right is Smt. Rema B. Nair.

SHRI V. P. B. NAIR FETED

SHRI V P B. Nair, I.P.S., Superintendent of Police, who was elected as the Vice-Chairman of the Guntur

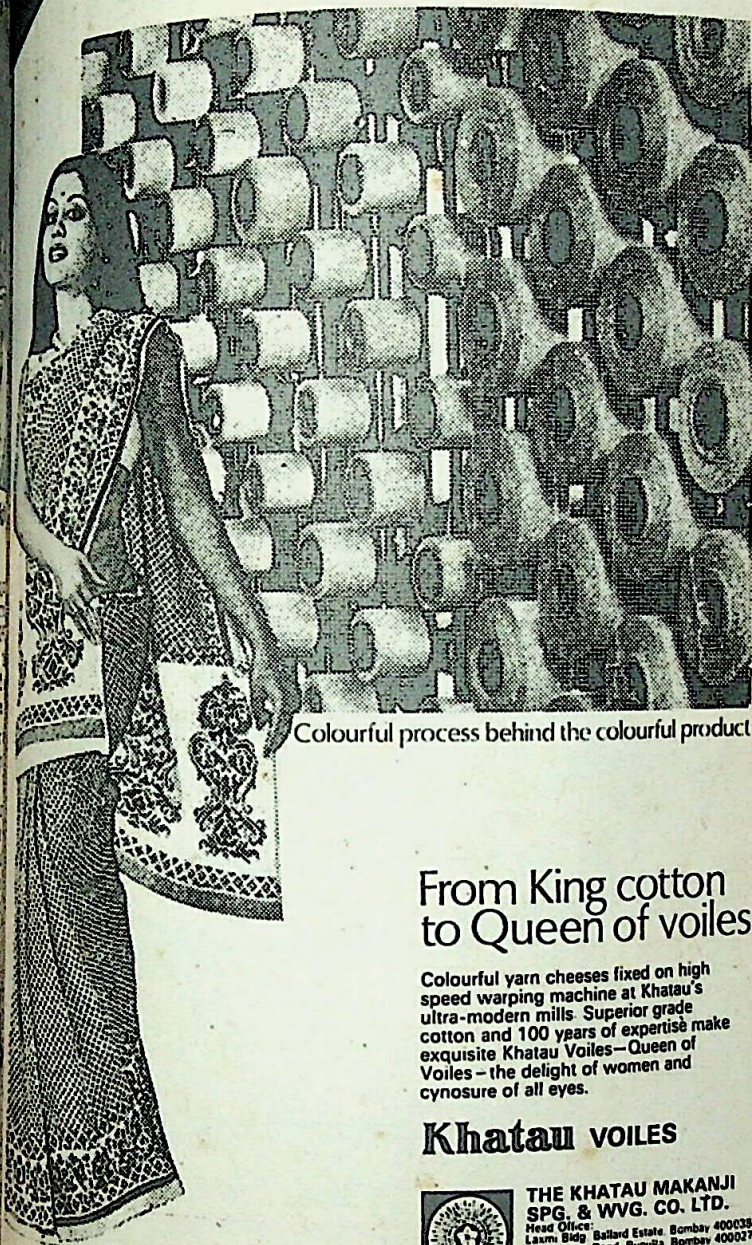
Kendra in place of Shri K. Sarma I.P.S., D.I.G. of Police transferred was entertained on August 3, 1954 at a farewell party arranged on the eve of his transfer to Hyderabad. Asst. Inspector-General of Police

The meeting was presided over by Shri M. S. Kesava Pillai, District Transport Commissioner. Shri Venkateswara Rao, Hon. Secretary in his farewell remarks said that it was the good fortune of the Guntur Kendra to felicitate its office-bearers, particularly Chairman and Vice-Chairmen, on their departure. "Most of our Chairmen and Vice-Chairmen are at Hyderabad occupying key posts in various departments."

Shri V.P.B. Nair, in his reply, paid all praise for the Bhavan's activities, especially the Diploma Courses which are being conducted by the Kendra. He promised his continued support to the Kendra.

Shri R. N. Das, Executive Member of the Bhavan, proposed a vote of thanks.

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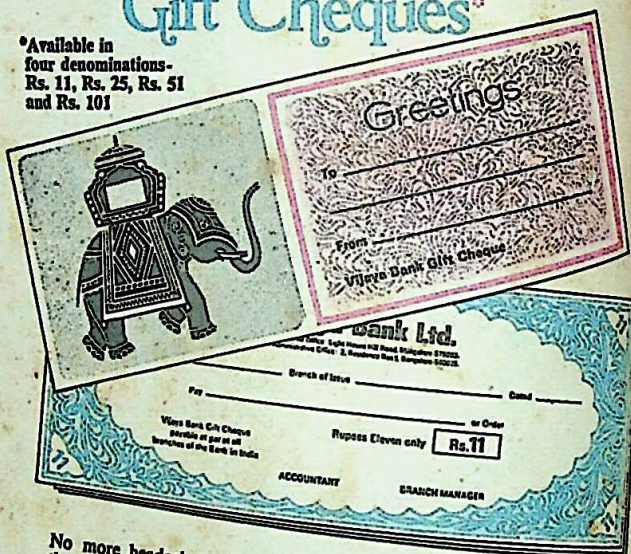
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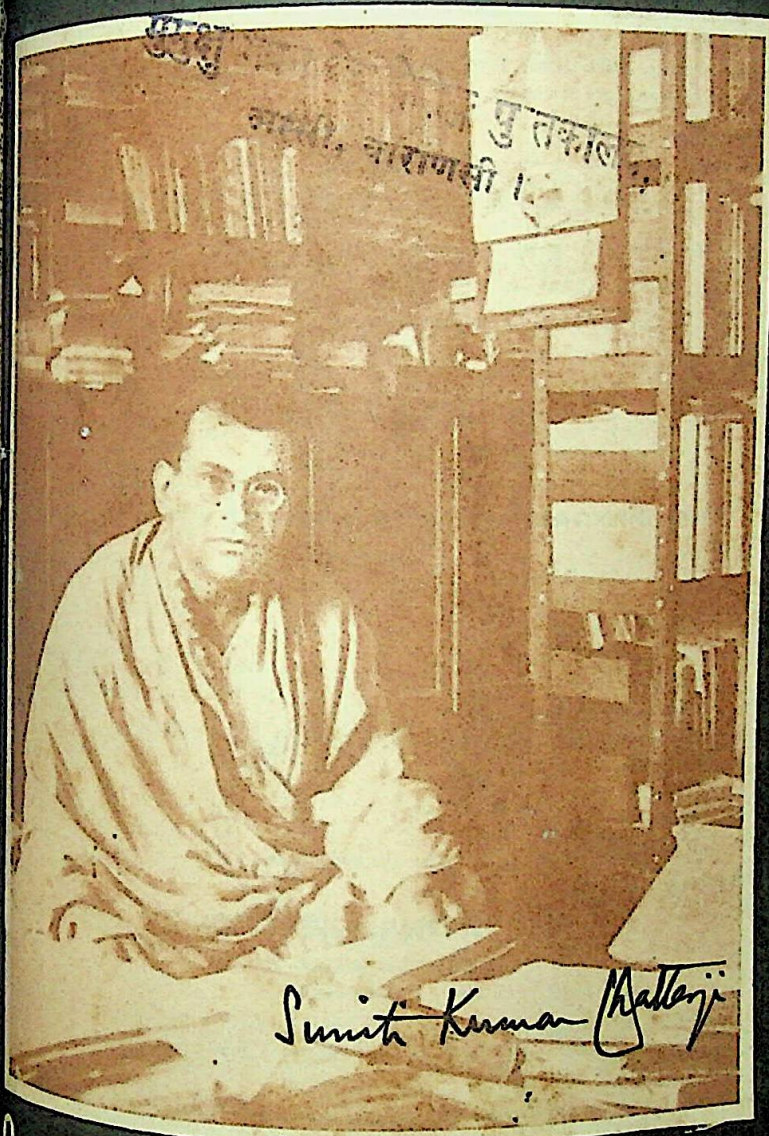
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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL



Sumit Kumar Chatterji

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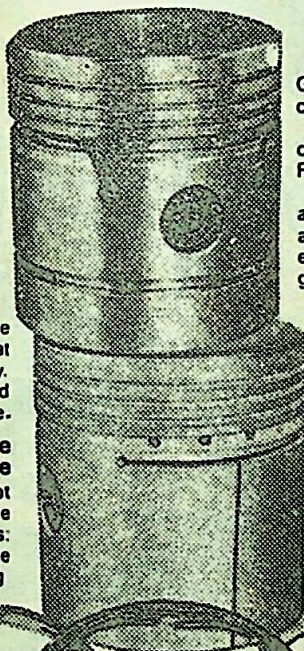
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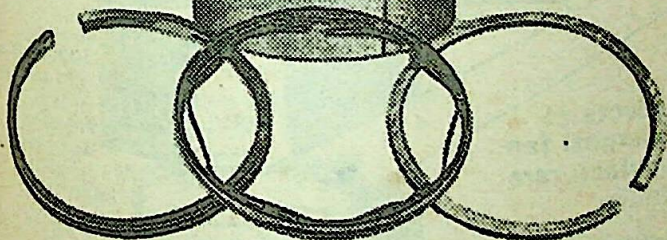
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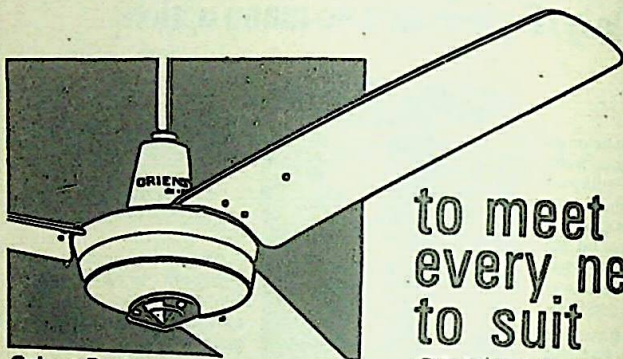
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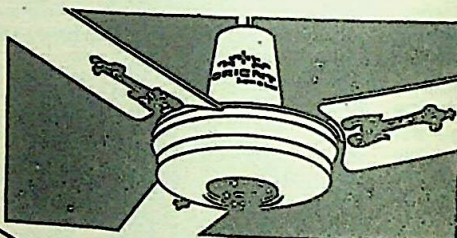
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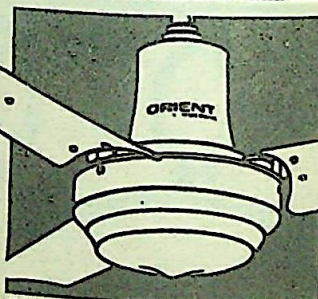


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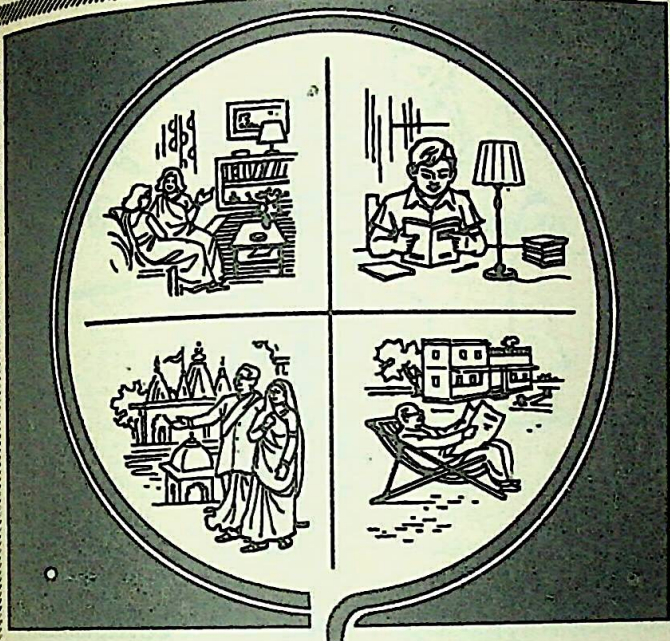
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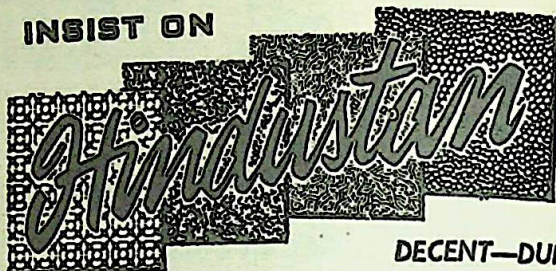
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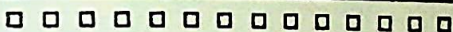
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आ नो यद्वाः श्रुतवो यन्तु विश्वतः

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

Rigveda I-39-1

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PRAYER FOR UNITY

इदमुच्छ्रेयोऽवसानमागं

शिवे मे द्यावापृथिवी अभूताम् ।

असपत्नाः प्रदिशो मे भवन्तु

न वै त्वा द्विष्मो अन्नयं नो अस्तु ॥

May we go ahead in the path of
tranquillity and peace;

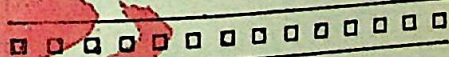
May heaven and earth become peace-
ful for us;

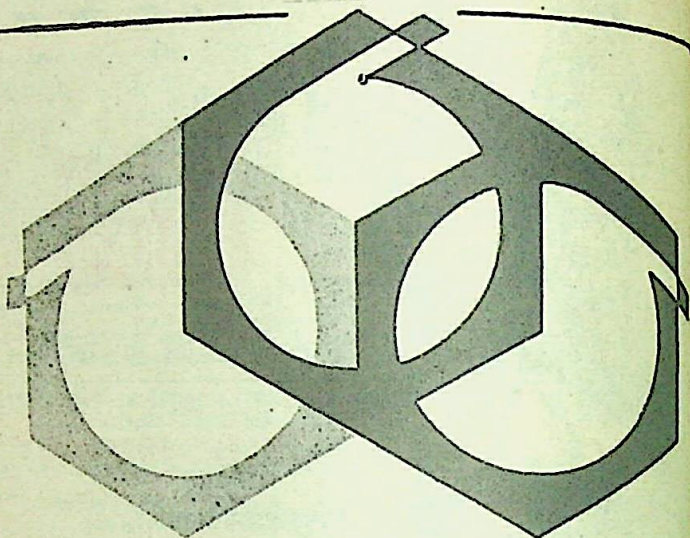
May there be no enemies for us
anywhere;

May we have no enmity for any
person;

May we be now fearless.

—Atharva Veda, XIX, 14, 1.





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The River of Life

God made the rivers to flow. They feel no weariness, they cease not from flowing. They flow swiftly like birds in the air.

May the stream of my life flow into the river of righteousness. Loosen the bonds of sin that bind me. Let not the thread of my song be cut while I sing; and let not my work end before its fulfilment.

Remove all fear from me, O Lord. Receive me graciously unto thee. O King, cut off the bonds of the afflictions that bind me; I cannot even open mine eyes without thy help.

Let the dread weapons that wound the sinner hurt us not. Let us not go from light into darkness.

We will sing thy praises, O God Almighty. We will now and evermore sing thy praises even as they were sung of old. For thy laws are immutable, O God: they are firm like the mountains.

Forgive the trespasses that I may have committed. Many mornings remain to dawn upon us; lead us through them all, O God.

Rig Veda.

88th Birthday Tribute

Suniti Kumar Chatterji

—the Scholar and the Man

MONI BAGCHEE

Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterji who passed away in Calcutta on May 29 would have been 88 on November 26 this year. The excellent study by one who knew him very intimately for over three decades was to appear as the 88th birthday tribute to him. It is for this reason that we have retained the use of present tense in the article. When the author read out this study to Dr. Acharya in the last week of May, he gave his approval to it and also asked: "Do you think I will survive so long to see it in print" indicating that he had a premonition of his death.

Dr. Chatterji was the Chairman of the Sanskrit Commission appointed by the Government of India on the plea made in 1947 by a delegation consisting of the Justice Patanjali Sastri, Justice N. Chandrasekhara Aiyar and Sardar K. M. Panicker representing the Sanskrit Vishwa Parishad sponsored by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. A well-wisher of the Bhavan, Dr. Chatterji has visited the Bhavan on several occasions and delivered lectures.—Ed.

MARK TWAIN was not far from truth when he said: "Almost the most prodigious asset of a country, and perhaps its most precious possession, is native product—when that product is fine and noble and enduring." In India in our times

we have amidst us such an asset in the person of Bhattacharya, Sahitya-Vachaspati Suniti Kumar Chatterji.

It has been said that a man lives not only his personal life which is splendid in all respects. For well over half a century

JULY 3, 1977

has been an indefatigable writer, and how wide and diverse are his interests and there is not the faintest sign of his slackening at the ripe age of 88! It is not easy to scan the activity of Suniti Kumar in different spheres of the life of India during the past 30 years with a view to showing what the essential character of this august personage is. His seen life is the outward life. It does lead us to the unseen, inward life, which I propose to dwell upon first.

If the hypothesis be correct that Suniti Kumar not only studies life and knows it but lives it and lives so that his life might be one integrated whole, both as the embodiment and the expression in life's daily details of a total self-hood, his is the ideal of the fullest possible life, of course, under the special conditions imposed on him by the fact that he is an Indian, a Bengali, a Brahmin possessing a rich heritage that come to him down innumerable centuries of civilisation and culture, but, what to the present writer is more pertinent and important, particularly of the Brahminic type of self-culture with its wonderful adjustment of the three elements of work, devotion and wisdom of which the *Gita* gives the world a highly philosophical synthesis—not mere eclecticism, or even syncretism—as a safe guide to conduct.

Arnold was satisfied with only seeing life truly and seeing it whole and steadily. India's programme of life-long *Sadhana* ('severe course of self-culture and self-discipline'), leaves enough room, however, for all legitimate self-satisfaction, not of a being bent on free and unrestricted self-indulgence. For, India knew—she may not do it now—that self-satisfaction must be regulated by the idea of self-fulfilment. Indian philosophy too is more than a love of wisdom. It is rather *wisdom lived* more than loved, though that love, genuine and deep, is ever present.

We have to clearly and definitely have before us this specific Indian view of life, if we want to correctly interpret Suniti Kumar—the man and the scholar who is a genuine Indian—every inch of him.

This cultured Indian lives life whole and that he does unflinchingly, come weal, come woe.

This view gives us the true clue to the man, Suniti Kumar. He has the will to live, according to India's age-long and realised ideals, one harmonious total life in which all the elements, intellectual, emotional, volitional, constituting the psychological man are harmoniously synthesized with the ethical and spiritual sides of man.

Suniti Kumar knows and

knows it very well that life is ethically and spiritually a stronger struggle for existence than it is biologically, all earlier theories of evolution notwithstanding. In short, his life is the shining example of the *Gita* ideal of a complete man, a man self-fulfilled, a man self-realised. He can be truly be understood and interpreted only in one way, viz., by placing his total personality in the indispensably necessary perspective of the essence of Indian culture.

II

Born on November 26, 1890, at Sibpur in Howrah near Calcutta, Suniti Kumar studied in Calcutta. He graduated in 1911, with First Class Honours and first place in English; took his M.A. in English in 1913, obtaining first place in First Class, with old and middle English and Germanic English and Linguistics as special subjects. He passed second examination in Vedic Sanskrit, Bengal Government Sanskrit Association Examination in 1918. He was awarded P.R.S. (Premchand Roychand Research Studentship) and Jubilee Research Prize of the University of Calcutta soon after obtaining his M.A. His student career, on the whole, had all along been brilliant which drew the attention of no less a person than Sir Ashutosh Mookerjee, the then Vice-Chancellor of the

University of Calcutta. He was appointed as the Assistant Professor of English, Calcutta University Post-Graduate Teaching Department (1914-1919).

The year 1919 has remained memorable in the life of Suniti Kumar when he was selected as a Government of India scholarship for Linguistic studies in Europe, for a period of three years (1919-1922) and during this period he was privileged to study in the University of London, under several reputed scholars such as Prof. Daniel Jones, Dr. Barnett, Sir Denison Brown and others. He took Diploma in Phonetics (1920), and passed D.Litt. of London University in 1921; the subject of his thesis was: *Indo-Aryan Linguistics: Origin and Development of the Bengal-Language*. He also studied in the University of Paris (1921-1922), at the Sorbonne and the College de France. After completing his study, he travelled all over England, Scotland and parts of France, and in Italy, Greece and Germany.

Returning to India, he was appointed Khaira Professor of Indian Linguistics and Phonetics and made Lecturer in the Linguistics subject in the University of Calcutta, which in 1926 published his outstanding work *The Origin and Development of the Bengali Language*. It was claimed as the most thorough and authoritative work

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on the subject. Here it should be mentioned that Prof. Suniti Kumar Chatterji happens to be one of the first students of philology in India to make linguistic investigation along modern methods based strictly on phonetic and morphological analysis and description.

In the introduction to his *The Origin and Development of the Bengali Language* and also in his *Indo-Aryan and Hindi* and in a number of papers and monographs, he has, following in the main Bhandarkar and Grierson, sought to present in an easily understandable way the development of the Aryan speech in India.

The present advance in India in descriptive as well as comparative and historical linguistics of Indian languages is due largely to Prof. Chatterji's magnificent work in the field.

And besides his own personal contribution to the development of this science, his role as an inspiring teacher in this sphere of study in India is hardly less significant. At 88, he is universally acknowledged to be by far the most important person in Indian linguistics, "The Nestor of modern Indian Linguistics" as a Czech scholar has recently called him. He has also been rightly described by an Indian scholar as the G.O.M. or, better, as 'the Bhishma Pitamaha' of Indian Culture.

III

A characteristic aspect of Suniti Kumar's approach to linguistic problems in India, in common with some other prominent investigators, is his laying stress on the importance of pre-Aryan substratum in the Aryan speech; he has emphasised this importance in a series of articles and monographs.

It is not possible in the course of a single article to refer to all his research activities in this field. But reference should be made to his notable monograph (the *Kirata-Jana-Kriti*), on the question of Sino-Tibetan influences on the culture and history of India—a topic which has so far received little attention.

Again, his approach to Tamil and Dravidian linguistics has suggested the necessity of research in some new directions from fresh points of view and this has received serious consideration from specialists in that field. Mention may also be made in this connection of his paper, *Old Tamil and Primitive Dravidian*, and of his book *Dravidian* (published by Annamalai University in Tamil Nadu in 1964). Well-known among Tamilian scholars and advocates of Tamil literature and culture as *Nanneri Murugan* (the Tamil rendering of his name 'Suniti Kumara', he is looked upon with great respect and affection as one who loves and understands the cul-

ture of the Dravidians.

In his survey of Indian literature as a whole, Prof. Chatterji has brought out the salient common bases and characteristics of modern Indian literatures, showing thereby, incidentally, their fundamental unity of spirit. His work in connection with the nature, history and development of the "Hindi" language particularly of the *Khari Boli* Hindi *vis-a-vis* the other related speeches, has brought in an objective and scientific attitude and approach to the question of how Hindi is taking shape after India's Independence; and he has tried to clear this area of study of the obscurantism, sentiment and group interests that tend to befog the discussion. So far about Suniti Kumar, the scholar. Now let us look at the man.

IV

THE MAN

The principles of conduct enumerated both in the Upanishads and by Buddha form an ideal in the daily life which Suniti Kumar has sought to follow, has brought him a large number of friends; and he feels he has no enemies.

Anything in any sphere that results in the suppression or destruction of the freedom of human spirit whether that is sought to be justified by political, religious or economic necessity, is utterly repugnant to him. He does not

mind calling himself a *bourgeois* in the original sense of the word that is, a *citizen*, a member of the middle class, who has an intellectual and humanistic approach to life. He has never had the inclination to follow the path that leads to wealth, and to power. He has sought his salvation through devotion to science and culture.

Those who ever have had the privilege of coming into his contact have found Suniti Kumar a charming conversationalist with a keen sense of humour, sharp wit, and an inexhaustible fund of apt stories, anecdotes and quotations that never fail to come up at the appropriate moments from his amazingly retentive memory.

All this has made him quite a popular and much sought after person in society. Honours from high academic bodies and cultural institutions have been showered on him, and, as everybody knows, he happens to be the one of our National Professors in Humanities since 1968.

Rabindranath has recorded his admiration for Suniti Kumar's contribution to the study of the Bengali language by dedicating to him his own book on the subject, *Bangla-Bhasa Parichaya*, and by giving him the sobriquet *Bhashacharya* or 'Master of Speech.' This is no little honour. The Government of India expressed its appreciation of Prof.

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Chatterji's profound scholarship and his services to his people by according him the high distinctions of *Padma Bhushan* in 1955, and then *Padma Vibhushan* in 1963.

As one of the founders of the Greater India Society, established in 1922 with Rabindranath Tagore as one of the Inspirers (*Purodhah*), Suniti Kumar has incessantly tried, along with his colleagues, to bring home to the people of India the need for studying the extent of Indian contacts, from early times, with the various countries of Asia, particularly with South-East Asia and Indonesia.

Incidentally, it should be mentioned here that it was Ananda Coomaraswamy who first made this study. Professor Chatterji's three months' tour in Malaysia, Indonesia and Siam (Thailand) in 1927 with Tagore bore fruit in the shape of a large work, *Dvipamaya Bharata*. This work, which obtained the fullest appreciation and approval of Tagore, is one of the most important books of travel and culture-study in Bengali. It is the only authoritative work of what the Poet did and said from day to day during the three months, in 1927, he spent in Malaya, Indonesia and Thailand.

Suniti Kumar views human civilisation as a single integral whole and he has a genuine faith in, and feeling for, universal humanity. His vision of humanism is in tune with the thoughts and ideas as propounded by Vivekananda, Tagore and Radhakrishnan. Because of this he evinces deep interest in all peoples, and in all cultures and religions. This catholicity of outlook and interests is, as he himself believes, a reflex of the spirit of ancient Indian philosophy of the Vedanta, and is linked with Taoism, with ancient Greek and modern European humanism, and with Islamic Sufism. Thus he does not exclude from his field of study the deeper aspects of the mentality and culture of different races as manifested through their languages.

His interest in foreign peoples and cultures, and his genuine love for man, took Professor Chatterji, as an enthusiastic pilgrim, to distant lands. He has travelled extensively in Europe. An agnostic in his intellect, and a mystic in his emotions, Suniti Kumar always seeks to keep the doors and windows of his mind and spirit wide open for the light from outside to stream in.

□ □ □

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.

—J. Ruskin.

ADDBHUTA RAMAYANA

13

K. G. MALLYA

"Oh, respected ones," Sita continued the exciting tale, "now you might have been wonder-struck having heard the description of the thousand-headed, Ravana. I too was astounded when I first heard the Brahmin describing that titan—the giant of giants. Even to this day when I think of the ten-headed Ravana who was supposed to be the embodiment of cruelty, wickedness and ruthless might, I shudder at the very thought of the thousand-headed monster.

"We have seen and encountered the ten-headed monster and have experienced the troubles and sufferings he had brought to us. To conquer that ten-headed demon, when my Lord had to undergo so much of stress, strain, pain and hardship, I really wonder whether there is any warrior on this earth who could be a real match to that giant!"

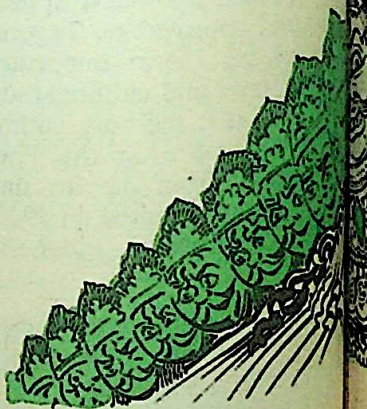
Hearing Sita's words of taunt

and challenge, the sages remained spell-bound but Lord Rama was incited by the words of praise for the might and courage of the thousand-headed Ravana. His eyes became blood-shot, hair on the body stood erect, teeth bit each other and shoulders stirred for a while.

He stood up seriously and announced like a roaring lion: "I have accepted the challenge and would like to see for myself whether the thousand-headed monster is really invincible. Lakshman, let our army be ready and forthwith must we set out for the siege of Pushkara Island!"

Messages were sent to Sugriva and Vibhishana and the Pushkara plane was summoned.

In the next instant, the plane arrived and the huge army headed by Lakshmana, Bharata and Satrugna was ready for march.



With great enthusiasm, from Kishkindha arrived the troops of monkeys commanded by Nala, Neela, Jambavan, Hanuman, Sushena, Sugriva and Angada, and here was Vibhishana from Lanka with his huge battalion of demons ready to take any challenge!

Flags of different colours fluttered in the air. Trumpets and pipes sent out shrill notes, and war drums rolled heavily to announce the victory march. Elephants lined up and horses were ready to draw the chariots. "Everything is ready!" Lakshmana came and reported.

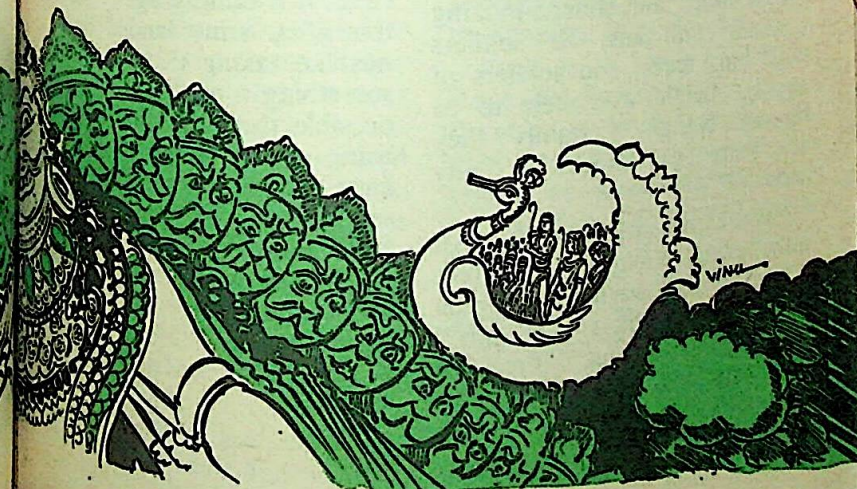
"Then let us not delay any more!" Armed with his bow and arrows, Lord Rama first boarded the plane with Sita and sages. The troops followed them. The Pushpaka plane that could accommodate any number of people and still leave some

room carried them all.

"On to Pushkara Island!" Lord Rama announced the destination and soon the plane became airborne. It ascended higher and higher accelerating its speed, and before long the land became invisible. Then the plane sped across the seas—one, two, three...., and now came to their sight the great range of Manasottara Mountains—the journey's end! Yonder was the capital of the thousand-headed Ravana and Lord Rama's army gave a thunderous war cry which was echoed by the mountains.

The thousand-headed Ravana heard the din and ordered his soldiers to find out what the matter was.

But by then, the intelligence squad came and reported to the thousand-headed Ravana: "Mighty Lord, large troops of strange people have landed in



Purify Passions

As a man practises self-control he approximates more and more to the inward reality, and is less and less swayed by passion and grief, pleasure and pain, and lives a steadfast and virtuous life, manifesting manly strength and fortitude.

The restraining of the passions, however, is merely the initial stage in self-discipline, and is immediately followed by the process of Purification.

By this a man so purifies himself as to take passion out of the heart and mind altogether; not merely restraining it when it rises within him, but preventing it from rising altogether. By merely restraining his passions a man can never arrive at peace, can never actualise his ideal; he must purify these passions.

—James Allen

our land. It appears there are three distinct battalions consisting of short and strange-looking soldiers with tails; tall soldiers with long faces; and soldiers of average height who seem to be human beings. Certainly they are here to attack us any moment!"

"What do you say!" An unbelieving Ravana thundered. "You say they are here to invade us! Short soldiers with tails?! Strange, ridiculous. Probably they have not heard my name or they may not know about my

prowess. Or, they must have already conquered the three worlds. Otherwise how do they dare to come down here where all the presiding deities of the universe, including the great god are serving me and are waiting for my commands. Without my consent the sun cannot shine, the moon cannot rise, clouds cannot rain, wind cannot blow, fire cannot burn and not a single wave in all the seven seas can break! Why speak more? When all the three worlds tremble at the very mention of my name, how this army of strange people could venture to step on the soil of this island where even the mightiest of the mighty fear to tread or have a look? I feel sorry for these people only because, knowing fully the danger that they have to countenance, they have come here as if a deer would enter the cave of a hungry tiger. Or, has this alien army landed here by mistake taking this place to be something else? It is also possible that these short people being on a pleasure trip might have reached here inadvertently and should shriek out of fear having seen us, the giant-sized ones. Anyway I must see for myself who they are and where they are here!" He at once sent words for his ministers and commanders.

(To be Continued)

A little-known Sanskrit scholar who, though he was a Vaishnava, became an Advaitin by conviction. His contribution to Sanskrit literature has been 'immeasurable'.

RAMA RAYA KAVI

a Modern Literary Giant

DR. K. S. R. DATTA

G**R****E****A****T** men are born at all times in all lands. In recent times Andhra Pradesh has been very fortunate in having presented to the world of Sanskritists, Bellamkonda Rama Raya Kavi, a giant among poet-philosophers of ancient reputation and calibre. He was an outstanding Sanskrit scholar, poet and philosopher with 143 Sanskrit works to his credit.

Rama Raya, a born-poet and a genius, lived from 1875 to 1914 in Pamidipadu in Guntur District of Andhra Pradesh. His parents were Mohan Rao and Hanumamba. He was a Niyogi Brahmin of Bharadvaja Gotra and belonged to the Asvalayana Sutra. He lost his father in his sixth year and was put into school by his uncle Kesava Rao.

But, owing to constant ill-health, he discontinued English studies and began to study Sanskrit under his distant relative Sitaramayya. He evinced keen interest in his Sanskrit studies and improved his health, too. Thus, providentially he switched over to Sanskrit from English.

Even as a small boy, Rama Raya was very pious and was a devotee of Lord Vishnu. He used to offer worship at the temple of Ramavallabharaya in his village daily with great devotion.

One day, the Lord Hayagriva appeared in his vision and initiated him into the Hayagriva Mantra. This became the first turning point in his life. His constant *japa* of the mantra enabled him to start writing poetry

in his early age. By that time he had read only a few cantos in the *Raghuvamsa* and *Kumara-sambhava* under the teacher. He stopped reading the Kavyas under the teacher as the grace of Lord Hayagriva had given him sufficient knowledge.

In the meanwhile he married Adilakshamma, the second daughter of Singaraju Venkataramanayya of Nellore. He attracted a large number of students by his scholarship in Sanskrit and spent his time in reading and teaching. He was longing to study Sastras like the *Vyakarana* and *Tarka* and luckily he could study some preliminary portions in them under Purighalla Rama Sastri and Subrahmanya Sastri, two brothers from Godavari District, Andhra. Immediately he wrote a beautiful commentary called the *Sharadratri* on *Siddhanta-kaumudi*. At the command of his logic-teacher, he wrote an elaborate and scholarly commentary on the *Bhagavata Champu* of Abhinava Kalidasa.

As he was born in a Niyogi Brahmin family following the traditions and customs of Visishtadvaitins, he used to read the *Sri-Bhashya* and *Gitabhashya* of Ramanuja. But after reading the *Vedanta-Panchadasi* of Vidyaranya, he began to find many contradictions and inconsistencies in the philosophy of Ramanuja. He found the

Bhashyas of Sankara to be more logical and meaningful than Ramanuja's.

In the meanwhile he fell out with his religious teacher Prativadibhayankaram Rangacharyulu of Tirupati over the issue of Taptachakrankanam (branding the body with a metallic disc and conch). Thus Rama Raya, who had been faithfully following the Vaishnava religion and Visishtadvaita philosophy discarded it and began to attack the same. He became a staunch supporter of Advaita and a great devotee of Sankara. He firmly believed that Advaita is the message of Upanishads and dedicated his whole life for the defence of Advaita from the onslaughts of Ramanuja and Vedantadesika. He produced the monumental works like the *Sankarabhashya Vimarsha*, *Bhagavadgita Bhashya*, *aarkaprakasika*, *Siddhantasindhu*, *Krishnoddhasamvadavyakhya* and some other works defending Sankara and criticising Ramanuja. Thus by a turn of event, he turned into a great champion of Advaita and a bitter critic of Visishtadvaita.

Apart from the philosophical works, he wrote a number of kavyas, like the *Samudramathana champu*, *Rukminiparnayachampu*, *Kandarpadarpavilasa Bhana*, *Krishnalilatarangini* and others; works on ethics like the *Dharmamimamsa* and

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others and fine Stotras. His Stotras which are about 70 in number are addressed to several deities. But his favourite deity is Lord Hayagriva: His Stotras include the *Hakaradi-Vakaradi Vishnusahasranama* and *Hayagrivasahasranamavali*. They reveal his gushing devotion for God. He was not only an original writer but also a commentator, *par excellence*. His writings are marked by easy style, clarity of expression and vigour.

His contribution to Advaita in particular and Sanskrit in general is immeasurable but this is not duly recognised by the scholars. The present writer who has taken his Doctorate Degree on this author hopes

Ramanama gives one detachment and ballast, and never throws one off one's balance at critical moments.

Each repetition or japa, as it is called, has a new meaning, each repetition carries you nearer and nearer to God. This is a concrete fact.

Ramayana is a sun that has brightened my darkest hour.

—Mahatma Gandhi

that the world of Sanskritists will realise the contribution of Rama Raya to Sanskrit in different fields. □ □ □

In our next issue...

A Special Feature for Women

Smt Savitribai Khanolkar begins a new series for women, something strikingly original and different. Though born in the West, Smt. Khanolkar chose to become a daughter of the East. While being modern in outlook she is also a great believer in the traditional values which are today being imperceptibly being given the go by. A disciple of Swami Abhedananda, who in turn is a direct disciple of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, Smt. Khanolkar lives a spiritual life, while taking a lively interest in the happenings around her. She is also on the listeners' panel of the BBC.

Rabindranath Tagore—The Man and His Message

Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao stresses in this article that Tagore's message is relevant to our times which needs a sense of human concern and love.

**BIHAVAN'S
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informs and edifies.



THANK

*We are grateful to you Jayaprakash
That today we can assemble
masse*

*to express our gratitude for you
We still wonder, how this voice
beaming from a fragile body
was able to arouse this nation
from its Rip Van Winkle's slumber*

*We thought we were clay-footed
We had forgotten to stand secure*

*You thumped your rugged foot
and we were resolute on our*

We thought this night will never

*As we heaved a deep sigh
at the darkest hour of the night
you managed to rise suddenly
sun.*

*We were waiting for spring
to sing a song.*

Spring came and pronounced!

'Songs are prohibited'.

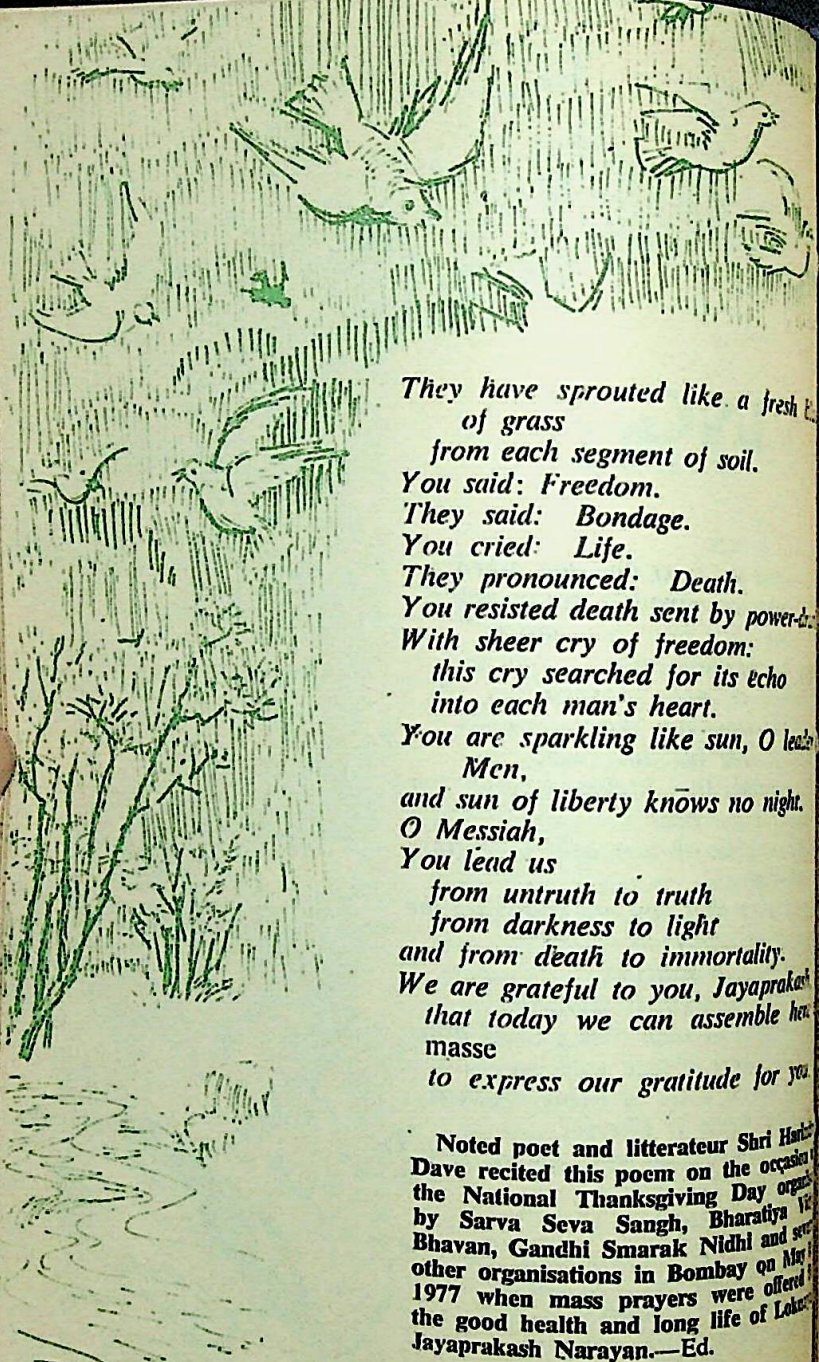
Flowers were stunned:

*They were not able to decide
whether they are on a branch
or are plucked in someone's hand
or are on the verge of being*

under an iron heel?

GIVING

Wave of breeze
interrupted the next one and asked;
"Do we require anyone's command
before we glide into this garden?"
amidst this darkest hour
You showed courage to speak.
Your words were not red
but they were bleeding wet,
and poured the lifeblood into our
frightful paleness.
You, the simplest of men; asked our tipsy
politicians:
"Do you know that you are eating up the
edges of our motherland?"
They laughed in ridicule
and for a moment it seemed
the simplest of men was pushed aside.
But his lips were ablaze with questions—
"Do you know what is being crushed
under your heels is liberty?"
"Do you know what you ignore is life
and
what you degrade is Man?"
Your questions are now in the
atmosphere:
They are sown as seeds;
They have rained like rains:



They have sprouted like a fresh
of grass
from each segment of soil.
You said: Freedom.
They said: Bondage.
You cried: Life.
They pronounced: Death.
You resisted death sent by power-
With sheer cry of freedom:
this cry searched for its echo
into each man's heart.
You are sparkling like sun, O leader
Men,
and sun of liberty knows no night.
O Messiah,
You lead us
from untruth to truth
from darkness to light
and from death to immortality.
We are grateful to you, Jayaprakash
that today we can assemble here
masse
to express our gratitude for you

Noted poet and litterateur Shri Harish
Dave recited this poem on the occasion
the National Thanksgiving Day organised
by Sarva Seva Sangh, Bharatiya Vidyapeeth
Bhavan, Gandhi Smarak Nidhi and several
other organisations in Bombay on May 1977 when mass prayers were offered for
the good health and long life of Lokmanya
Jayaprakash Narayan.—Ed.

... The Chatterjis were in fact, what Kalidasa has called the universal Parents, Jagatah pitarau, like Parvati and Parameshvara...

Personal Glimpses of Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterji

S. R. TIKEKAR

POLYGLOT scholars like Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterji are rare. Their very life is a miracle. We often wonder how they could achieve so much during so short a time they walked on this earth.

My contact with the scholar was due to a variety of reasons. First and foremost, my daughter and his last daughter studied together at Santiniketan for some years. Secondly, I had recorded his recitations, on my tape-recorder, in many languages which he knew. They include Bengali, Sanskrit, Pali, Greek, Persian and pre-Islamic Arabic. This was done at his own residence in Calcutta in 1955. The quality of that recording was surprisingly good, and sound engineers at All-India Radio

studio could not believe that it was as old as that.

Proficiency and scholarship seem to have been part of Dr. Chatterji's life since his college days. He stood first class first at both the University examinations—BA and MA (1911 and 1913, Calcutta). Surprisingly, for his MA, he had Old and Middle English, Germanic English and linguistics, as his special subjects.

Having secured scholarship for further study abroad Dr. Chatterji was admitted to the London University, where such well-known personalities as Dr. F. W. Thomas (Indo-European linguistics) Dr. L. D. Barnett (Prakrit and Indo-Aryan), Prof. Daniel Jones (phonetics) Sir D. Ross (Persian) and Prof.

Academic and Other Honours

D.Litt.: Rome, Delhi, Osmania, Calcutta and Rabindra Bharati Universities (London by right).

Deshikottam:... Vishwabharati.

Sahitya Vachaspathi: Hindi Sahitya Sammelan.

Padmabhushan, 1955; **Padma-vibhushan,** 1963.

President: R. A. Society, Bengal, twice, 1953-55; 1970-72; All-India Oriental Conference, Ahmedabad 1953; Bangiya Sahitya Parishad, Calcutta; Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi 1969; Instt. of Tamil Studies; Instt. of Russian Studies; International Phonetic Assn., London.

Chairman: Sanskrit Commission, 1956-57.

Robin Flower (Old Irish) were on the teaching staff.

From these savants, Dr. Chatterji picked up what best he could and by the dint of his own methodical work, added much more in each field of his study, so that in a short time, he became an accepted world authority as a linguist. It was obvious that in India, he was the first in many of the allied fields of the study of languages. He could score over others because of his mastery of Sanskrit.

For his D.Litt. the thesis was on *Origin and Development of the Bengali Language*, as part of Indo-Aryan Linguistics. This book in two parts has gone into

a second edition, a third part which contains additions as a result of further study. Even *Turner's Dictionary of Nepali Language* is a model in lexicography, useful for many Indo-Aryan languages, Dr. Chatterji's volumes on Bengali languages are useful for the study of other Indian languages.

Teaching for over 36 years at his *alma mater*, Calcutta University, Dr. Chatterji carried on his work and researches into all fields of his choice, with the ardour with which people generally pursue pleasure. Dr. Chatterji took great interest in his and his way of life, as speech was part of that life. Small groups of men living in pockets, less affected by the fast changing world, attracted his attention, more, be they the non-Christian Negroes following the Voodoo religion of the African continent or the Newaris of Nepal.

In search of small groups and their sub-cultures, Dr. Chatterji travelled extensively to nooks and corners of the world and wherever he went he lectured in the learned societies nearby. His wide range of topics for his lectures is quite baffling. This is a sample of such studied lectures:

Kirata-jana Kriti—The Mongoloids (Jorhat, 1947); *Braille for Persian and Arabic* (1951); *What India Took from China* (Moscow, 1960); *Iranian*

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ism, (Tehran, 1961); *Dravidian* (Annamalainagar, 1963; *Nepal and India* (Kathmandu, 1963); *Phonetics of Classical Languages in the East* (Bangalore 1967).

It would be difficult to do justice to the work of such a polyglot scholar, steeped in learning for the major part of his adult life. His devoted students have brought out a handy book, *Suniti Kumar Chatterji, the Scholar and the Man* (Jijnasa, Calcutta 29, 1970) which supplies chronological information about the publications and of tours of Dr. Chatterji and provides an outline of the honours that came to be bestowed on him.

In his own way Dr. Chatterji had brought out a small personal offering of love and respect for his wife, who left him in 1964, after a long married life of half a century. Family matters are mentioned in it along with extracts from the vast messages and letters of condolence. You have a glimpse of the life of the Chatterjis and of a model of Indian womanhood in that tribute.

Smt. Chatterji knew only Bengali, unlike her husband who knew most of the Indian languages, in addition to the classical languages of the world, ancient or modern. In one of his European tours, Dr. Chatterji had taken her to see the wide world and he was careful in describing to her the importance of places they were visiting.

DR. CHATTERJI'S OUTPUT

	English	Hindi
Books	21	7
Papers	335	42
Book Reviews	123	—
Forewords	26	11
Total	505	60

This is what happened in Cologne: "In Cologne, when we visited the great Gothic Cathedral, she was profoundly moved and she asked me whether it would be proper for her to sit down in a corner and say her *Hindu* prayers in that Christian edifice. On being told that it would be quite according to our Hindu ideas, as God was present everywhere, she was very happy to spend some time in prayer and meditation."

But the most touching part as narrated by Dr. Chatterji is about her preparations for the great departure:

"She had in the midst of her happy family life selected the *sari* and *choli* she was to wear on her funeral pyre. She had also laid by a small stock of sandal wood, which she had purchased at Mysore, for her own cremation."

Salutations to the Mother, who made it possible for Dr. Chatterji to pursue his delights in linguistics.

tic kingdoms of the wide world and to rise to such heights in scholarship, by shouldering all by herself the domestic burden. The Chatterjis were in fact, what Kalidasa has called the universal parents, *Jagatah pitarau*, like Parvati and Parameshvara.

Although Dr. Chatterji had obtained all the honours due to his stature in the international world of learning, he was just a simple man to almost all who came in contact with him. His brilliance would shine forth when an occasion arose for him to talk on something. In conversation, he had hardly a peer; he could keep any audience spell-bound for hours together.

Being the Chairman of the Bengal Legislative Council for 13 years and a member of the Rajya Sabha for many years, he had a rich fund of anecdotes relating to the Indian political field. In addition, he had undertaken many trips round the world which enabled him to come into contact with the high-ups in many countries. Funny situations arising out of strange customs, manners and mannerisms, as also out of a variety of languages, made his repertory quite full and he was almost bubbling to give expression to his anecdotes. The one which I have enjoyed most is the story about Dr. Rajendra Prasad, on the eve of his taking the Oath of

office as the President of the Republic of India and the subsequent "purification" of the Rashtrapati Bhavan at the hands of his family priest who had been specially brought to the capital from Patna.

Endowed with a remarkable memory, Dr. Chatterji was always a welcome guest. He could narrate many wonderful stories. He had the knack quite unusual for scholars, to keep up friendship with a stray contacts and his happy-go-lucky attitude made everyone who met him forget one's own worries. An optimist, Dr. Chatterji never betrayed any sense of anxiety or worry and looked always cheerful and happy. This was perhaps his scoring point.

Sanskrit scholars are generally limited in outlook; they seldom extend their scope of study beyond their immediate neighbourhood. Not so with Dr. Chatterji whose love for humanity was the widest ever known. He was enamoured of Greek literature and culture. He believed his thoughts were linked to Taoism, esoteric Hinduism and with Sufism (Islam, *tasawwuf*). That is perhaps why he, of all the scholars of East and West, South and North, could offer a well-studied monograph on *Africanism—The African Personality*.

Dr. Chatterji was a deep lover of poetry, and here language

age was no barrier to him. Can any one come up to him in this respect? His interest was known to be in: Old Irish poetry, Old Germanic poetry, Scandinavian epics, Baltic *Dainas* in Lithuanian and Latvian, Pre-Islamic Arabic—by Amr-ul-Kaif, *Vephris Tqaosani* of Georgians, Armenian hero legends, Chinese and Japanese nature poems, Finnish *Kalevala* and the Ladakhi version of *Kesar Saga*.

Arya-Dravid problems regarding the people and the languages stir up emotions, and unnecessary expression is given to "personal views" not based on scientific observations. Dr. Chatterji was above all such small differences; he was always scientific and is known to have had no enemies. Among the Tamil scholars, Dr. Chatterji was known as *Nanneri Murugan*, which is the literal Tamil rendering of *Suniti Kumar*. In the Sankara-Shanmata Conference at Madras in 1969, Dr. Chatterji was invited to speak on *Kumara*. And he was fond of telling how his wife was greatly impressed by the Muruga temple at Palni. That shows how much he was at one with the Tamilian ways of life and how much he had studied their literature.

True to Indian tradition, he saw everywhere a happy blend of many peoples of many cultures, all contributing to an emerging composite world culture.

About many national problems, Dr. Chatterji held definite views and he was bold enough to declare them openly. He liked the roman script for all Indian and allied languages because of its universality and ease of operations in mechanical handling. The study of English, he considered essential for Indian students, particularly at the higher stage. Obviously, he did not want to lose the advantage we have over many other nations in knowing English language so well, having used it for over a century and a half. For a scholar of his stature, no language could be foreign.

* * *

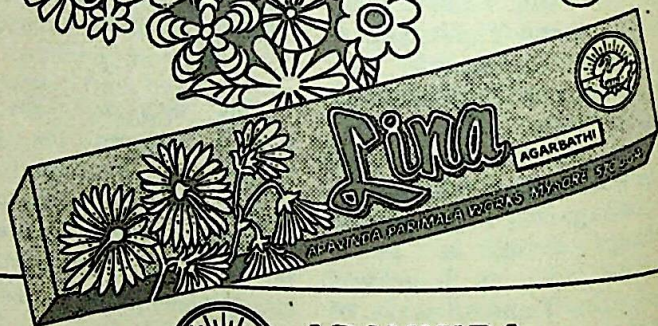
This then was Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterji the peerless linguist. One must be fortunate to have seen him, to have talked with him, to have listened to his delightful stories of many lands and of many people. Salutations to the polyglot!

□ □ □

Friendships like trees, bring forth fruit after their kind.
Corrupt friendships, corrupt fruit; good friendship good fruit.

—R. Diggle.

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Living With A Heaven-Born Husband

SMT. SARASWATI K. P. S. MENON

CHAPTER VI

ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER

THE post in Aden, to which my husband had been nominated, could not remain unfilled until the advent of our twins. Our transfer to Aden was cancelled and my husband was posted to the grim North West Frontier.

To start with, we were not sure whether it was not a case of 'from the frying pan into the fire.' Lately the papers were full of the murder of Mrs. Ellis, the wife of Col. Ellis, in the heart of the Kohat Cantonment and the kidnapping of their daughter into tribal territory. Moreover, we were not sure of the climate or the accommodation in Peshawar. So it was decided that my husband should go by himself first, and I should spend the summer with my father in Coonoor. My father came to Hyderabad on his way south from Delhi and I and the children left with him.

Let me mention a small incident that took place at the railway station. It happened that the Resident was also leaving Hyderabad the same night for Ootacamund, but from another platform. My father and I were already in the compartment when Major Robson, the First Secretary at the Residency, came along and said to my father that the Resident would like to bid good-bye to him. My father, standing at the open door of the compartment talking to my husband on the platform, said in his slow deliberate manner: "I shall be very happy to see the Resident."

Major Robson seemed to hesitate for a moment and then went away, returning a few minutes later with the Resident. It amused my husband and myself to think that things had not

worked out quite as the Resident had planned. It was a new experience for the Resident to come to an Indian instead of the other way round.

A similar incident I have heard had happened some years previously when my father was a Judge of the High Court in Madras. It was the custom there that a newly appointed judge should call on all the Senior judges, but if the new-comer happened to be an Englishman the Indian Judges had to call on him first. The Registrar of the High Court once came and said to my father, who was already quite senior, that so and so who had just arrived from England was now ready to see him. "I am quite ready to receive so and so," said my father and he remained in his room till the other judge came. After that the English Judges, too, always called on the seniors first.

I spent a couple of months in Coonoor and Cuddalore with my sister. One of the twins, Malini, was very tiny and rickety and but for my sister and my devoted ayah, Nani Amma, I doubt if she would have survived. My husband came down south for his niece's wedding and while going back I and the children, now four little girls aged $3\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$ and the last two, a few months old, accompanied him. From the station in Peshawar we went straight to the house of K.R.K.

Menon, who had just married his husband's niece and who was in the south, visiting with his bride. And then we started looking for a house to live in. We could find none. At last at the end of Jheel Road we found a dilapidated, empty house. The next day we moved into that house with our belongings, a few suit-cases and trunks and began enquiring who the owner was. My husband then wrote him a letter saying that we were occupying his house and were prepared to pay him a rent of Rs. 50/-. Apparently, the landlord considered this a windfall. Very rickety furniture was available for hire.

The N.W.F.F. was completely manned by British officers even after the glittering life in Hyderabad. We had hardly any social life here. It was just as well, as my twin girls needed all my attention to keep them alive. My husband was still on probation both officially and socially in the F. & M. till now a preserve of the British. We heard that there had been considerable speculation as to how a "down country" man, like that a Hindu, would get on with the Pathans. In fact, we got on very well. We made some lasting friends. One was Arbab Ahammad Ali Jan. It was an irony of fate, more than years later, in the war against Pakistan, a bomb dropped by an airman nephew of ours fell

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on his house and destroyed it. But in 1927 Ahammad Ali Jan was an Indian and his house was one of the few places to which we could go to in Peshawar and have delicious *pulao* and *kabab*.

In 1969, when we visited Pakistan we met the Arbab again, living in another house, and the whole family was as friendly and hospitable as ever. Another couple who were great friends of ours were the Dalayas. Dalaya was a professor in King Edward's College, a missionary institution, and our families became very friendly, both being "down-country." The Dalayas had a tragedy during the first few years. Their eldest son was a beautiful baby and had a Pathan ayah.

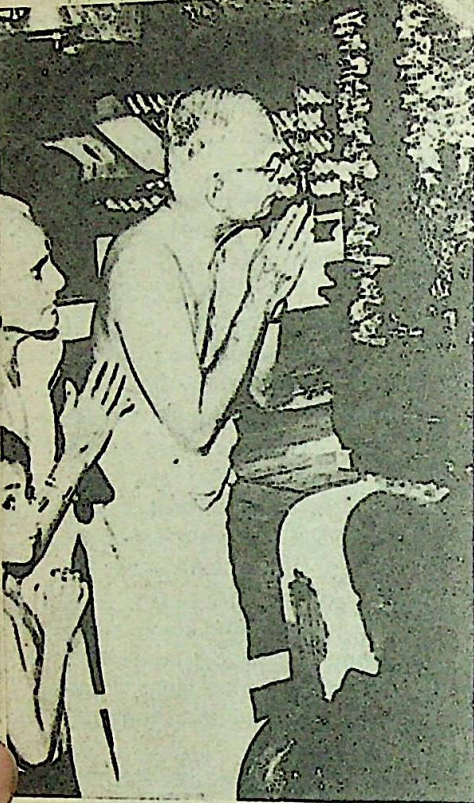
Pathan ayahs had a habit of giving small doses of opium to the babies to keep them quiet. Whether the doses which this ayah gave to this baby, who did not possess a strong Pathan stomach, were too much or not, the baby developed dysentery and died. Mrs. Dalaya was so shaken that we feared she might go off her head, but she recovered and bore three more sons and a daughter.

At the end of 1948, when we were in Delhi, the Dalayas suddenly turned up. They were asked straight from Pakistan. Asked why they had not left Pakistan earlier they said that they had intended to stay on in Pakistan, but once, when going

in a tonga, he overheard a conversation between the tonga driver and a friend. The friend asked him who was in the tonga, and the driver answered something to this effect. "They are Christians, but they are also a burden and have to be got rid off." Dalaya said it was this remark and the thought that if he remained in Pakistan he would, in a few years' time, have to put his only daughter into strict *pardah* that made him leave Pakistan. He left Peshawar without letting any of his colleagues or friends know. Only the two servants in the house knew of his intentions and with true Pathan loyalty they helped him in his secret packing and never betrayed him to anyone.

Another couple whom we knew well were Col. Patney of the I.M.S. and Mrs. Patney. He was a great bridge player; I was always nervous when I had to make a fourth as he had an uncanny gift of knowing exactly what cards I held. A bridge game would be in progress between Col. Patney, my husband and two others. I would approach him nervously saying that the child (one of the twins) had 12 motions that day and that her face was slightly swollen; and Col. Patney, hardly lifting his eyes from the game, would bark out: "Double the dose: three diamonds."

The N.W.F.P. was on the



The Menons offering worship at a Kerala shrine.

whole like a desert with its brown houses, but in winter the Peshawar Cantonment was a rose garden. We spent the summer in Nathiagali to escape the heat.

In the second half of 1928 I was again expecting. We heard that my father was coming to Peshawar as Chairman of the Central Committee and that he would be staying with the Chief Commissioner as his guest, but that, as he wanted to spend some days with us before his work started, he would come a few days earlier and stay with us.

My husband and I looked at each other. What would he say when he saw I was expecting again? "Always keep your overcoat buttoned up and pray he does not notice anything," said my husband. I prayed, and my prayer was answered and he noticed nothing. My brother, who was a hard nut to crack, asked me point blank, "Are you expecting?" and I in desperation said, "No." I wonder what he thought of when about four months later he saw our telegram: "Twin boys. All well." Col. Patney came and saw the babies and said, in a brusque way, "Get a wet nurse or they will die."

Meanwhile, a complication was brewing. For some time now we had been feeling that my dealings with the gods were rather low—otherwise why should they have given me four girls and not a single son?—and that they needed a little propitiation. So I made a vow that if this time it was a boy (I still thought in terms of singles) we would have a rice-feeding ceremony in the Guruvayur temple.

Nani Amma, my devoted aunt, also made a vow at the same time that if it was a boy he would be taken for his rice-feeding ceremony to the Palani temple. As the time for delivery approached, Nani Amma, confident that it would be a boy,

told me that we must have the rice-feeding in Palani as it is going to be boy.

"But if it is a boy the rice-feeding must be in Guruvayur, as I have made a vow," I said. "But I have promised that it shall be in Palani," said Nani Amma. As it turned out, we could fulfil our vows towards both Palaniappan and Guruvayurappan by taking one baby for his rice-feeding to one, and the other baby to the other. "How lucky that K.P.S. did not make a vow to a third shrine!", commented by brother.

In October 1929 my heaven-born husband was thrust across India into a foreign orbit as

My love and true respect for India were born when I first read the Indian epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, in the present (Dutt's) translation in my college days. In these two masterpieces we are brought closer to the atmosphere, ideals and customs of ancient Hindu life than by a hundred volumes of commentary on the Upanishads, and through them, Hindu ideals as well as Hindu men and women, become real to us. And the fact that Hindu imagination produced such masterpieces of literature, closely rivalling Homer in antiquity, and in beauty and power of portraying human passions, is a definite pledge of the worth and richness of the Hindu civilisation.

—Lin Yutang

Agent of the Government of India in Ceylon.

(To be continued)

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The author gave on April 29, 1977 this lecture at the Bhavan's to Bombay and Poona with a slide show showing her 'Gateway

FINDING MY GATEWAY

I first saw the Indian Ocean whilst visiting friends in South East Africa five years ago. From Durban the sea, a glorious tur-

quoise blue, shimmered all day in intense sunshine. Despite the tropical setting, I had no thought of sailing away to the Indies.



U. K. Centre on her travels through the United Arab Emirates to the East.' Mrs. Cashmore is a member of the Bhavan,

TO THE EAST

JOSEPHINE CASHMORE

In life one has to get the timing right. It was only after an unexpected turn of events that I was to find myself on the great subcontinent and to be enthralled by the varied nature of Indian philosophy and art. Against a timeless background of scenic beauty and extremes of climate, the Hindu Islamic and Western cultures have entwined on an unprecedented scale.

An outsider cannot but look askance at the various gods and images which are revered by devoted Hindus but gradually one realises their faith is not bound by books of dogma and their belief is in one God, the fountainhead of all goodness.

Reassuringly for many of us, Mahatma Gandhi did not believe that God could be realized through intellect. Among many biblical analogies to this, there is a wonderful one in Ecclesiastes VIII: "I applied mine heart to know and to search and to seek wisdom and the reason of things."

I came across these words whilst in the church in Dubai which is closely linked to the

worldwide missions to Seamen. In 1971 the Ruler, Sheikh Rashid, laid the foundation of this church which must be a rare and historic event. Such a friendly gesture both warms the heart and illumines the fact that many paths lead to God. This becomes more apparent the further east one travels.

Like other major oil cities in the Arabian Gulf, the pace of life in Dubai is hectic. So much has been achieved in an incredibly short time. Until recently its face was due primarily to its pearl industry. Now as the second leading United Arab Emirate, it has a fine airport, huge entrepot port, dry dock, tunnel under the creek, hospitals, schools and motorways. In this decade, the population has become as cosmopolitan as you can find anywhere. There is a fascinating diversity with many Indians, Baluchis, Pakistanis, Pathans, Jordanians, Egyptians, Iranians and Lebanese as well as Europeans, Americans and Japanese.

Even in these magnetic surroundings of Oriental charm, I

was not ready to explore the land of the tiger, fragrant spices, the guru and Taj Mahal. But when I did set off for Bombay and Poona I was to find a key to unlock treasures beyond my imagination.

It is impossible to visualize all the words that must have cascaded forth about India. That I should be asked to add a few more is a challenge and honour. After all I saw only a fraction of the country but it was for me a most impressive and inspiring fraction. As the Chinese proverb goes: "A journey of a thousand miles begins with the first step."

My tree of Indian knowledge has been slender indeed. As a school-girl I read exciting books about the North-West Frontier and Kyber Pass. Indian cricketers, like film stars, were household names, lovely Paisley shawls were Indian in design and interest in the East India Company would trigger off the debate whether trade followed the flag or the flag followed trade.

It is not surprising that Bombay with its strategic position is called the Gateway of India. A longer stay than I made is necessary to take a firm grasp of its geography; it is so vast and seems to have expanded with tendrils growing from several centres. Its rise to eminence was due to the East India Company moving there from Surat in the 17th cen-

tury. In his book, *Britain in India*, R. P. Masani described how settlements in the early days of the East Indian Company, at Madras and Calcutta, grew rapidly with the neighbouring Indian population choosing to settle there because it found the English both strong and safe to live under and honest and advantageous to trade with."

Today the vitality of Bombay affects every visitor. That writer, Aubrey Menen, was delighted to return there in 1946 after 17 years' absence. Travelling from the airport, his young driver asked whether he was full of memories. Menen reflected, "I should have been. But now, as we drove by the concrete wall of apartment houses lining the bay, I was thinking about the new sort of Indian who sat beside me and who found excitement in a city that 15 years before had driven me almost mad with boredom."

I was fortunate enough to see the evening view of the curved sea front from Malabar Hill. I wonder it is affectionately known as the "Queen's necklace." Another unforgettable sight was from the restaurant on top of Taj's splendid new tower. Against a midnight blue sky, the great seaport far below with its historic landmarks was lit by thousands of twinkling lights.

Staying at the Oberoi Sheraton one would find some celebrities

croising at times through the glamorous vestibule. I was told that the Dalai Lama was staying there but did not see him. An intriguing figure was Sheikh Abdullah. Looking solemn and thoughtful, he towered far above his wife and retinue. A few months ago it was reported in the British press that his government intended to direct educational establishments to acquire a greater knowledge of moral values through religious teaching of Islam, Hinduism and Christianity. This looks an attractive guideline especially from a politician but perhaps not an unusual one considering the Indian propensity for ideological solutions.

Certain incidents remind one of places, a poignant or an endearing memory. One I like to treasure is about a small boy who saw me walking along the esplanade by the Taj. He began to do cartwheels to earn a coin or two. It was all so spontaneous as he laughingly went on ahead throwing his legs in the air and then looking back to see if I was satisfied.

It is not easy in a short time to measure the true heartbeat of a country by its leading cities. For instance, the sheer size and bustle of London, Rome, New York and Bombay create a thick veneer to penetrate. Instead the momentum of life in places like Poona allows a more relaxed ap-

proach and atmosphere in which to contemplate. In this fascinating old centre of Maharashtrian loyalties, I talked with Parsi military families, Buddhist monks, a Scottish missionary and Anglican nuns, Americans attending an ashram, a Goanese chemist with a Portuguese name, a Baluchi police officer from East Africa, college girls and their principal and university students who persuaded me to support their dance in aid of a poor community by the river.

I was astonished by a coincidence whilst doing some research at the Poona Club Library. Before I left for India, a friend gave me a copy of her book about the Arabian Nights. Inside she inscribed Akbar's message on his Great Archway at Fatehpur Sikri about 1575: "Said Jesus, on whom be peace. The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no houses there. Who hopes for an Hour, hopes for Eternity. Spend the Hour in Devotion. The rest is unknown."

I came across these words again in the Library in the biography of Princess Musbah Haidar. In 1902 her English mother had married an Arab prince in Istanbul. It was an enthralling book and I made some notes for little did I guess I would find a copy to buy at a book fair in Oxford.

I first started to read about India in Poona. It was an ideal

situation to enjoy the distant hills from my balcony, then switch to Dr. Perceval Spear's *History of India*. His effortless style is superb for transmitting history. Dr. Spear first went to India in 1924 soon after leaving Cambridge. He taught history at St. Stephen's College, Delhi, and continues to write about the sub-continent with scholarship and a deep understanding.

I could not have stayed long in Poona without learning about Shivaji. There was an impressive bust of this mighty warrior and patriot in the foyer of my hotel. It was interesting for me to discover that the foundation stone under an equestrian statue of Shivaji was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1921. In his cabin, a rickshaw driver displayed a portrait of Shivaji. As I admired it so much, a Moslem friend found me a copy to bring home, a fitting trophy from Poona.

Naturally I saw the sad face of India. There were the afflicted and limbless in the streets and little children lay along the footpaths. The overriding impression, however, is that spiritual values are fundamental to everyday affairs. This seems perfectly natural to the Indian after centuries of assimilating various philosophies yet still retaining his own. And in his gentleness of manner we see reflected his innate self.

In trying to describe the present situation in a nutshell, the first hazard to avoid is to generalize. But having said this, everyone will have recognised the paramount question of population. Until this century, the problem had not seriously arisen. Durga Das, the distinguished editor, was in London in 1931. Asked by G. Bernard Shaw what he regarded as the secret of Indian survival, he gave a most coherent reply in his book *From Curzon to Nehru and After*: "Ours was a system of social security. In modern idiom it guaranteed employment, the incentive to work and the exchange of services, adequate provision for the aged, the widow and the orphan and a sort of insurance against natural disasters. The State as such did not come into the picture. In fact the system was rooted in the assumption that the State did not exist."

It is inevitable that each period of man brings in its wake a fresh set of problems but basic human needs and characteristics remain the same. One can recognise this from the study of history and, more intimately, in the neighbourhood where you live. But travel is the most stimulating and progressive teacher and through this love and understanding grow when once you warm to a people in the mass.

Admiring architecture as I do, I took my camera to India to

capture shots of fine buildings but instead I found myself way-laid and spellbound by the people. But I hope one day to return and to focus my lens on a vestige of India's magnificent heritage left by successive dynasties of Maharajahs and Moghuls and, dare I add, some British Raj?

Since returning home, I seem to have become immersed in Indian affairs. It is quite fascinating to see things in a different light when once our eyes are opened. Until recently I had not realised the depth of affection which had been stirred in the hearts of our servicemen stationed on the sub-continent during

the last war. How touching to find them more mellow and misty-eyed when you mention India.

Good friends sometimes allow others to get a word in edgeways. It seems appropriate, therefore, to finish with these sentiments expressed by a Professor of Education who has recently returned to India: "I love my country immensely and I also love yours. I have a great respect for the sterling qualities of the English and you are unaware of them as you are one of them. I miss many things of your country."

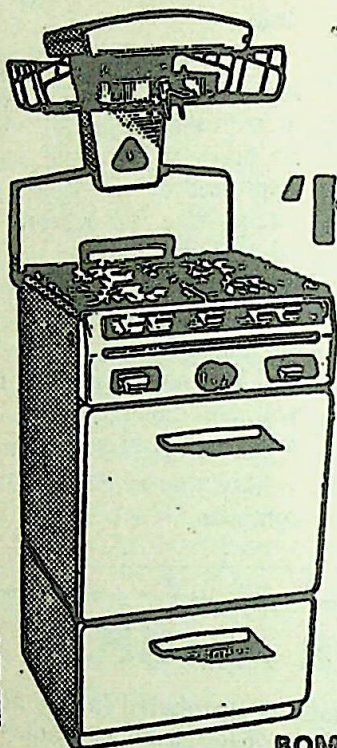
May this rapprochement long continue.

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SAMVARTA

DR. D. LAKSHMANA RAO

AND

A. V. V. NARASIMHA MURTHY

THE story of Samvarta is primarily one of saintly humility and rock-like steadfastness. In all the episodes of his remarkable life, we find him humble but immovable as a rock when he espouses a cause. So too, we find in him the worthy quality of fearlessness in challenging the unrighteous and defending the right. These qualities make him stand out as a moral hero

among the characters in our epics.

Samvarta was one of the more illustrious sons of the sage Angirasa by his wife Sraddha. Utadhya and Brihaspati were his brothers. Of these, the former led a life of devotion and study, while Brihaspati distinguished himself by his learning and became the *guru* of Indra and the other celestial beings. Samvarta too was religious and learned, but unlike Brihaspati, he was humble and self-effacing.

The episode which most clearly highlights the strength of Samvarta's character is his participation in the yaga of King Marut. This king, whose wealth and resolute independence had excited the jealousy of Indra, wished to perform a yaga. He went to Brihaspati, whose father had been the guru of Marut's grandfather, and requested him to be his guru and preside over the conduct of his yaga. Luck seemed to be on the side of Marut. Brihaspati readily agreed to his request.

When Indra came to know of this, he was very much upset, and pleaded with Brihaspati: "Is it not a comedown for the guru of the King of the Celestials to consent to be the guru of a mortal? If you say 'yes', I shall perform a yaga ten times as great, and you shall preside over its conduct. Pray, give up your intention to preside

over the conduct of Marut's yaga." These words had their effect on Brihaspati. When Marut came to him and asked him to come and conduct the yaga, Brihaspati said: "How can I, the guru of the gods, be guru to a mortal? Go and find someone else to conduct your yaga." Marut's repeated pleas left Brihaspati unmoved.

Marut was downcast at Brihaspati's betrayal. The sage Narada found him in this dejected mood, and finding out the reason for Marut's gloom, said, "Do not be disheartened. There is Brihaspati's equally learned brother Samvarta, who is far superior to Brihaspati in other respects. He is the man for this job. Find him out and persuade him to be your guru. Your yaga is bound to succeed." He then instructed Marut on how to find Samvarta, blessed the much-relieved king, and left.

Marut then went to the holy city of Varanasi, and found Samvarta according to Narada's directions. He then made his desire known to Samvarta. Samvarta said to him: "I have renounced the world and am almost a walking corpse. My brother Brihaspati is the proper person for this. Go and ask him to be your yajaka." Marut then told him of how he had already approached Brihaspati and of the treatment meted out to him. Samvarta then consent-

ed to be Marut's yajaka, cautioned him: "You had better be forewarned. Indra and his brother Brihaspati won't let you alone when they come to know of this. They will leave a stone unturned to frustrate your plan and make you abandon your yaga. Most certainly they will try to pressurize you into giving me up and taking Brihaspati as your yajaka. Should you yield to their pressures, you will be utterly annihilated. But sticking to me will certainly invite the wrath of Indra and Brihaspati. Decide only after reflection."

Marut replied: "May my soul be utterly annihilated if I swear from loyalty to you even in the greatest adversity."

This solemn declaration of Marut convinced Samvarta of the king's earnestness. He thereupon took charge of the king's yaga, and directed the preparations. The true greatness of Samvarta is revealed in his conduct in connection with Marut's yaga.

News of the commencement of the yaga reached the ears of Brihaspati, who felt slighted before his brother. Indra noted Brihaspati's gloom and found out the reason from Brihaspati himself. He lost no time in initiating action to foil Marut's yaga. He sent Agni to persuade Marut to give up Samvarta and take Brihaspati as his yajaka.

Marut was respectful but firm in refusing to change his *yajaka*. When Agni repeated Indra's message, Marut got angry and said to Agni: "Go, lest I annihilate you; and bring no more such messages." Agni then returned to Indra and told him of the result of his mission.

Indra then sent a Gandharva king named Dhritarashtra to Marut, ordering the latter to give up Samvarta and take Brihaspati as his *yajaka*. Once again, Marut firmly refused to change his *yajaka*. The Gandharva king returned to Indra and told him of what had happened. Indra was at a loss to

know what to do. He then sent his *vajrayudha* (his weapon) to frighten Marut into submission. But when Samvarta saw Indra's weapon coming, he immobilised it with the force of his *tapas*.

Marut was awe-struck at Samvarta's power. But the yaga could not be successfully completed without Indra and the other gods coming to accept their portions in the yaga. He requested Samvarta to let Indra and the other gods come there and accept their portions in the yaga without anger or rancour. Samvarta ordered the *vajrayudha* to go back, and then invited Indra and the other gods to



TEMPLE OF JOY

He who is learning how to subdue and control his turbulent, wandering thoughts, is becoming wiser every day; and though for a time the Temple of Joy will not be completed, he will gather strength in laying its foundation and building up its walls, and the day will come when, like a wise master-builder, he will rest at peace in the beautiful habitation which he has built. Wisdom inheres in self-control, and in wisdom is "pleasantness and peace."

The life of self-control is no barren deprivation, no wilderness of monotony. Renunciation there is, but it is the renunciation of the ephemeral and false in order that the abiding and true may be realised!

—James Allen

come and accept the sacrifice of Marut. Such was the power of Samvarta's penance that Indra and the other gods came there like vassals at the behest of their lord. But Samvarta and Marut showed them all due courtesy and gave them appropriate seats.

Marut pleaded with Indra: "Pray, be not angry, but accept my offerings. Samvarta, my guru is the brother of the great Brihaspati, your guru. He deserves respect of both of us." Indra was mollified, and replied: "Truly Samvarta is venerable, and is my guru too."

He was about to fall at the feet of Samvarta, but then the great sage himself fell at Indra's feet and said: "Marut is fortunate in that you have deigned to come here and accept the yaga. Your coming here is the fruit of my penance. Pray, join on Marut's sacrifice with favour and grant him the highest worlds."

When Indra agreed to do so the yaga proceeded. Each of the gods came and received his portion, which gratified Samvarta and Marut. Thus the yaga was a splendid success and was fruitful. At the end, Indra and the other gods blessed Marut and left. Samvarta too blessed Marut and asked him to return to his kingdom.

Then Samvarta returned to the forest to continue his tapas. He lived for a long time, as a rishi of great power, the equal of the gods themselves.

The above narrative brings out the sterling qualities of Samvarta's character: his detachment, his will-power, his firmness in following a chosen course of action, and last but not least, his refusal to compromise over a defeated adversary. These are indeed the highest qualities, deserving to be cultivated by every man. These make Samvarta a worthy ideal even for the highest of men.

Spotlight on Indian Educational Problems-2

R. N. JOSHI

Education should aim at developing the head, heart and hand—the prerogative of mankind. For economic development of rural areas and the weaker section of society, the author suggests a scheme.

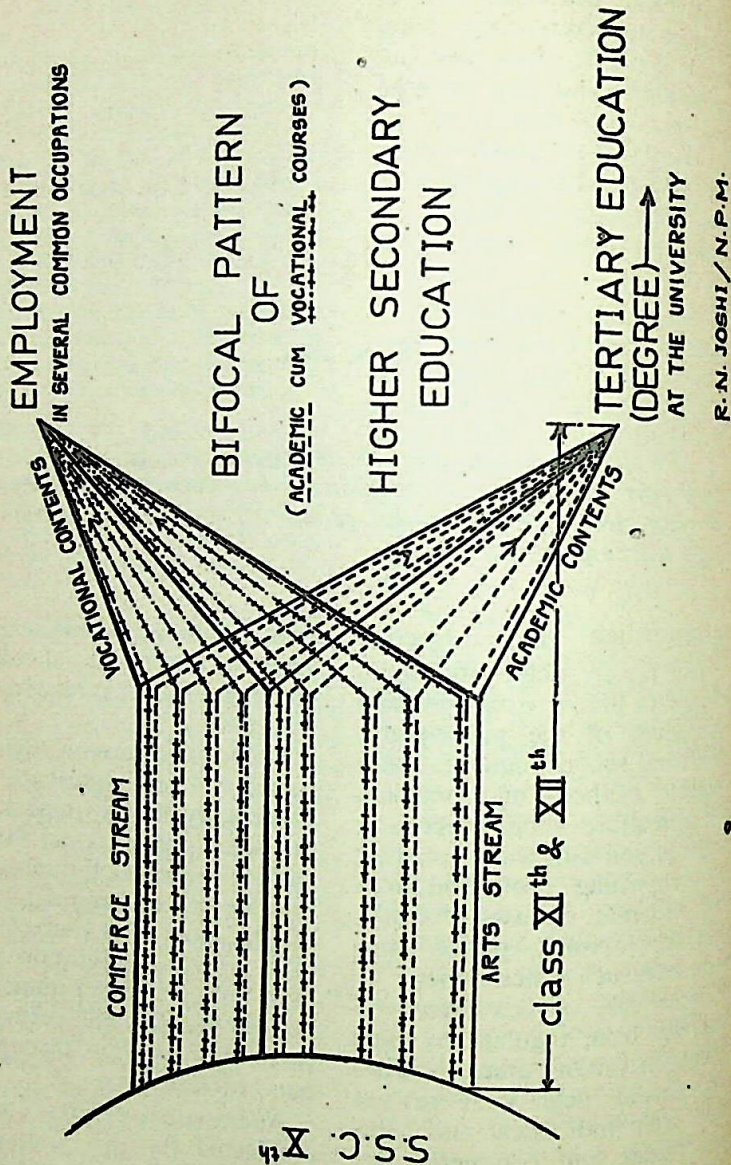
MOREOVER the instruction may largely deal with topics relevant to life, environment and occupations of the participants. Thus rural schools can deal with desirable methods and practices in agriculture such as conservation of soil and water, manure and composting, protection from pests and rats, diseases of cattle, rural development, public sanitation and such other topics.

In the case of children who drop out from regular day time schools in urban areas, instruction should deal with several small scale industries, and common trades and commerce, together with public health. Subjects such as civics and adminis-

tration, consumer arithmetic and general knowledge should be common for both rural and urban students.

Relevant education thus imparted will find immediate utility particularly to the rural student for whom the work on the field and instruction at the school will together make a sandwich pattern of education. It is suggested that such relevant education should be taken up in hand immediately and its benefits will permeate to the entire society through the band of teenagers.

Audio-visual centres could be conducted for the purpose in every town with a population of 5,000 and serving an area in the



R. N. JOSHI / N. P. M.

radius of three miles. There would be 35,000 such centres throughout India. Each centre would need Rs. 2,000/- as capital expenses for the projector, loud speaker, slides, and strips, and Rs. 3,000/- per year as recurring expenditure. Total annual recurring expenditure of Rs. 10.5 crores would offer relevant education to some 25 million teenagers i.e., with a nominal expense of Rs. 4/- per student per year, being one-fortieth of expenses on his counter-part in day time school.

It would be well to impart part-time secondary education as suggested above as a part and parcel of the education structure, and grant the certificate of S.S.C. Part I to all those who attend the instruction for four years. (See Plate 1) The idea is to make acquisition of this qualification within the reach of every student undergoing the programme. There has to be sufficient incentive for the children to attend the course. Part I of the S.S.C. should be given a status and may be considered as a desirable qualification in securing a job in a government or semi-government organisation or in granting of permits and licenses or any such facilities. Side by side with the programme of audio-visual aids, in part-time schools, education in academic subjects such as languages, mathematics etc., may

be made available to such students who like to have it and which may be offered for an hour or two earlier to the common programme. A library of suitable books should be attached to the centre and students should be encouraged to get the books issued and read them.

For students completing Part I of the S.S.C. in part time schools and possessing academic potentialities, special facilities should be offered for full time education of the duration of one year or more for completing Part 2 of the S.S.C., which should consist of the subjects of mathematics, science, and a subject which would be his medium of instruction in higher secondary.

On completing Part 2 of the S.S.C. the student should be considered as full-fledged S.S.C. equivalent to the one attending the four-year day-time secondary school and should be eligible for pursuing any further course of studies. (See Plate 1).

It would even be desirable to grant some weightage to the student of Part III as he has taken education the hard way, has had sufficient exposure to life situations, and participated in the processes of production. The weightage should be given not only for admissions to courses in higher education but to a certain extent even in the appointments in services. These students

having had a first-hand experience at the field and in rural areas would be in a better position to attend to the development of rural areas and betterment of the backward communities.

Bifocal Pattern of Higher Secondary

The characteristic feature of higher secondary should be vocational diversification. Vocational education in addition to being a part of the general and continuing education also prepares the student for an occupation. Such education should be so designed that it will develop talents, interest and skill leading to an occupation while leaving the doors of further education open without making discrimination between academic and vocational channels. While it is desired to provide vocational education to large numbers after Class X, the infrastructural resources for such large-scale vocational education are conspicuously lacking. In the meanwhile, it would be prudent to dovetail vocational education in academic channels and to coach the student for a particular occupation as adequately as possible. This will not be too difficult in the case of occupations largely based on academic knowledge and information. Vocation in such cases is applied academics. Higher secondary education

should be of bifocal pattern with academic contents enough for entry to Tertiary education and vocational contents enough to enable the student to take to such occupation if he desires to do so. (See Plate IV)

Bifurcation at Class XI will be branchwise in the first instance, such as Arts, Science or Commerce, and even in a branch the selection of subjects will be clusterwise. The syllabus at Class XI may be mostly common for a cluster of vocations, with academic contents enough for pursuing Tertiary education and providing a fit foundation for the said cluster of vocations.

In Class XII, half the time will be allotted for related academic studies and the other half to gain working knowledge of a particular occupation. Practical knowledge in a vocation consolidates the theoretical background and makes education relevant to life situations. Thus courses in the commerce branch might have the following vocational channels:

Book-keeping and Accountancy, Office and Business Practice, Insurance and Taxation, Banking and Co-operation, Small-scale industries, and Processes of Production and Distribution.

In the Arts branch, vocational channels would be provided in: Office Procedure, Stores and Purchases, Municipal and Panchayat Administration, Insurance

JULY 3, 1977

and Brokerage, Marketing, Social Work, Labour Welfare, Journalism and Publishing, Librarian, Tourism, Goods and Passenger Transport, Primary Teacher.

Vocational channels in higher secondary may also be provided in the branch of B.A. with science, in occupations such as, laboratory assistants, paramedical services, laundry and dying etc. There is good scope for vocational channels in the faculty of home science such as confectionary, preserved food, nutrition, embroidery and needle work, flower arrangements and window-dressing, and child welfare. Vocational channel should also be provided in fine arts. Channels could also be provided for mechanical maintenance, electrical maintenance, farm machinery attendants, scooter repairs, building contractor, surveyor, etc., at the higher secondary with a possibility for admission to the second year of diploma course in engineering. It would be well to award suitable diplomas at the end of the higher secondary to enable the student to practise in the related vocation.

The academic-cum-vocational courses in higher secondary will eliminate the discrimination between academic and vocational channels, and is likely to be an effective means of vocational diversification. It will furnish almost everybody with vocational

training in one of the common occupations avoiding frustration amongst the educated. The scheme as above can be given effect to, without any special expenses being incurred, and can in due course of time be extended to other technical vocations which might need more elaborate facilities and resources.

Diploma in Agriculture

A diploma course in agriculture seems necessary to produce a middle level technician in agriculture. The course may be of three years with a field training of one year intermittently administered. The student taking S.S.C. through part-time schools in rural areas should be able to complete the diploma in half the time. Several agriculturists would find it useful to take diploma in agriculture, and with wide-spread education in agriculture, agricultural production and agro-industries should flourish to a considerable extent.

Facilities should be given to diploma-holders in engineering or agriculture to appear for either a professional or university examination which will offer them complete equivalence to a degree. Facilities should also be given for research-oriented programmes of two to three years' duration to diploma holders who show special meritorious achievements in practical life, such as discovering new

gadgets or processes. On undergoing such research-oriented programmes they should get the Master's degree equivalent, and should be eligible to do research, particularly of applied type.

Adult Education and Continuing Education.

Spread of literacy amongst illiterate adults needs to be pursued with vigour. This can best be done as a part of non-formal education with the active assistance of several social organisations. Literacy campaign should further be supplemented by vocational education through audio-visual aids. In doing so the equipment furnished for part-time secondary education could very well be utilised.

Short-term part-time vocational courses in large number of vocations should be started and should preferably be run by teaching institutions in collaboration with guilds or trade associations.

The idea should be to give formal education inclusive of the theoretical background as well as demonstration and practice of the trade. The courses should ordinarily be open for those who are employed and would like to improve their proficiency in the trade. Formal training in trade is quite important, and in the absence of such training, a worker would go on working in a wrong way for the whole of

his life-time. The training would improve the trainee's prospects and would raise the productivity in industry. Demand and supply of trained personnel will get automatically balanced, and it will not be for the educationist to find out venues of employment for the trainees.

Admission requirements for the short-term vocational courses need not be very rigid regarding academic qualification. Deficiencies may be permitted to be made good by remedial measures. Courses should generally be available for different levels of proficiency, so that every worker always gets an opportunity to improve his prospects by taking suitable training.

Lessons to Learn

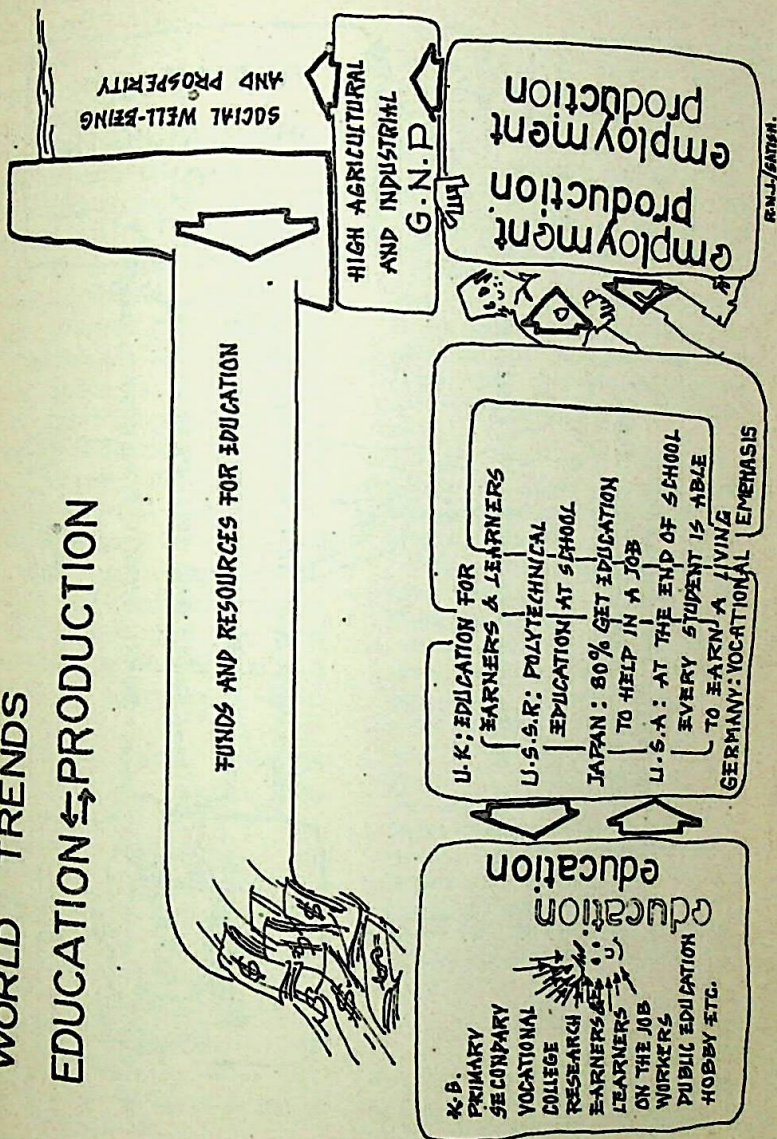
Educational practices in different countries furnish useful material from which we can draw advantages.

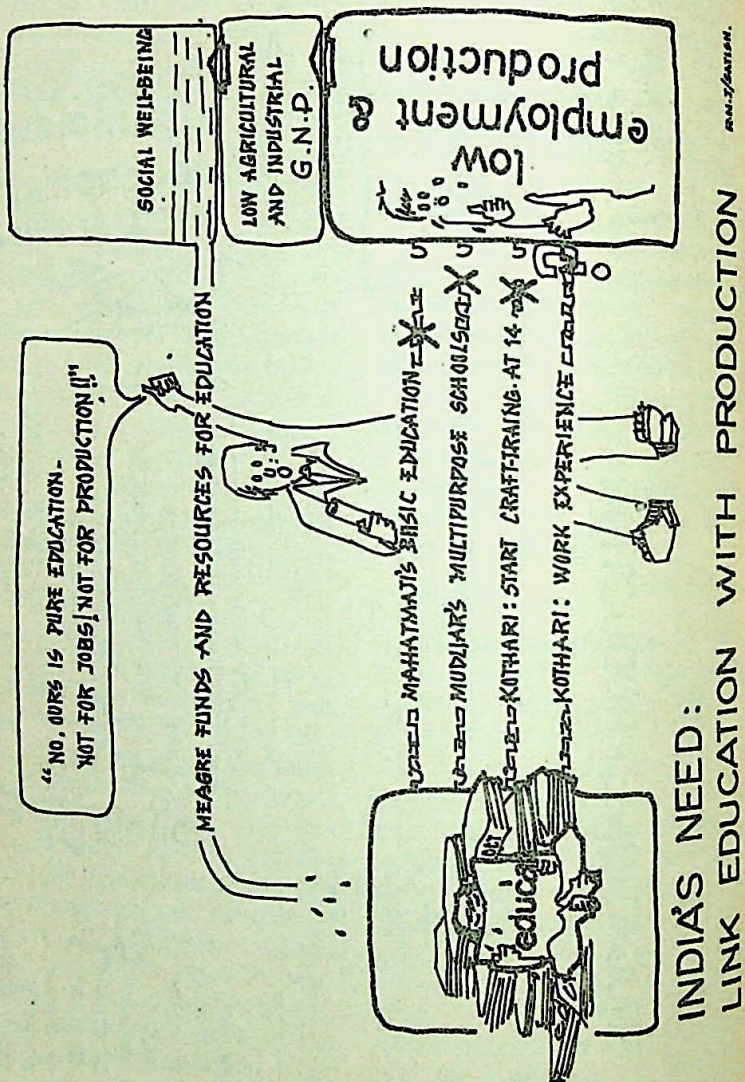
In Britain there is heavy emphasis on education of earners and learners, the number of students partaking in such education being fifteen times more than those in full time university education. The former type of education is found to be much more effective than education under parental or social pressure, and the problem of educated unemployed is not severe.

Japan emphasises vocational education and 50 per cent contents of the three-year upper

WORLD TRENDS EDUCATION ↔ PRODUCTION

PLATE V





secondary course are vocational. Extensive use of audiovisual aids help the average student.

Russia has adopted polytechnisation of general education in a large measure.

In Germany two-thirds of the children between the age of 14 and 18 attend vocational schools comprising full-time apprenticeship and 10-12 periods of study per week. Expenses on education per student per year in vocational schools are only one-third the expenses at grammar schools. Skilled personnel are available for industries, and there is hardly any difficulty for trainees to secure gainful employment. In most of the countries, education, employment, production and prosperity forms a healthy spiral and in turn fetches ample resources for the promotion of education. (See Plate V).

Situation in India presents quite a contrary look (See Plate VI).

Appropriate education or education for all suggested in this article has the potentiality of rapid economic development in rural areas and in improving the lot of the weaker sections of the society. Educationists and planners throughout India are requested to give the scheme a serious consideration.

Some of the suggestions made in this article are not of conventional character. But they are

A LESSON IN HUMILITY

A pandit had composed some verses on His Holiness Jagad-guru Chandrasekhara Bharati of Sringeri Sarada Peeth and he read it out to His Holiness.

In one stanza it was mentioned that, though Sri Rama was the very embodiment of Dharma and had incarnated only for the re-establishment of Dharma, there was some slur talked about Him in connection with His killing Vali and that His Holiness being free from such possible imputations was verily pure Dharma in human form.

His Holiness immediately pointed out that such statements were improper and showed His displeasure thus:

"It is unnecessary to consider now whether the conduct of Sri Rama in killing Vali was right or wrong or even whether the imputation of any slur to Him has any basis or not. I am only sorry that you judged me so low as to think that I would be pleased to be told that I was free from any kind of fault which even Sri Rama could not be said to be free from. Imagination and exaggeration may not be irrelevant in poetic compositions but they must never tend to lower the greatness of Sri Rama, Sri Krishna and others."

far-reaching in effect, rational in approach, and are based on the national policy as enunciated in several national documents including the draft for Fifth Five-Year Plan. (To be continued)

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HENRY MATISSE

—the Tranquillising Artist

V. K. SUBRAMANIAN

DERIDING critics term Henry Matisse and Pablo Picasso as the two "monsters of modern art." But there is a world of difference between the approach of Picasso and that of Matisse.

Picasso's paintings of tortured bodies and warped spaces shock a complacent public, while Matisse's nymph-like figures and brilliant colours are intended to soothe the tired and the nervy.

As he himself explained: "I dream of an art transfusing a sense of balance, purity and calm in which there is no discordant or worrying note, available for all who use their minds, for the businessman as well as the lettered artist, a balm, a means of calming the spirit, something similar

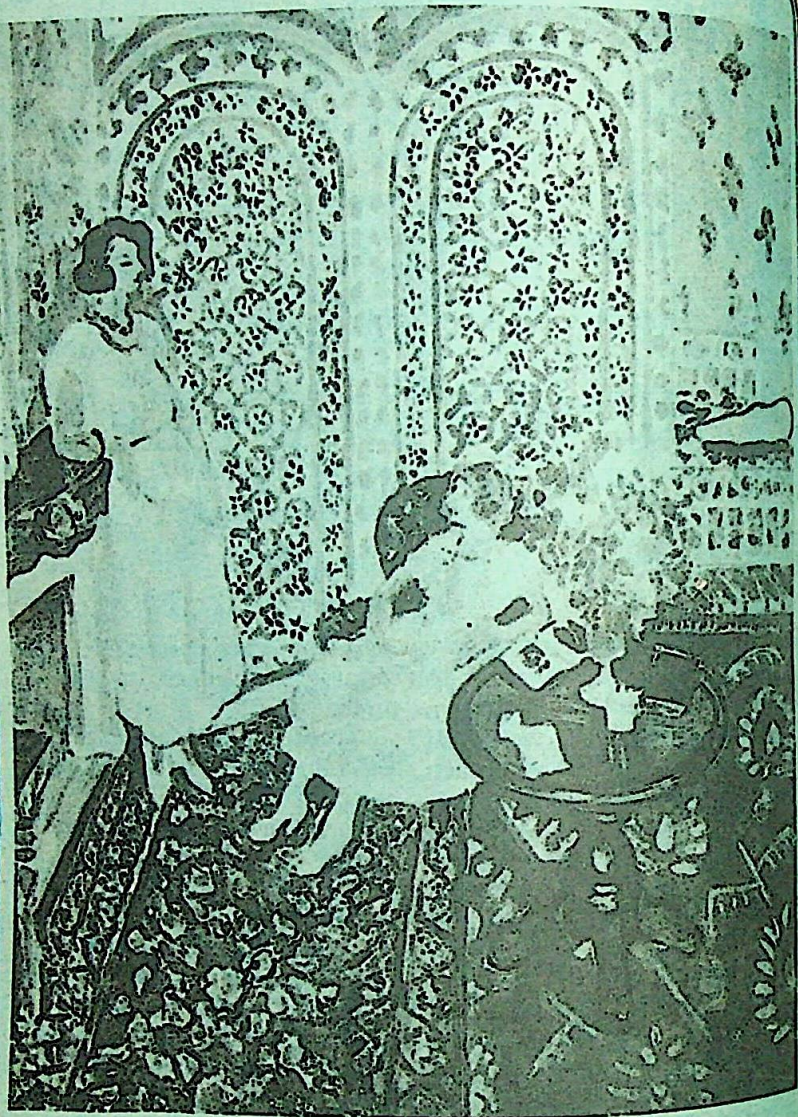
to a comfortable arm-chair which brings refreshment to physical tiredness."

According to Matisse: "*Composition is the art of arranging in a decorative way the various elements which the painter has at his disposal to express his feelings.*"

His aim was to reach that state of condensation of sensations which constitute a picture.

Matisse may be considered the master of *fauvism*, as Picasso is considered the cubist maestro.

Fauvism is an art-movement which believes in the use of violent colours regardless of those found in nature. The term is derived from the French word *fauve* which means a wild beast.



"Moorish Screen" (1922)

When a group of artists like Matisse, Braque and others, fond of deep colours, held an exhibition at one of the galleries of the *Salon d'Automne*, some of the critics got so shocked that one of them described the gallery as *Cage Au Fauves* (wild beast's cage) and thus the term *fauvism* was born.

Some critics have termed Matisse's paintings as "nothing but coloured arrangements" but the creations of the arch-priest of *fauvism* exude an atmosphere of luxury, colour and voluptuousness.

Picasso once said that "in Matisse colour breathes, as if he has swallowed the sun."

Matisse may be deemed to have continued the great decorative tradition in art begun by Gauguin. He, just as his teacher, Gustave Moreau, had predicted earlier, "simplified painting" and made it decorative and glow with soothing colours. He invested his paintings with lyricism and strength and gave them a balance which soothed the spectators and captivated the critics.

Matisse (born in 1869) had first wanted to be a lawyer, but while recovering from a spell of illness, he amused himself with a box of colours presented by his mother and found "a kind of paradise" in painting. He joined the Art School of Gustave Moreau in Paris and from then

on there was no stopping the great master's torrential output (originating from realism, passing through impressionism and expressionism and ending in *Fauvism*) till his death in 1954. His being an invalid 14 years before his death—he had intestinal cancer—did not in any way affect his artistic output.

One of Matisse's most famous paintings is his: *Joie de Vivre* (Joy of Life) in which a number of nudes are shown against an idyllic background; six of whom are seen dancing, while others lie languorously, either playing a piano or as embracing couples.

Equally well known are his paintings of *Odalisks*. (An *Odolisk* is a female slave in a harem). In these, half-naked

Remember, in speaking to any one you wish to help, that the more earnest and unconscious of self you are, the better you will help them. Probably the words you think most telling will affect them least, while those you think nothing of, God will use for their good. Leave all results with God. You are not always digging up the seeds in your garden to see how they are growing. Trust all to God, and He will bless your work...

Remember, God always works, very slowly and very surely; the bud is formed slowly, opens slowly. We must work as God works, not with the great strides self-love would like to work with.

—H. Monsell

voluptuous women are shown sinking into soft cushions against a background of colourful curtains and luxurious interiors.

When critics complained that his nudes were erotic, Matisse used to say: "It is not a woman, it is a picture."

His other notable works include *Large Interior in Red* (1948) in which line and colour are lavishly used to capture the room's reality, *Moorish Screen* (1922), *Oranges* (1912) (a *fauve* painting possessed by Picasso), *Pink Nude* (1935), *Sleeping woman* (1946) (painted at the time France fell to the Nazi aggressors), and *Femme au Cha-*

peau (1905), a portrait of his wife.

Artist and His Model is also a favourite recurring theme in many of Matisse's paintings.

Today, more than two decades after his death, Matisse's stock as an artist is as high as ever. Critic Harold Rosenberg says: "Matisse is one of the artists who has influenced artists in every mode of painting," while in the words of Robert Rauscherberg "Matisse renewed the innocence that had gone out of art."

It would not be incorrect to deem Henry Matisse as one of the greatest artists of the twentieth century.

□ □ □

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If you have a flair for writing and a good background in Indian culture and experience in the field of magazine production, you may be the person we are looking for to work as an Editorial Assistant in this Journal. Knowledge of Sanskrit will be a plus point for the candidate who should also be conversant with editing. Please apply giving full particulars and minimum salary expected, to the EDITOR, 'BHAVAN'S JOURNAL,' Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, K. M. Munshi Marg, Bombay-400 007, before the 20th July, 1977.

Our Spiritual Heritage and Contemporary Living

M. S. NAGARAJAN

*Where is the Life we have lost in living?
Where is the Wisdom we have lost in Knowledge?
Where is the Knowledge we have lost in Information?*

POET T. S. Elliot's observation seems to describe the state of affairs existing in the world today and more so in our country with very long tradition and rich heritage.

Many of us who have passed through the present system of education have a general tendency to underrate the vast treasure of knowledge and wisdom in our age-old literature and scriptures. This is because many of us did not have an opportunity to know them nor have we made an attempt to study at least some of them. There is a class of people, lucky in achieving good material progress, who feel that ethical, moral and spiritual values of life are unnecessary and regard tradition, heritage and religion

as of no importance. Most of them had western type of education and some of them have been responsible to organise our educational systems on those lines and lead the people in non-traditional ways of life.

This class became the leaders and the masses attempted to follow them. Their influence in shaping our educational systems purely for material advancement and consequently changes in social and domestic ways of life have been very significant in yester-years. There are other factors like cinema, television, popular magazines which have had great influence in ways of life of people.

No doubt we have built many universities, colleges and technical training institutes; no doubt

we have set up many industries; no doubt the country has been put on a path of material progress. But do we have happiness and contentment? Have we not observed a great deal of dissatisfaction among students, teachers, government servants and industrial workers in the recent years? Modern civilization in general aims at material progress. Our educational system and our present ways of living are framed and aimed towards that goal. Life, liberty and pursuit of happiness are not tradeable commodities.

Liberal education should develop faculty of thinking, soundness of judgment and flexibility in face of change. An educated person should not only be able to cope up fully with his environment but should be capable of shaping and controlling it.

Today we seem to be drifting without proper moorings. Our younger generation hardly knows anything about our sacred books or scriptures. It may even be considered fashionable not to claim any knowledge of them. They feel that there is nothing attractive in our heritage and look up to western civilization for ideas and guidance. One of the reasons for this state of affairs is that there is no moral instruction in schools and colleges, and even some of those

who had earlier, have stopped the name of secularism.

Faith in higher powers and respect for moral order are disappearing. The moral authority enjoyed by parents, teachers, and public men have largely deteriorated. The main culprits for this are the educated class who in the name of rational thinking question everything. It is a craze today to evaluate age-old moral and spiritual values on scientific basis. The so-called rationalists should realise that our very limited contemporary scientific knowledge is hardly adequate to understand, leave alone evaluation of several of the natural and supernatural phenomena. Scientific achievements have gone into the head of some in questioning the validity and propriety of many natural and supernatural activities.

With international travel becoming so easy in these days there is a considerable interaction between ways of life between one country and another. Lots of Indians visit other countries and many foreigners visit India. When our people see and mix with people from different countries, particularly those more materially advanced countries they are attracted towards the apparent glamour.

Further, moral precepts differ from one religion to another and the standards of moral

JULY 3, 1977

ethical values also differ from one civilisation to another. Students of modern psychology believe that concept of guilt or sin is replaceable by standards of social acceptability. This destroys the sense of moral responsibility. An average human being is quite confused when such varying yardsticks are employed for measuring such important parameters like moral and ethical standards. He in his weak moment may take these as excuse for doing an act which may be considered a sin or below the laid down standards of moral and ethical values of his religion or sect.

A philosophy of life based on definite moral and ethical code which should be in conformity with contemporary living should be evolved. Time has come to re-establish a moral, social and ethical order which is based on mutual trust, which does not sacrifice traditional ways of life, and yet fits well into the conditions of present day life.

Nobody can deny that material progress is very essential but it should go alongside moral, ethical and spiritual ways of life. This alone will build National

character and integration. Our country has launched massive industrialisation programme in the recent years. This has mobilised large number of people to shift to urban areas. Many new industrial townships and new urban areas have sprung up. All these changes have greatly affected the social and domestic lives of our people.

Religious, moral and ethical ways of life have greatly changed. In this process many of our traditional ways of life have been sacrificed. Joint families have broken up and age-old institutions of grandparents do not any more play the important role of the moral story-tellers to our young children. All these changes have greatly affected our society and the result is an all-round increase of unhappiness and unrest. While industrialisation is very essential to raise the material wealth of the country it is also essential to think ahead and provide our people suitable alternatives to lead a well-balanced life with adequate material comforts and sufficient moral, ethical and spiritual values which alone will give a better family life and total happiness.

□ □ □

Years will make a change. As the summer grows in fierce heat, the balminess of the violet banks of spring is lost in the odours of a thousand flowers; the heart, as it gains in age, loses freshness, but wins breadth.

—J. R. Lowell.

MIRA

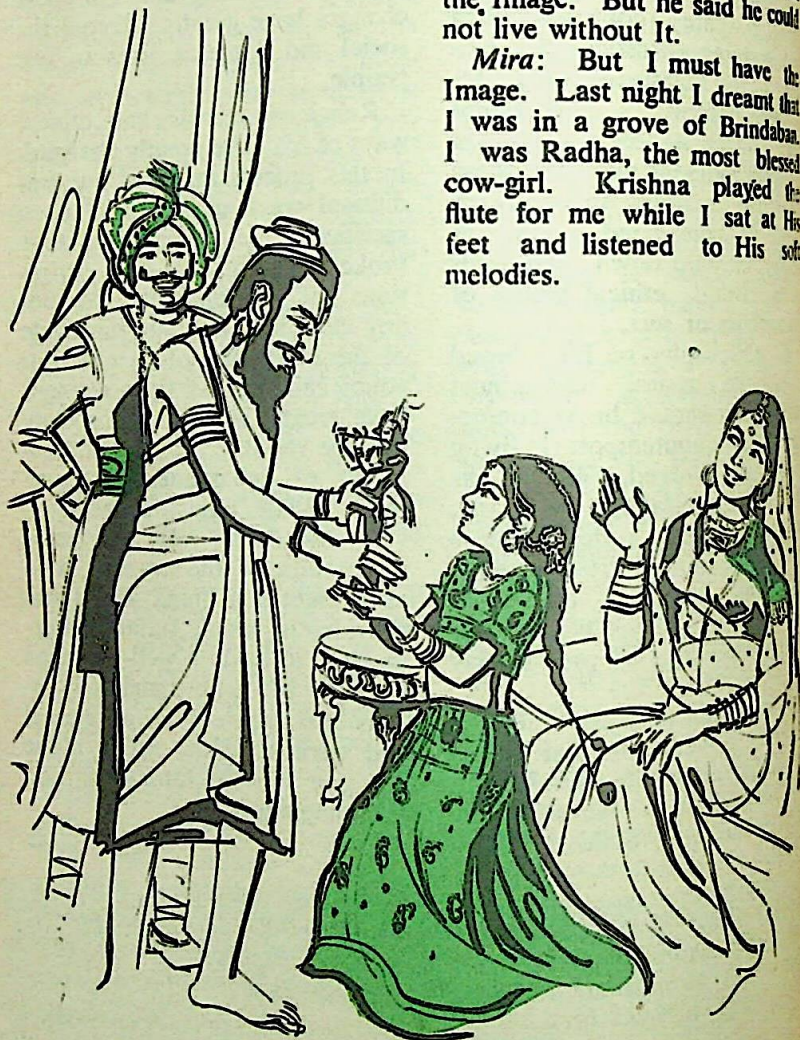
KUM. HARI P. VASWANI

Characters: Rana Singh, his Queen, Mira and the Sadhu.

Place: The Palace Garden.
Time: Evening.

Rana: Mira, I did my best to induce the Sadhu to part with the Image. But he said he could not live without It.

Mira: But I must have the Image. Last night I dreamt that I was in a grove of Brindaban. I was Radha, the most blessed cow-girl. Krishna played the flute for me while I sat at His feet and listened to His soft melodies.



Queen: You are an uncommon child, Mira. But you must keep such things to yourself. Do not disclose them to others.

Mira: I think if you tell the Sadhu this, father, he might change his mind.

Rana: The Sadhu says the Image is of his *Ishta Deva* to whom he offers worship daily. The Image is his constant companion by day and by night. He cannot bear to be away from It a single moment. The Image is his life.

Mira: Then what about me? I simply long to hold the Image in my hands, to feed It with them and with them to rock It to sleep. (*Sheds tears*).

Queen: Rana, cannot something be done to fulfil my darling's desire? (*Rubs her eyes*) Isn't that the Sadhu coming here? Why, he is bringing the Image with himself.

(*The Sadhu comes and stands before the King and Queen who get up, bow to him and take his blessings*).

Sadhu: O King! I have had a strange dream last night.

(*Both the King and the Queen look at Mira*).

After you spoke to me last evening, my Lord visited me in my sleep at night. He blessed me with his vision and commanded me to pass on this to your little one. (*Points to Mira*).

Mira: (*Stretching out her*

hands to hold the Image and talks to It) I am sure what I see now is not a dream. My Girdhara Gopal! You have come to me at last. I hope you have come to stay with me forever and will not run away from me.

Sadhu: Child! Love It with all your heart and soul. Worship It with your smiles and tears. The link of pure love alone can keep It bound to you.

Mira: But, Sadhuji, you love It dearer than your life, don't you? And you have worshipped It day and night with flowers of faith and love. You were loth to leave It. Then why doth It choose to leave you?

Sadhu: Such is my Lord's Will. I am but an obedient servant, a slave ready to follow His behest. Perhaps you love Him more than I. My loss is your gain, child!

Mira: Then I must be very careful lest someone else give Him greater love and attention.

Sadhu: Little mother, the Lord's generosity knows no bounds. But where His devotees are concerned, He prefers to occupy the first place. (*To Rana Ratan Singh*) Forgive me, O King, for not complying with your request last evening.

Rana: I fully understand you, O holy one! You have been put to great inconvenience for the sake of our little one.

Sadhu: Your little one, O King, is no ordinary being. A

A THOUGHT PROVOKING SERIAL

By Dr. V. K. R. V. RAO

THE GANDHIAN ALTERNATIVE TO WESTERN SOCIALISM

With the victory of the Janata Party in the recent general elections to the Lok Sabha, Gandhian values and Gandhian solutions are now acquiring prominence. Besides Loknayak Jayaprakash Narayan and Acharya Kripalani, who have been in the vanguard of the movement, the Prime Minister, Shri Morarji Desai, and the Home Minister, Shri Charan Singh, have each in their own way been telling the people of the desire of their government to give the country a social, political and economic order that would be based on Gandhian foundations.

There has been talk of concentrating on rural development, labour-intensive technology and providing full employment, abolition of poverty and abandonment of conspicuous consumption, decentralisation of both political and economic power and activity, basing of private property on the theory of trusteeship, and giving full play to democratic functioning and civil freedoms.

Businessmen are also beginning to talk of the principle of trusteeship and the social obligations of business. And pleas are heard for voluntary restraints on anti-social practices that can supplement, if not supplant, the coercive processes open to the State.

Against this background, the "Bhavan's Journal" will be publishing from the next issue a series of articles by the noted economist and educationist, Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao, based on the Gandhi Lecture he delivered in Oxford on October 24, 1969 when he was conferred the degree of D.C.L. (*honoris causa*) by that ancient University.

rich destiny awaits her.
Queen: Isn't she to become
a great queen?

Sadhu: Much greater than a
queen! A time will come when
queens and kings will bow to
her. She is destined to become
a great devotee of Lord Krishna.
She will become a saint.

Rana: Oh No! I will have
nothing of this sort. My Mira
must become a great queen, a
Maharani!

Sadhu: Holiness is certainly
superior to royalty, O King. A
saint is far better than a Rani.

Queen: Let us not waste time
in discussing these things now.

Sadhu: Yes, I must make a
move. The evening star is up.
I must leave Khurkhi before
nightfall. (To Mira) Come,

little one, come and bless me.
And let me have one more look
at the Image, the only treasure of
my life. It has been everything
to me—a child, a parent, a
friend and a beloved.

Mira: (*Holding fast the
Image*) Here It is.

Sadhu: For years together
hath the Image poured Its love
upon this worthless being, even
as summer clouds shed rain upon
the parched dry earth. For
years together hath It filled this
lonesome heart with the light of
joy. And now, and now, O
how I will miss It. (*Controls
himself from breaking down*)
My Lord's will be done. Bless
me, little mother and may your
heart be filled with bliss untold.

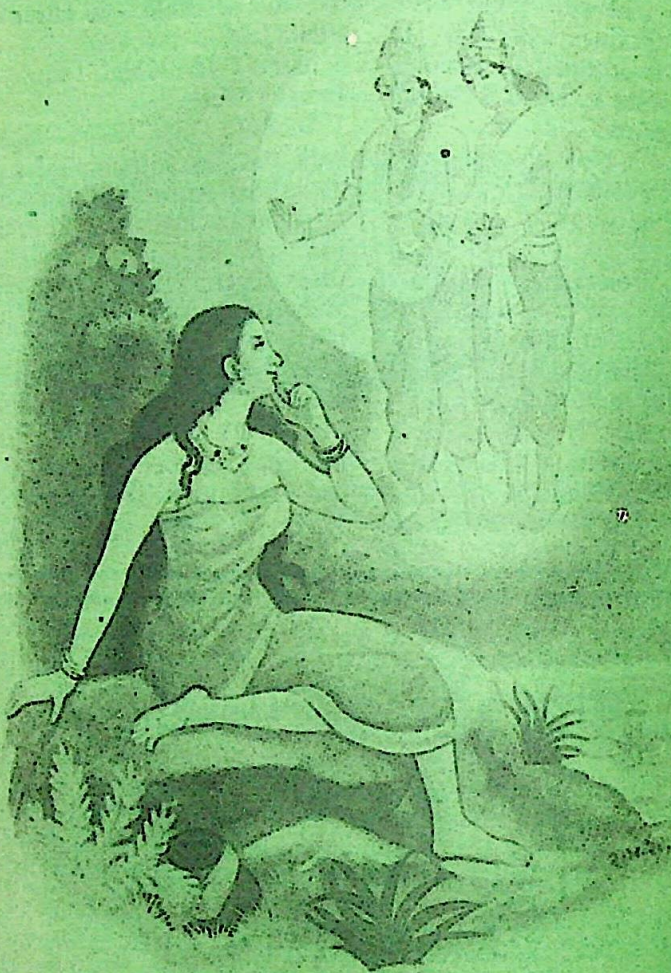
(To be Continued)

WITH BEST COMPLIMENTS

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Sukanya who, trying to escape the woes of married life with the aged and infirm Rishi Chyavana, prays to the twin Gods Ashvins.

The whole purpose and significance of Munshiji's conception of the character of Sukanya in this play is that in the face of dire temptation and despite the justification she has for yielding to it, she rejects the prospect of fleshly pleasure, regards marriage as a sacrament, and preserves her wifely honour. In presenting her thus, Munshiji has created a genre of character, bringing a myth to life in flesh and blood with an appeal which is irresistible because it is deeply and so truly human.

PURANDARA PARAJAYA

K. M. MUNSHI

CHYAVANA, the chief of the Bhrigus, waged an implacable war against God Indra. Cursed by Indra, Chyavana became prematurely old and shrivelled in the very prime of his youth. The war between the two, however, continued.

The Bhrigus were at the end of their wits and could do nothing to remove the dreadful curse from their chief.

In order that Chyavana may have an heir, the Bhrigus forced Sukanya's father, king of the Saryatas, to give his young and lovely daughter to their aged and decrepit chief.

Vidanwant, Chyavana's disciple, went to request Sukanya's father to send her to her husband's hermitage. Sukanya refuses to go. She shudders at the very thought of her husband, who can scarcely see, move, hear or speak.

Considering her daughter's blooming youth and the decrepitude of her husband, Sukanya's father at first declines to send her. A heated discussion follows. When Saryatas persists in his refusal, Vidanwant threatens him with the wrath of the Bhrigus and points out the disastrous consequences which must follow. Sukanya's father cannot incur the wrath of Chyavana. He yields and, with a heavy heart, consents to send his daughter to her husband.

Sukanya leaves her parents, with tears in her eyes. They part from her in sorrow. After she has been two months in his hermitage on Mount Vaidurya, Chyavana is seen lying on a deer skin spread on the ground. He looks like a skeleton, his eyes sunken into the sockets, his skin black and hard, shrivelled to the bone. Chyavana casts a ghastly

look at Sukanya who is lying nearby with her face to the ground.

Shamitri, their old maid, brings a milk pudding for Chyavana and asks Sukanya to feed it to the *rishi* with her own hands. Sukanya angrily refuses saying "It is time for his death and not for his food."

Shamitri is stunned by Sukanya's remark. Meanwhile, Vidanwant arrives and also asks Sukanya to feed the *rishi* who, he reminds her, takes food only from the hands of his wife.

"I will not do it, understand! Let him die of hunger," angrily answers Sukanya, hurling the dish on the ground.

Sukanya threatens to run away from the place in the thickening darkness of the night.

Regarding her behaviour as an insult to the *rishi*, Vidanwant threatens her with the wrath of Agni. Sukanya is adamant and moves towards the door, but she stops in her tracks on seeing a flash of lightning in the sky which Vidanwant points out as an indication of Agni's wrath.

Undaunted, Sukanya in her turn invokes God Indra, the inveterate enemy of Chyavana, and prays to him to hurl down devastation and ruin upon Chyavana and his disciples. The invocation seems to have immediate effect; the sky is ripped by fearful lightning followed by a heavy down-pour.

Vidanwant is wonderstruck and greatly disturbed. He thinks the lightning and the rain are the result of Sukanya's invocation to Indra. Vidanwant now invokes God Agni.

His invocation too, has the desired effect. The thunder weakens, the rain stops, the clouds vanish and presently the moon is seen shedding its light from the clear sky.

Sukanya is flabbergasted by this evidence of Vidanwant's powers. She falls down in a swoon.

Chyavana's disciple laughs in triumph and bowing in reverence before his guru, goes away quietly, after asking Shamitri to see that the sage is fed by Sukanya when she recovers.

After a while Sukanya opens her eyes, looks round fearfully, and speaks in astonishment: "Is it true that Vidanwant has vanquished Indira and established God Agni?"

"Yes mother," replies Shamitri softly, "you have no idea of our strength—the strength of our Maharshi. Now feed him with your own hands."

While Sukanya feeds Chyavana with a trembling hand, Shamitri recounts the Sage's past glory and tells her that Chyavana was an attractive personality before the curse of Indra made him prematurely old. "When he walked proudly among beautiful women," says

Shamitri with glowing enthusiasm, "Maharshi was the most handsome of them all."

Sukanya is amazed at Shamitri's description of her husband and speaks in bewildered tone: "Women actually fell in love with this corpse of a man, wizened and lifeless! Can he be the same handsome man who used to walk with pride among beautiful women? And today what do I see of him? He is not able to even recognise, much less to embrace me. How long has he been lying in this deplorable condition?"

"Only for the last seven years."

"Seven years! How long will he go on like this?" asks Sukanya. Without waiting for Shamitri to speak, Sukanya answers herself: "Until he dies or I die."

Looking pathetically towards Chyavana, she continues: "He will not die. He will remain for ever in this horrible condition. What will happen to me, O God!"

In despair, Sukanya cries bitterly in uncontrollable anguish and beats her face which is bathed in tears.

Recovering herself after a while, Sukanya looks at her lovely body in the full bloom of youth. She is conscious of her beauty and its worth. She thinks it is sheer folly to let her youth and life be wasted, with her throbbing desires unfulfilled.

Enamoured of her own charm, she looks around in the soft light of the moon to see if there is anyone to admire her charms and embrace her to her heart's content.

Fired with voluptuous passion, she cries in the wilderness: "These smooth hands crave for a sweet embrace; these luscious lips are athirst for kisses; this heart hankers to clasp someone to its breast. Alas! There is no one to satisfy my yearning."

She now decides to achieve that satisfaction which will be the triumph of her beauty, her youth and her womanhood. Her life thereafter will be one long moment of sensual delight spent in a perpetual search for new pleasures.

Intoxicated by the call of the flesh and full of faith, the suppliant Sukanya lifts her hands heavenward invoking the gods to take her away as their bride. Like the sun emerging from the clouds, her countenance suddenly brightens, her eyes expand, her bosom heaves and swells, even her stature seems to grow with the intensity of her expectations.

Suddenly she beholds the Heavenly Twins face to face. The Ashvins have appeared in response to her prayer and she is stirred to her depth of her being by their bewitching charm and manly beauty.

Sukanya is timid, but the Ashvins reassure her gently. "Such grace hath crowned thy prayer, Sukanya, fear thee not."

Encouraged by their sweet words, forth springs Sukanya eager to embrace her lords for the consummation of her passion. But the gods elude her and disappear, promising to meet her the following evening.

There is now a remarkable change in Sukanya's face, her cheeks abloom with the flush of joy, her lips fragrant as the fresh rose, her eyes agleam with passion. She runs gaily to the river to bathe. The placid waters of the stream reflecting the golden rays of the setting sun and the picturesque natural beauty all around arouse in her sweet pulsation of life.

Enamoured of her own charms, Sukanya seems to dream waking and sees in fancy the fair Ashvins. "How beautiful the Ashvins are! In their blissful embrace will flee all my woe."

So Sukanya muses in voluptuous ecstasy, but the unexpected happens.

The next day, Sukanya goes near the lotus pond to keep her tryst with the Ashvins. On reaching there, she sees a pretty, young woman of easy virtue being chased and chastised by a group of men who are guardians of social morals.

Sukanya, a mute witness of the scene, receives a shock which

transforms her whole outlook. "If she has sinned in the body, I have sinned in mind. Therefore, come what may, I will remain true to wedlock and never swerve so much as an inch from the path of virtue."

Pride of race, social instinct and the call of purity are awakened in her; she overcomes the urge of her senses and returns to her devotion and her love for her husband, purged of concupiscence.

The Ashvins appear at the stipulated time to take Sukanya away. To their surprise, she declines to go with them.

Her true self again, she declares with pride and triumph: "Maharshi and I are one and inseparable. When I accepted his elevated position as the rishi, I accepted his decrepitude, too..."

With the change in her outlook, the Ashvins are pleased and cure Chyavana of his premature old age, the result of Indra's curse. The rishi regains his youth and is upon his feet. Indra, the erstwhile enemy of Chyavana, is vanquished and makes peace with him.

In course of time, the name of Chyavana became synonymous with rejuvenated youth and that of Sukanya with untainted virtue and wifely devotion.

□ □ □

Drawing by Ravishankar Raval

NOTES & NEWS

SHRI MORARJI DESAI LAUDS BHAVAN'S WORK IN THE U.K.

THE Members of the Executive Committee of the Bhavan's U.K. Centre met the Prime Minister, Shri Morarji Desai, on June 10, 1977 at the High Commissioner's residence.

Shri M.A.S. Dalal, Chairman of the Centre, informed Shri Desai that the Bhavan in London would soon have its own building.

The Prime Minister who was very happy to know about the progress of the Bhavan in London stressed the need for spreading India's culture.

He said that a prayer hall where people belonging to all religions could congregate and pray ought to be a "must" for the Bhavan's proposed premises in London.



"MAHAMAHOPADHYAYA",
FOR SHRI J. H. DAVE
PUJYA SHRI JAGADGURU Shri-

The Prime Minister Shri Morarji Desai with the Members of the Executive Committee of the Bhavan's London Kendra. (L to R): Shri M. J. Nagda, Shri A. J. Shamji, Shri J. K. Gohel, Shri S. L. Kejriwal, Shri G. S. Gill, Shri M. A. S. Dalal, Shri Morarji Desai, Shri R. K. Bagri, Shri D. P. Chandaria, Shri Suresh Choksi, Shri C. M. Master, Shri Kishor Devani, Shri B. R. Puri and Shri Mathoor Krishnamurti.



karacharya of Shree Dwaraka Peeth, announced the award of the title of Mahamahopadhyaya to Shri J. H. Dave, Hon. Director, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, on June 6, 1977.

Pujya Swamiji referred to the close association of Shri Dave's family with all the institutions of Shankaracharyas for the last 100 years and appreciated Shri J. H. Dave's untiring efforts in the cause of Sanskrit through the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad.

In his reply Shri Dave expressed his gratefulness for the kind gesture and prayed for Swamiji's blessings to be able to serve the cause of Sanskrit more efficiently.

GURJARA RAJYA SANSKRIT SAMMELAN

THE Gurjara Rajya Sanskrit Sammelana was held at Surat on June 5 and 6, 1977. Inaugurating the Sammelan, Shri K. K. Shastri emphasised the importance of Sanskrit and need for stressing its value in our social, cultural and academic life.

In his presidential address Shri J. H. Dave reviewed the position of Sanskrit as a subject of study at school and collegiate levels and suggested various means to propagate and strengthen Sanskrit studies.

Prof. Bhagavatiprasad Pandya (Ahmedabad), Shri Vasant Gadgil (Poona), Shri Bhaishankar Purohit (Bombay), Dr. A. D. Shastri (Surat) and others also pointed out the necessity of the Sanskrit study. Shri Madhusudan Shastri explained the purpose of the Sammelan. Shri Dolatrai Naik read out the Messages and Shri Ranchhoddas Popawala delivered the welcome address.

In the second session, presided over by Shri Nagardas Babhanian, nearly 25 scholars discussed the position of Sanskrit in school and college courses, and the ways and new methods of teaching Sanskrit.

In the third session, the problems

of teaching Sanskrit at college level (presided over by Dr. A. D. Shastri), at school-level (presided over by Shri Prabhakar Dongre and Shri Madhusudan Shastri), and at the Pathshala-level (presided over by Shri Bhaishankar Purohit) were discussed.

In the concluding session more than thirty resolutions were passed stressing the study and propagation of Sanskrit.

Pujya Shri Jagadguru Shankaracharya of Shri Dwaraka Peeth blessed the conference and announced the award of the title of Mahamahopadhyaya to Shri J. H. Daveji. It was also decided to form a body called the Gujarat Rajya Sanskrit Parishad in order to strengthen Sanskrit studies, particularly in Gujarat.

The hospitality to the 200 delegates to the Sammelan was given by Shri Ambika Niketan, the institution founded by Shri & Smt. Ganubhai Chauhan. The Prachya Vani of Calcutta, staged two Sanskrit Plays, directed by Smt. Rama Chaudhuri.

BHAVAN'S BOOK ON GURUVAYURAPPAN

THE second revised edition of "Sri Krishna, the Lord of Guruvayur," was released on Sunday, June 12, 1977 by Brahmashri Anjam Madhavan Namboodiri of Guruvayur at the Bhagavata Saptaha Yajna conducted under the auspices of the Sri Subramanya Samaj, Chembur, Bombay.

The author is Shri K. R. Vaidyanathan, Assistant Commercial Superintendent, Central Railway (Bombay).

He has made a special study of Guruvayur, one of the foremost pilgrim centres in Kerala. For the first time the author gives a comprehensive account in English of the temple of Guruvayur, its origin, its architecture and legends.

The book is published by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and the

author is donating the royalties to Guruvayurappan.

SEMINAR ON SPIRITUAL HERITAGE & CONTEMPORARY LIVING

The Chinmaya Mission, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and some other leading organisations propose to jointly organise a seminar on October 21, 22 and 23 1977 in Bombay. The subject of the Seminar will be 'Our Spiritual Heritage and Contemporary Living.'

Many religious and spiritual leaders, philosophers and thinkers, industrialists and labour leaders, educationalists and journalists will be participating in the Seminar which will make a genuine effort to identify the problem areas and suggest remedial measures.

As this needs continued follow-up action the Seminar would attempt to set up Standing Committees to take follow-up action.

The inaugural function of the Seminar is to be held on the evening of October 21, which happens to be Vijayadasami Day and will give an overall view of the Seminar Theme. The business sessions will be held on the next two days.

On the 22nd the first session will be on Our Spiritual Heritage and Family Life. The second session will be on Contemporary Living—Industrialisation and the third session will be on Education and Training. The study groups will be formed at the end of the third session and their meetings will be held till late in the evening.

On the 23rd, the study group reports will be presented during the fourth session. An open house discussion on the recommendations and formation of the Standing Committees, will be held during session five. Session six will be the concluding session.

Any organisation or individual

who feels he can contribute to the proceedings is welcome as co-sponsor or delegate. For any further information, Shri M. S. Nagarajan, Convener of the Seminar, may be contacted. He is the Director, Amphetro-mix Ltd., Ponoa—411 026.

FAREWELL TO SHRI KUPPU RAO

A FAREWELL function was arranged in honour of Shri R. Kuppu Rao, I.A.S., Collector and Chairman of the Guntur Kendra, on the eve of his transfer to Hyderabad as the Director of Employment & Training on May 27, 1977 in the Bhavan's Auditorium.

The Bhavan's building was tastefully illuminated with multi-colour lights befitting the occasion. Prof. V. Balaiah, Vice-Chancellor, Nagarjuna University, presided over the meeting. Shri P. Venkateswara Rao, Hon. Secretary of the Kendra, dealt in his farewell speech, the great work done by Sri R. Kuppu Rao and the new dimension he gave to the Bhavan's activities.

Shri P.V.J. Raju and Sri V. Bhanumurthy, Vice-Chairmen, spoke eulogising the services rendered by Shri Kuppu Rao to the Bhavan. Prof. Balaiah said that Shri Kuppu Rao wanted to be a student always and expressed his appreciation of Shri Rao's work done to the district in the cultural and educational fields.

Shri Kuppu Rao in his reply was all praise for the Bhavan's work and promised his continued support and interest to the Guntur Kendra.

There was a poets' gathering in which 15 poets participated and recited their own compositions. Shri Kuppu Rao also recited a few of his compositions in English. The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks by Dr. Prasadarama Kulapati. There was a dinner, largely attended by the

members of the Bhavan and also elite of the town.

NAJAN'S BOOKS RELEASED

Two of Sri Natarajan's (Najan) books were released recently.

One is *Devi Bhuvaneswari* in Tamil, specially written in connection with the kumbhabhishekam of *Devi Bhuvaneswari* at Pudukkottai. Sri Pithukuli Murugadas released the book on March 29, 1977. H. H. Sri Santhanantha Swamigal praised Najan's service and said that a collection of his books will form a wonderful library of rare books on Hindu Dharma.

Najan's second book '*Ulaga Mahapurushargal*' in Tamil was released by H. H. Kanchi on March 31, 1977 at the World Religions Conference held at Madurai. His Holiness paid a glorious tribute to Najan and honoured him on the occasion.

SEMINAR ON RELEVANCE OF SANSKRIT

AN All-India Seminar on the "Relevance of Sanskrit" was held at the University of Jabalpur on February 12-14, 1977. Inaugurating the Seminar, Shri Parmanandbhai Patel, Minister for Industry and Commerce, Government of Madhya Pradesh, emphasised the necessity of revealing our ancient scientific achievements through the study of Sanskrit. Pandit Saraswati Prasad Chaturvedi, President of the Seminar, pointed out the relevance of Sanskrit in the present context. Shri K. Chowdury, Vice-Chancellor, Jabalpur University, welcomed the President and the delegates and presided over the inaugural session. Dr. C. D. Sharma, Chairman of the Seminar, outlined the purpose of the Seminar.

Three paper-reading sessions were held and they were presided by Dr. A. N. Jani, M. S. University,

Baroda, Prof. S. A. Upadhyaya, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, and Dr. Baldev Singh, Simla University, Simla respectively. In the concluding session, a resolution was passed requesting the Government to introduce Sanskrit from Standard VI to XII and that the passing in the subject be obligatory and the marks obtained in Sanskrit may be included in the total marks. Another resolution requesting the Government to increase their financial help to Sanskrit journals and research was also passed.

Dr. C. D. Sharma proposed a vote of thanks to all including Dr. K. K. Chaturvedi, Sanskrit Dept., Jabalpur University, the organiser of the Seminar.

GUNTUR KENDRA

DR. C. V. RAMANI, Addl. Director of Medical & Health Services, Andhra Pradesh, gave a talk on 'Religion and Prayers' on May 19, 1977.

The meeting was largely attended by the elite of the public including several doctors.

During her talk, she stressed the need for prayers and religion in everyday life. She said that the members of medical profession were in greater need of prayers as they had to deal with patients in anguish.

The meeting was presided by Shri P. V. J. Raju, Vice-Chairman of the Kendra. Shri P. Venkateswara Rao, Hon. Secretary of the Kendra, welcomed the Chief Guest and Shri U.G.K. Sarma, Treasurer offered a vote of thanks.

OUR COVER

The colour transparency (H. H. Sringeri) reproduced on the cover page of the "Bhavan's Journal" issued dated June 5, 1977 was by Shri P. V. Subramanyam, Advocate and Amateur photographer, Tiruchirappalli.

BOOK REVIEW

THE STORY OF A TRIBAL, (An Autobiography), by B. M. Pugh. Published by Orient Longman Ltd. (1976). Pages: XV + 150; Price: Rs. 16/-.

THE Rev. Pugh is a well-known, 79-year-old Khasi Statesman. His "adventurous" life is an inspiring Saga. Despite a few natural disadvantages and handicaps with which he began, he has succeeded in getting the best out of life. That is largely because of his grit and determination and his immense faith in God. Born as one of 12 children in a remote village in the Khasi hills, he quite enjoyed his childhood tending the family cows, practising archery and appreciating the loveliness of nature around. But a new desire stirred within him, a desire for education, a desire for a better and higher life. So he walked 64 Kms. to Shillong to sit for the entrance examination. He did well. From school in Shillong his "desire" took him to college in Calcutta, and on to U.S.A. for advanced studies in agriculture. On his return he joined the Allahabad Agricultural College as teacher and remained there for nearly 20 years. Then he was appointed Agricultural Officer of NEFA in which capacity he covered on foot even inhospitable areas on top of not easily accessible mountains. This helped him to know at firsthand not only the nature of the terrain he had to develop but also the nature and character of the people whose lot he had to better. Indeed the chapter entitled 'NEFA Interlude' is the best in the book.

After a second spell at the Allahabad College, Rev. Pugh found that he was to work (which he did with real delight) as Principal of a rural College, Union Christian College, at Barapani, 12 miles from Shillong. The College was meant almost exclusively for tribals. When it was inaugurated on August 14, 1952 there was just one Khasi student on the roll. By about the beginning of September the number swelled to 12, —eleven boys and a girl. There were nine members of the Staff including the Principal composed of American, English and Indian teachers. Fourteen languages of India were represented in that college, including Malayalam and Telugu.

The College had the benefit of Rev. Pugh's services for five or six years. Then the ageing Professor thought it desirable to enter the political arena and serve the interests of the tribals as best he could. What impelled him to enter politics? He says that it was the continued discrimination practised by the Assamese against the Khasis who were more advanced than the other hill tribes such as the Nagas, the Garos, the Mizos, the Mikirs, the Cacharis. An agitation for the separation of the tribal units from Assam began. The idea was to have a composite, viable hill-state comprising the present mini States of Meghalaya, Nagaland, Arunachal, Mizoram and the districts of Mikir and North Cachar hills. But that was not to be. Rev. Pugh, however succeeded in becoming a political figure of no mean importance. He played a considerable role as Tribal chief. His voice carried

weight and he was looked up to. Today he is leading, as he says, a retired life. But he has not absolved himself from the duties and responsibilities which age, experience and wisdom have thrown upon him. He is on many academic bodies of Gauhati University, I.C.A.R. and other distinguished institutions.

The *Story of a Tribal* is not merely the record of Rev. Pugh's interesting life. We get glimpses of men and manners, life and events of contemporary India. We also have delightful vignettes of Khasi life and lovely descriptions of the far-flung regions, interspersed with lively remarks. It is a good, readable book.

Rev. Pugh could have added a little more information on the habits, beliefs, peculiarities and nature of the hill-tribes. He could have sketched in detail the life of the region in Pre-Independence days and contrasted it with life in Post-independent India. Here and there we do get it no doubt. But he could have made it a little more elaborate so that things could have been viewed in proper perspective.

This does not, however, take away the charm and readability of the book. *The Story of a Tribal* is a delectable and informative book.

—Prof. N. Nanjunda Sastry.

TAMIL

SRIMAD BHAGVAD GITA WITH TAMIL TRANSLATION OF SANKARABHASHYA by Brahmanishtha Sri T. Sundararaja Sarma. Published by the Sannyasins of Sri Jnanananda Tapovanam, Tirukoilur, Tamil Nadu-1977. Price Rs. 17-50 pp.481.

AMONG the classical texts of Indian philosophy, the *Bhagavad Gita* holds the pride of place as containing the essence of Indian

Philosophical thought contained in the Upanishads. It is held in great reverence by all aspirants to spiritual enlightenment. Like the Bible of the Christian religion, the *Bhagavad Gita* is acclaimed as the priceless handbook of Indian religion and metaphysic revered as an authoritative gospel by all systems of Vedanta and which has been commented upon by all Acharyas in accordance with the tenets of their respective schools.

The earliest extant commentary has been by Sri Adi Sankara who has elucidated the apparently contradictory doctrines reconciling them in his own inimitable way in a language which has won acclaim as *prasanna gambhiram*. As he himself observes before beginning his commentary "this famous *Gita Sutra* is an epitome of the essentials of the whole Vedic teaching; and its meaning is very difficult to understand. Though in order to afford a clear view of its teaching it has been explained word by word and sentence by sentence and its import critically examined by several commentators, still, I have found that to the laity it appears to teach diverse and quite contrary doctrines. I propose therefore to write a brief commentary to determine its precise meaning."

It is in the *Bhashya* of Sri Sankara, that the paths of Karma, Bhakti and Jnana have been arranged in heirarchical fashion giving primacy to Jnana as the proximate means to Moksha while Karma and Bhakti are propounded as ancillaries to it. Sri Sankara is stoutly opposed to considering Karma and Bhakti as being capable of leading to Moksha by themselves or in combination with each other. This according to him has been reiterated in several verses of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Ajanta (nescience) which mistakes the book

for the Atman is the cause of human bondage, and liberation from it can be secured only by Jnana. These and other doctrines of Advaitic Vedanta are shown as being enunciated in the course of the Gita.

Though the text of the Gita has been translated in various languages, Sri Sankara's commentary on it is not so widely known in other countries as it should be. Even here in India, the translations of Sankara Bhashya are not many. To read Bhashya in the original and understand it requires a fair knowledge of Sanskrit and acquaintance with its nuances of the philosophy which it expounds. A good translation in Tamil has, therefore, been a long-felt want and this has been supplied by the book under review.

Sri Sundara Raja Sarma was a highly evolved soul and was a Brahmanishtha though he belonged to the Grihasthasrama. He wrote about 70 years ago this Tamil translation of the Gita Bhashya by Sri Sankara and published it along with the original text. This translation has now been republished with the Gita text but without the original Sanskrit Bhashya and will be found extremely useful not only by those who could not unfortunately read the Sanskrit original but also by those who while reading Sanskrit will be benefited by the Tamil translation. The translation is characterised by fidelity to the text and the chaste language in which it is couched. Where necessary, the translator's notes are provided in brackets.

The translation has been graciously approved by Jnananda Swamigal of Tapovanam, Tirukoilur, and blessed by him. The present publication will be of great use to all earnest students of the Gita in the Tamil country and who need it for their fervent study. The book has been

beautifully produced and it will be a pleasure, in addition to the benefit that it confers, to possess a copy of it.

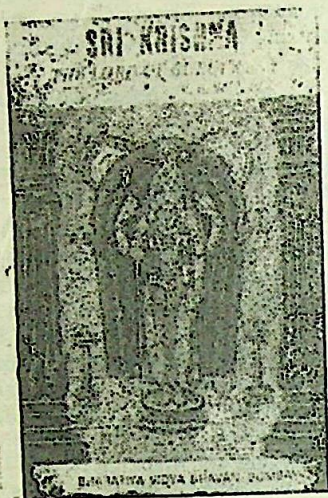
—P. Sankaranarayanan

EAN PALLI KONDEER? By S. Natarajan (Najan) Pratibha Pracharam. 25, Adam Street, Mylapore 600 004. Price Rs. 3/-.

IN the great Tamil epic of the 'Silappadikaram', Kovalan after leaving the Chola country meets a Brahmin who mentions that he is on a pilgrimage to the three acknowledged centres of Vaishnavaita worship where Vishnu is to be seen and worshiped in the three poses of lying, sitting, and standing (canto 11. 'Kadukan Kathai' Lines 35 to 52). This is historically interesting as showing that a considerable time before the outburst of the Alvars and the Nayanmaras, the silent forces were at work underneath. The author extracts lines 35 to 40 of canto 12 of the Silappadhikaram at P. 29. I would suggest a reference to the chapter and verse of each quotation in the work.

The compilation is a painstaking, scholarly, encyclopaedic one which furnishes minute, accurate, and complete information on all the places in South India where Lord Vishnu is found in a lying posture. All the relevant allusions are gathered and supplied. The book, apart from being a valuable reference and guide book, throws a flood of information—even of illumination—on all the points dealt with. It deserves the support of not only the general reading public, but the active material support of the government and all the Vaishnavaita. Mutts and other institutions.

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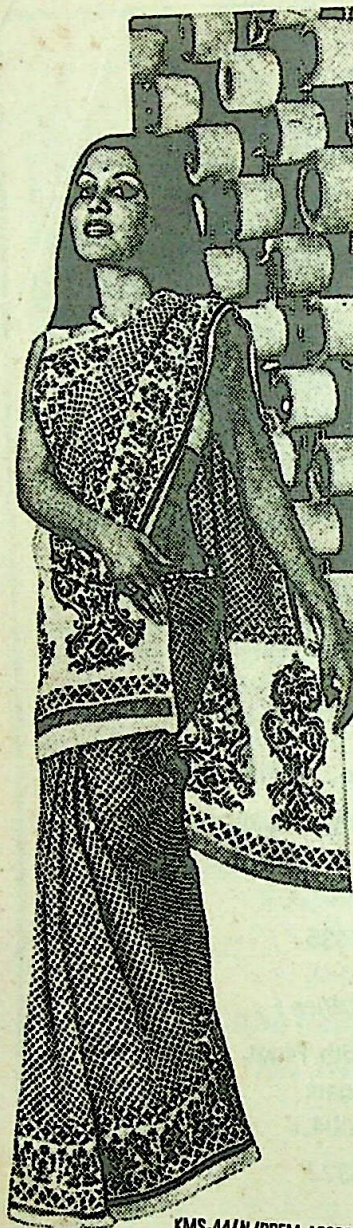


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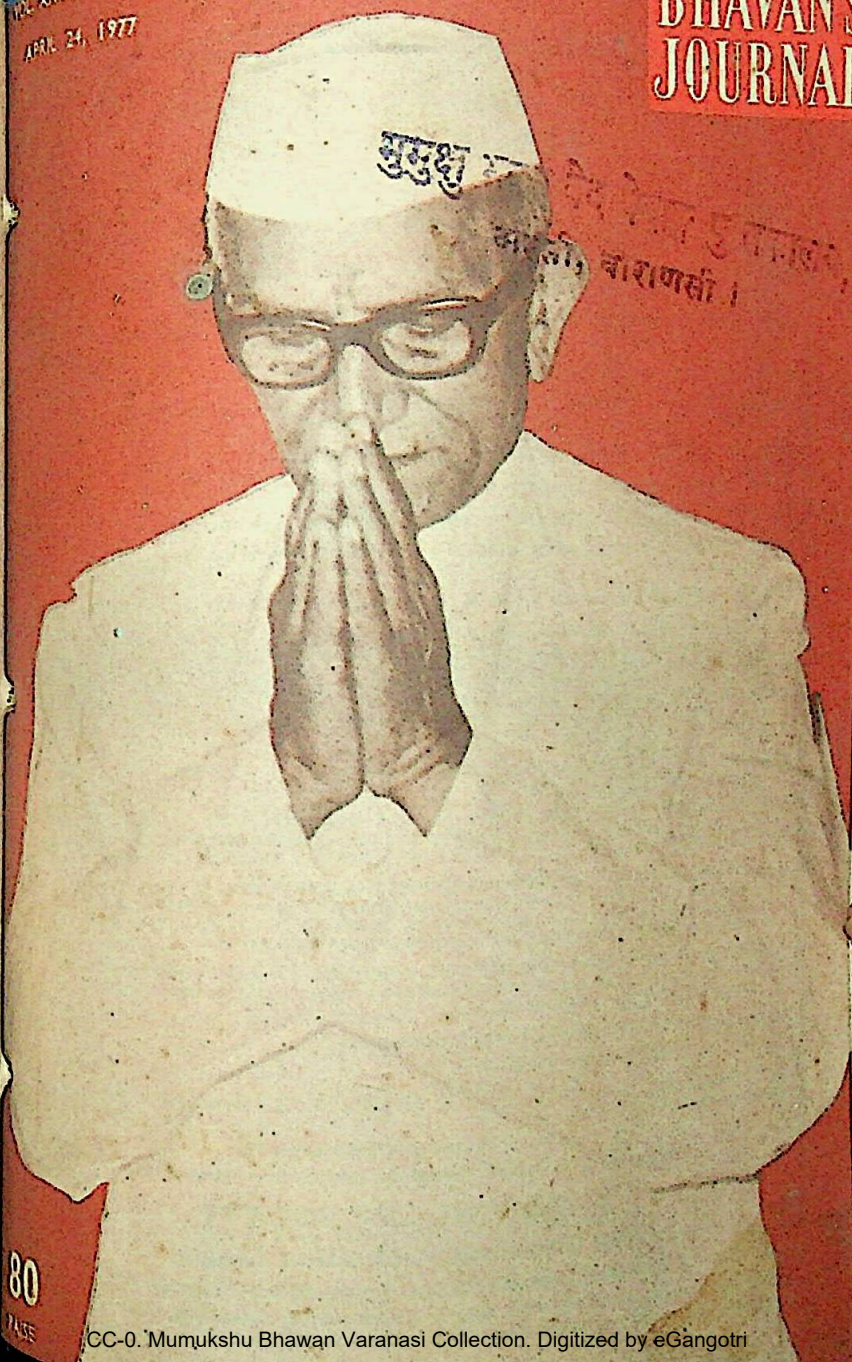


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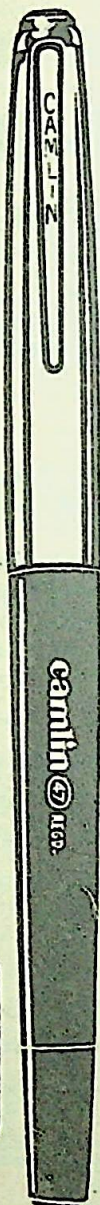
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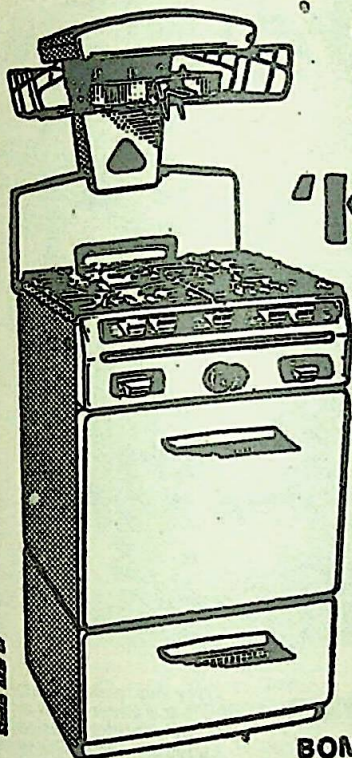
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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

Rigveda 1-8-1

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PRAYER TO LORD KRISHNA

निवहमुग्धाञ्जलिरेष याचे

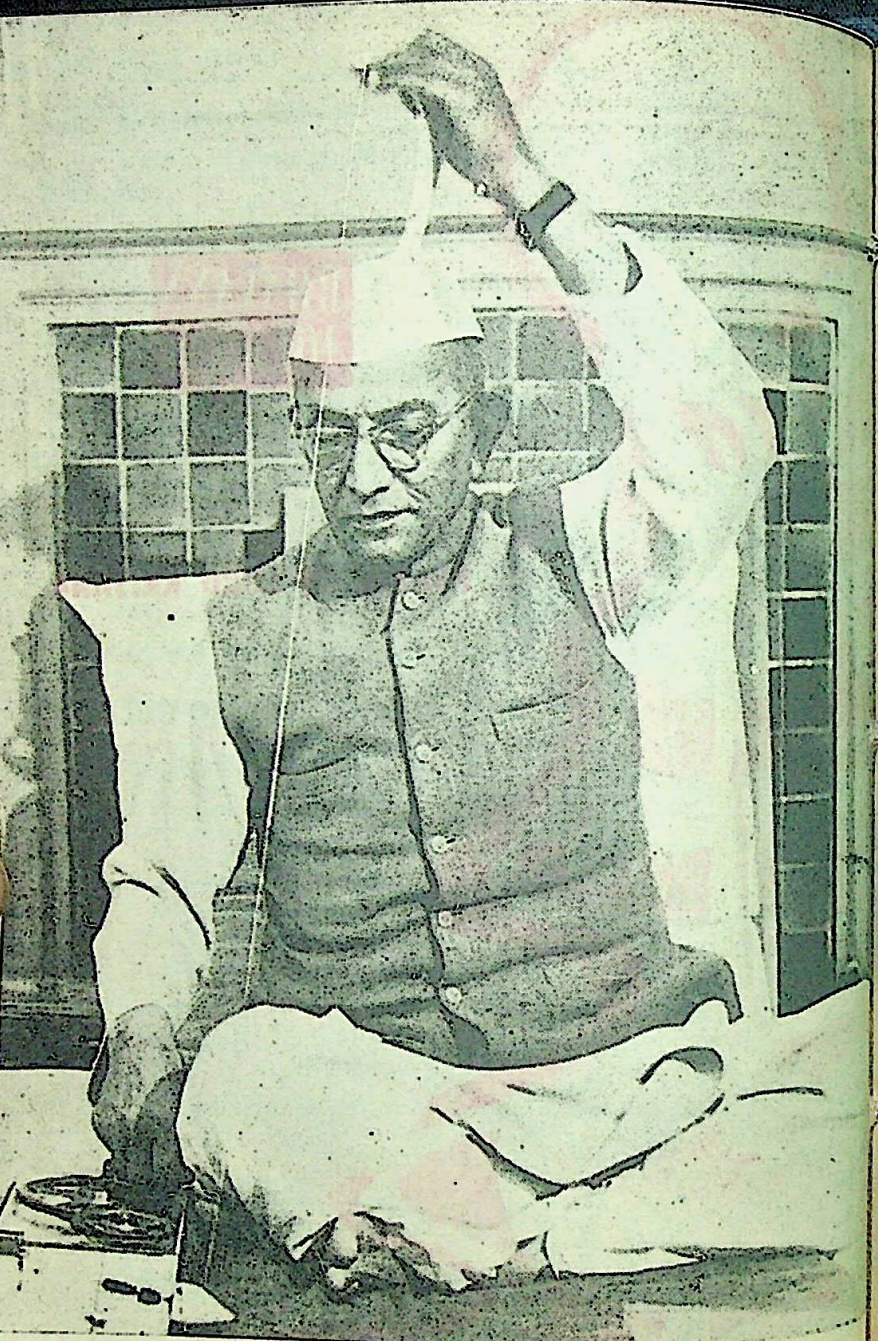
नोरन्ध्रदेन्योन्नतमुक्तकण्ठम् ।

दयाम्नुधे देव भवत्कटाक्ष-

दाक्षिण्यलेशेन सकृन्निषिञ्च ॥

Oh Lord Krishna, ocean of mercy,
I beseech Thee with my palms folded
together in all humility and my voice
rising high up in an unbroken stream
of plaintive notes, to bless me but once
with the touch of the grace beaming
from Thy glance.

—Srikrishna Karnamrita, I, 96.



Shri. Moraji Desai at the spinning wheel

Shri Morarji Desai

India's Home-spun Prime Minister with a Magnificent Obsession

S. RAMAKRISHNAN

ON becoming Prime Minister of Great Britain at the age of 64, in the year 1868, Benjamin Disraeli (1804-1881) proudly exclaimed: "I've climbed the greasy pole. I've climbed the greasy pole!" Yes, the pathway to Prime Ministership is as slippery as a greasy pole. Of the many who convince themselves to be of the Prime Ministerial timbre and assiduously try to climb up, very few succeed. And having succeeded, to remain aloft for a length of time and fulfil the mandate of the people is a very onerous task.

When Winston Churchill (1874-1965) was entrusted with Prime Ministership of Britain in the crucial war year 1940, at the age of 66, he felt as if he were walking with destiny and that all his past life had been

but a preparation for that hour and for that trial.

And with his characteristic candour, he averred: "Power, for the sake of lording it over fellow creatures or adding to personal pomp, is rightly judged base. But power in a national crisis, when a man believes he knows what orders should be given, is a blessing."

How true all this is in the case of Shri Morarji Desai! That this serene, stoic man has dared to climb the "greasy pole" of Prime Ministership at the forbidding age of 81 at the most critical hour of the nation's destiny is, apart from being a tremendous act of personal courage, also an event that will go down in the annals of history as unparalleled.

Incredible as it may seem to many, till the age of 16 he was so timid that he would never go

alone to the first floor of his house or could sleep alone in a room, let alone dare to fight anyone.

Just as the torpid worm in good time emerges from the chrysalis as a full-grown butterfly to wing its way into the wide, vast world, it has taken 80 long years of trials and tribulations, devoted work and preparation for Shri Morarjibhai to become the Nation's First Servant.

The final phase of this preparation was the 19-month solitary imprisonment which he, as is his wont, spent in seeking communion with his Maker. Even during the darkest days when all seemed lost, he did not allow his pulse to quicken at any moment—an eloquent testimony to his nerves of steel, adamant will and unshakable trust in God, cheerfully accepting whatever happens to be for the good.

A man of prayer from early childhood there is a uniqueness about Shri Morarji Desai's daily prayer:

"I pray to God to send me all the pains that I have to undergo on account of my past actions immediately and also to afflict me with all the diseases from which I have to suffer on the same count so that I may suffer them in this life itself and be free from the bondage of past actions. I found the four Sanskrit verses of my prayer in *Anu-*

gita in 1926, from which time I have invariably used them in prayer," he says in his autobiography, *The Story of My Life*.

Fearless to the marrow and disciplinarian to his finger tips, one of the first acts of Shri Morarji Desai after assuming Prime Ministership has been to rid the nation of fear. "Fear is the most degrading thing for man. It is very important to save man from fear."

If his commitment to democracy is absolute, equally vehement is his opposition to dictatorship.

When Shri Morarji Desai was Chief Minister of Bombay, in a letter dated November 26, 1950 to Shri M. C. Chagla, the then Chief Justice of Bombay, he said: "If dictatorship overtakes this country in my lifetime, I shall not be in the seat of Government but am sure to suffer terribly and even lose my head in an attempt to fight the dictatorship with whatever little strength of purpose God may have given me."

(The full text of the letter appears in Shri Chagla's autobiography, *Roses in December*, a Bhavan's publication.)

During a discussion with Vinobaji in 1955, he said: "...I do not believe in dictatorship under any conditions. If somebody asked me to be a dictator, I would consider it a degradation for me. Even God



Shri Morarji Desai, then Dy. Prime Minister of India, arriving at the Central Bhavan to preside over the Session on 'Power & Morality' at the All-India Colloquium on Ethical and Spiritual Values as the Basis of National Integration, sponsored by the Bhavan in collaboration with the Ramakrishna Mission, Institute of Culture and Gandhi Smarak Nidhi, in 1967. To his right is Kulapati Munshiji and shaking hands with him is Shri S. Ramakrishnan, Executive Secretary, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

has not kept all the powers with himself...

"Some people are arguing that democracy is not helpful in eradicating poverty quickly and one should therefore resort to dictatorship. But if democracy disappears in this country we shall all be destroyed. There is (already) fear in this country but the people will be far more fearful under a dictatorship."

How Shri Morarjibhai has striven to live up to these solemn declarations made nearly 25 years ago is now part of history.

Shri Morarji Desai is so simple in his habits and so unambiguous in his convictions, it is a paradox that he appears as a complex personality to

many. This is because he is daringly different from others. He has seen the goal, which it is given to so few to see, and like a courageous captain is prepared to face any storm to race towards the goal—a trait the lukewarm and the timid lack.

His moral height makes many dizzy. Those incapable of scaling such moral heights will always strive to pull him down and cavil at him. His own attitude and approach towards his capacious detractors has been this: "It is a common experience in India that many people indulge in character assassination, right or wrong, against people whom they dislike or whom they consider hostile or whom they want to

harm. One sees a deep-rooted tendency in many to believe in false stories spread against others. *This is a result of the want of freedom in this country for centuries. But I am sure that as people become fearless in the country and get tired of false accusations, this tendency will disappear.*

"Anybody who is constantly making honest efforts to act in accordance with truth and who, in spite of such behaviour, has to suffer such defamation by others, should consider it a test for himself and bear such malicious slander fearlessly and cheerfully without being ruffled. It is my faith that truth ultimately prevails and many incidents in my life have confirmed me in this faith."

It is just not possible to deflect Shri Morarji Desai by blackmail or violence. His utter freedom from fear has been his best insurance. He believes that freedom from fear can be attained only by those who do not have the desire or expectation to get anything from anybody. But then, he also knows that no man can free himself from all desires. What then is the way out? The way out, according to him, is to give a Godward turn to desires—to merge all desires in the overwhelming desire for realising Truth or God and for doing selfless service to man.

As an extension of this moral exercise of conquering fear, he says that even attachment to one's family should be overcome.

Putting this into practice, he has decided not to leave any property for his family and has willed whatever he has saved, for public use!

A concrete instance of his personal freedom from fear deserves to be mentioned here.

In December 1958 he was operated upon in the Bombay Hospital by Dr. Shantilal Mehta, now Medical Director of Jaslok Hospital, for removal of a kidney stone.

He was taken to the hospital the previous night. The surgeon went to him at about 9.30 p.m. and told him that he wanted to give him an injection, so that he might not worry and that the operation could be done with ease.

But Shri Morarji Desai told him: "I do not believe in such injections and am not worried about the operation. It is only the fear of death that makes a person worry about an operation. But I have no fear of death as I believe firmly that death is inevitable and its moment is also fixed. Nobody can avoid or postpone it. There is no reason to feel unhappy about death as it is futile to worry about what is unavoidable."

Then he said in a lighter vein, "Why should I worry? If I die during the operation I will be unconscious at the time as a result of anaesthesia. I will not know anything about it and, therefore, there is nothing for me to worry about. It is you who would have to worry, because you would have to explain the circumstances of my death. You have, therefore, to take the injection and not I."

The doctor enjoyed the joke and after having a good laugh agreed that there was no need for any injection in Shri Morarjibhai's case.

Here is yet another instance of his capacity to endure physical pain:

When he underwent the first surgery in 1952 for the removal of a mole on his forehead, at the

private nursing home of Dr. Dhaka, the operation was done under local anaesthesia which was administered by an injection. The operation lasted for about an hour and a half.

It so happened the anaesthesia was not fully effective. When the doctor applied his knife, he felt some pain, but did not give any indication of it to the surgeon as he was in the midst of the operation and bore all the pain with fortitude! As his face was covered with a napkin during the operation the doctor could not notice that he was suffering from pain.

An upright man with the traits of an Epictetus or a Marcus Aurelius, Shri Morarji Desai can certainly be called a man with a magnificent obsession—obsession with Truth.

At lunch at Kulapati Munshiji's residence in Bombay—1966. Seen in the picture are (R. to L.) Shri Hafiz Mohd. Ibrahim, then Union Minister for Irrigation & Power, Smt. Lilavati Munshi and Shri S. Ramakrishnan.



And the extent of his obsession is such that he does not want truth to be sacrificed in any sphere of his activity—personal life, politics or public administration.

He is one who does not believe in the political dictum, "Set a thief to catch a thief," because in his view one cannot clean a room with a dirty broom.

Says he, "There has always been a belief that one can resort to lies in running a government. This is how all governments have been conducted so far. This was also the view in the time of Mahabharata. Bapu showed the new way. Bapu demonstrated that truth must be practised in every field and every moment of life..."

According to an ancient dictum, when judging one's own faults, one must apply the highest standards but when it comes to judging others, one must apply only common standards. But in the case of Shri Morarji Desai, there is no watering down of standards whether it concerns himself or others. The moral stance he adopts quite often strikes others—in the words of one of his eminent friendly critics—as "donning the garb of unblemished virtue and having neither understanding nor tolerance"—a 'holier than thou' attitude!

Shri Morarji Desai himself, however, does not claim any in-

fallibility. Says he, "I cannot claim that I am free from all prejudices or dislikes but I am making an effort to get free from them... My conduct should be such that people should trust me. *If people do not trust me, it only means that there is untruth in me...*"

These certainly are not the words of an arrogant or self-conceited man but those of a sincere seeker after Truth.

A much-maligned and much-misunderstood man is Shri Morarji Desai whose one self-confessed handicap is that he lacks a sense of humour. He is also described as being inflexible and often curt. He is not unaware of these criticisms. Here is what he says: "Several persons, including my colleagues, have spread a belief about me that I am rigidly obstinate and that I do not listen to anybody!"

Gandhiji could successfully carry forward the freedom struggle because of his supreme gift of touching the responsive chords of all people by playing up their virtues and playing down their faults, of which no man is without his share. Shri Morarjibhai as Prime Minister has started emulating in increasing measure, Bapu's great qualities of spontaneously exuding warmth and love, his guileless art of winning an ever-widening circle of friends and influencing people.

Gandhiji was never tired of repeating that it is not given to any two people, much less a Committee or a Cabinet, to agree on all points. Shri Morarji-bhai has declared in his latest press conference: "I am not going to force my policy on anyone."

In a world of conformists, Shri Morarji Desai has the courage of being a non-conformist. And alas! for non-conformity "the world whips" you with its displeasure," says Emerson, the sage of Concord.

The ascetic streak in Shri Morarji Desai is perhaps a little too much for him to become a "popular" politician. But popularity at the cost of principles is certainly not worth it.

As one who ceaselessly strives to improve himself, Shri Morarji Desai at 81 is eminently more lovable than he was a few years ago. The political wilderness so unjustifiably inflicted on him, be it under the Kamaraj Plan or any other Plan, and the detention during the recent emergency have been utilised by him for self-inspection and self-improvement.

Some of his observations on why people get angry are faintly reminiscent of the celebrated study on anger by Seneca. Here is what Shri Desai says: "I have been making effort for the last 34 years to be free from anger."

In the beginning I used to believe that it was necessary to show anger sometimes in running the administration. I realised after eight or ten years that anger is bad under all conditions. I used to get angry when somebody lied to me. Then I realised that that was no reason for me to be angry. *One gets angry when one finds oneself helpless or incompetent to argue.*"

Says Emerson: "To be great is to be misunderstood. Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh."

Even the worst critics of Shri Morarji Desai will admit that he is a man of unimpeachable integrity, that he is a purely home-spun Prime Minister, that he prizes Truth above everything—power, prestige, self—and that his commitment to democracy is absolute. The nation is certainly safe in his hands.

For Shri Morarjibhai seeks to do all his work in an attitude of *Ishwara Pranidhana*, striving to live in the presence of God and surrendering to His will in as great a measure as he can, firmly believing that God's Will alone determines both the adventure and the outcome, and that he is only His instrument.

IN the very beginning of his *Gita-Bhashya* Sankara Bhagavatpada quotes a *sloka* from the Puranas describing Narayana as the Supreme Lord, who is beyond the undifferentiated, the Maya, from which the cosmic egg was born.

It is interesting to see that, in the *Sutra-Bhashya*, Sankaracharya begins his summing up of the doctrines of the Bhagavata School by giving the substance of this very verse in almost the same words. The Lord is described as the Ever-pure, the Ever-free and the All-knowing in two places in this section of the *Sutra-Bhashya* as in the introduction to the commentary on the *Gita*.

Hence it seems that Sankaracharya regarded the *Gita* as a text of the Bhagavata School, a view suggested in modern times by the eminent scholar Lokamanya Tilak. But Sankaracharya goes further and says that the *Gita* contains the essence of the whole purport of the Vedas. This brings into relief the fact that the *Gita* contains no trace of the peculiar ideas of some divisions of the Bhagavata School such as the four Vyuhas, Vasudeva, Sankarshana, Pradyumna and Aniruddha.

The Two-fold Vedic Dharma

A fundamental idea is enunciated in the introduction that Vedic Dharma is two-fold, embracing the way of action and



Sankara Bhagavatpada's *Gita Bhashya*

P. SESHADRI

The great glory of Sankaracharya was his preaching of the Gita. It is one of the greatest works that this great man did among the many noble works of his noble life—the preaching of the Gita and the writing of the most beautiful commentary upon it.—Vivekananda

that of renunciation: The former leads to worldly prosperity and the latter confers Moksha. These two paths were taught for the maintenance of the world by the Lord to two different types of created beings. The conception of the Avatar is also elucidated. The Lord manifests Himself to establish this Dharma again whenever Virtue (Dharma) declines on account of selfishness and vice (Adharma) gains the ascendancy. Sri Krishna was such an incarnation and imparted the two-fold Vedic Dharma—*Pravritti* and *Nivritti*—to the world for its benefit through Arjuna, who was endowed with many virtues. Being accepted by such a person, the Dharma will flourish.

The *Pravritti* Dharma leads to prosperity here and hereafter. But it also conduces to purity of mind if done without any prompting for the fruit and (with a mind) dedicated to God—the man of pure mind becomes fit to get the true knowledge which directly confers Mukti or Liberation and Bliss Supreme. The *Nivritti* Dharma leads one to that goal immediately as it presupposes self-knowledge and renunciation.

Sankara says that the *Gita* treats of this two-fold Dharma and also expounds in detail the nature of the Supreme Lord, Parabrahman. These are the subjects dealt with and their knowledge serves to realise the

aspirations of man and the purpose of human life.

The Sankhya and the Yoga

Before beginning his interpretation of the text of the *Gita*, Sankaracharya discusses the question of the true import of the teaching of the *Gita*. Does it inculcate Jnana and Karma? From his commentary it is evident that some teachers were of opinion that the *Gita* taught a combination of Jnana and Karma as the means to Moksha. Sankaracharya combats this view. It would seem that the advocates of this theory meant by Karma the rites enjoined by the *Sruti* or *Smriti* or both. They were performed with a view to reaping the fruits thereof. Sankaracharya distinguishes and says as follows: The ordinary man works with the sense of egoism, that is, with the idea that he is the doer. He identifies himself with his body, mind as well as with his relations, friends and possessions and is affected by anything befalling them. It unnerves him and makes him stray from his path of duty, his *Swadharma*, and takes to the acts forbidden to him. Thus Arjuna is moved by the thought of the battle depriving him of his own people, and so sorrow and delusion overpower him. He is ready to give up participating in the just war and seeks to embrace the life of a mendicant. Even the person, who performs

his Swadharma is actuated by the sense of 'I am the doer' and he seeks the results of his work. This leads him to accumulate merit and the reverse, which cause ceaseless future births, agreeable and disagreeable, and there is no escape from this chain. The teaching of the *Gita* begins from a higher standpoint. It shows the defects of these two ways of action. We should discriminate between virtue and vice and cling to the former. We should regenerate ourselves. We should know that the soul is different from the body, the senses, the mind etc. All the works we do should be dedicated to the Lord and we should have no attachment to the results. This is the path of Yoga or Karmayoga, taught in the *Gita*.

The performances of such selfless work in the spirit of an offering to God make for the purity of the mind. The pure mind is fit to grasp the true knowledge of the self as one and the same in all and that knowledge makes one free. The true knowledge of the self is what is known as Sankhya. Hence, Yoga or the path Karmayoga is a means to Sankhya or Jnana, the knowledge of the Supreme Reality.

After getting that knowledge, some may still remain in the world engaged in work like the Lord Sri Krishna. But their work is solely and wholly for the benefit of others and never for themselves as the idea of the

petty self clinging to or lodged in a particular body has been entirely transcended. Janaka and others like him must have worked in this manner, if they had already acquired the realisation of the Self. Otherwise, their work must be deemed to have been to acquire purity of mind, the indispensable prerequisite to the knowledge of the Self.

Thus it is clear that Sankaracharya assigns an important place to work in the scheme of Moksha. He does not condemn Karma or action according to the Sastras done with motive or the desire for the result in the case of the person who does not or cares not to know anything higher. Selfless work performed as an offering to or worship of the Lord is approved as a means to attain knowledge. It is noteworthy that Sankaracharya admits the possibility of work by the freed souls and cites Sri Krishna's action as an example. It is not at all contrary to Jnana.

But to call it action will be a misnomer, as two essential elements ordinarily associated with work are wanting, that is, the feeling of egoism and the desire for the fruits. The views of Lokamanya Tilak do not seem to essentially differ from those of Sankaracharya in this matter except in the emphasis necessitated by the circumstances of the time.

The Mimamsakās insisted on the performance by all of rituals

and sacrifices which would lead to heaven after death and asserted that there is no other goal in life. Passages dealing with the knowledge of the self were either meaningless or subservient to those enjoining action.

So Sankaracharya had to check the tendency to neglect the crest-jewel of the Vedas, the Jnana Kanda. But he did not decry the Karma Kanda, he only showed that that was not the final goal taught in the Sastras. He teaches how such works should be performed to lead to that end. Tilak's appeal is to a nation which had become idle and indolent in the name of religion. So, he has laid stress on Karma Yoga. He also tries to make out that Sri Krishna speaks of those who work for the world's good, after attaining Moksha as superior to those who abstain from any such action.

Sankaracharya's distinction as we learn from the *Sutra-Bhashya* is between those who are commissioned by God to work even after attaining Moksha and those who are not so authorised.

As a specimen of his interpretation the following may be cited:

First the connection with the preceding passage is given. to serve as an introduction.

"Why dost Thou (the Lord) confer the devotion to knowledge (Buddhiyoga) to Thy devotee? And what is that obstacle in the path leading to Thee which the

devotion to knowledge that Thou bestoweth on Thy devotees serves to remove? In answer to this question the Lord says:"

Then follows the text. "Out of my pure grace towards those (devotees) I, seated in their innermost soul, destroy the darkness born of ignorance by the bright lamp of knowledge."

The commentary follows: "Out of mere grace, that is out of mercy, desirous that they should attain bliss, I dwell in the hearts of the devotees who are ever engaged in thinking of the Atman; I destroy the darkness of ignorance, the inexplicable illusory nescience due to indiscrimination (of the Self and the non-Self) by the lamp of knowledge. Such knowledge is born of discrimination. The lamp is fed by the pure oil of disinterested devotion, fanned by the wind of deep incessant meditation, on Me, the Lord, furnished with the wick of right intuition, refined by the cultivation of Brahmacharya and other exalting disciplines, held in the receptacle of the Chitta which is without any (worldly) attachment, placed in the wind-proof enclosure of the Chitta (mind-stuff) turned away from the sense-objects and untainted by attachment and aversion, and shining with the light of right knowledge generated by incessant practice of concentration and meditation."

As an instance of Sankaracharya's exposition according to

the spirit of the text, the following may suffice. In his interpretation of the 13th sloka of the sixth chapter of the *Gita*, where the words "Fixing his gaze on the tip of the nose" occur, the Acharya says: "The man, who practises yoga should gaze *as it were* on the tip of his nose; here we have to understand that the words '*as it were*' are also meant to be supplied in the text; for the Lord means to prescribe, not the very act of 'gazing at the tip of the nose,' but the fixing of the sight within (by withdrawing it from external objects): and this, of course, depends on the steadiness of mind. If, on the other hand, the very act of 'gazing at the tip of this nose' were meant here, then the mind would be fixed only there, not on the Atman. But, as a matter of fact, the Yogin is to concentrate the mind on the Atman, as is stated in VI-35; that is, 'making the mind dwell on the Self (Atman).' Hence, the words '*as it were*' should be supplied to make the purport clear."

We shall close with the commentary on the XI-55. According to Sankaracharya: "This verse sums up the essential teaching of the whole *Gita-Sastra*, which should be practised, as it leads to the Highest

Beatitude."

"He who does works for Me, who looks on Me, as the Supreme, who is devoted to Me, who is free from attachment, who is without hatred for any being, comes to Me, O Arjuna."

A servant works for his master, but he does not look upon that master as the highest goal for him to reach; but My devotee works for Me and also considers Me as the Supreme Goal. I am this Supreme Goal. He is devoted to Me; he serves Me in all ways, with his whole heart and soul. He is not attached to wealth, to progeny, to friends, to wife, to kinsmen, or to pleasures; he has no (selfish) clinging towards them. He cherishes no enmity for any being, even though that being may have done great injury to him. Such a man comes to Me. I am to him Highest Goal and he seeks nothing else. This is the beneficial teaching I have to offer you."

It may be seen that practice and theory, work, devotion, and knowledge, are harmoniously taught here to reach the Lord, the Highest Goal.

(Courtesy "Sri Sankaracharya," Published by University of Travancore, Trivandrum)

To try too hard to make people good is one way to make them worse; the only way to make them good is to be good.

—G. MacDonald

Savitri who defied the God of Death—2

H. R. YADAV

HE then made inquiries with King Ashwapati regarding her marriage. Ashwapati told him that Savitri had been out in search of her life-partner and that she had just then returned, perhaps after succeeding in her mission. As soon as Narada heard this, he was eager to know who the lucky soul was, that Savitri had chosen for her life-partner. At this Savitri naturally felt shy, but the ministers who had escorted her told all about Satyawán and Dyumatsen.

When he heard the name Satyawán, Narada became very pleased and said: "Well done, Savitri, well done! Really you have found a capable person for your life-partner. To the best of my knowledge I have not

come across any youth like Satyawán. He is the paragon of virtue, might and strength. He is wise and generous. You have made an excellent selection, Savitri! But in spite of all his charms and abilities there is one great hitch in the matter. I can't blame you for not knowing it. Perhaps you might change your decision if you knew what I am in a position to tell you about his future. The sad thing is that Satyawán is destined to die exactly a year hence. But for this he would be a very ideal husband for you. Still if you insist on marrying him, nobody can stop you."

On hearing the words of Narada, King Ashwapati and Queen Malati, as also the ministers, felt shocked. Savitri,

however, was unshaken. Her parents could not think of giving her in marriage to Satyawan. On the one hand Narada had praised the virtues of Satyawan while on the other he had no clear-cut objections for her marriage with him. The King became surprised at this difficult position which appeared almost like a riddle.

In response to the King's queries, Sage Narada said: "O my dear King! I have been waiting for this situation ever since Savitri started on her search for her life-mate. There was, of course, nothing I could do before she had made her choice in the forest. It was then that I foresaw the brief length of Satyawan's lifespan, and so I have come here to forewarn you. Life and death are but natural for mortals; no one can survive for ever. But some things happen at the proper time, some things do not. Death at the prime of life can never be a proper thing. To die within one year of marriage is anything but a happy event. I would, therefore, like to inform you all that Satyawan is destined to breathe his last a year hence. And now it is up to you all to help Savitri decide properly."

King Ashwapati now turned to Savitri: "My darling daughter, you have heard the

Sage. We all feel in the circumstances, it will not be wise for you to marry Satyawan. Go again and find someone else for your life-mate. It was a great act of kindness on the part of Narada to have come here and thus forewarned us; otherwise we were sure to give our consent for your marriage with Satyawan." Mother Malati could not contain herself. With tears rolling down her cheeks, she said: "Nothing has gone wrong yet, Savitri. Go and select someone else who will be having a long life in addition to other virtues. We do not want to play with your life. As you know a life-mate is not a day's toy. You just can't play with it one day, only to break it off the next day."

Persuasion of her father and mother had little effect on Savitri. Without feeling any grief, she thanked the divine Sage Narada and spoke thus to her parents: "Dear father, dear mother, I accepted your suggestion to choose a life-mate. Whatever I have selected with all my heart, good or bad, long life or short life, painful or pleasant, it is my sacred duty to accept him as a Gift of Gods. This decision cannot be changed. With my limited experience of life, it seems to me that choosing a life-partner is not just a physical and worldly affair. I think it is all connected with one's

previous birth as also life hereafter. It is not in my stars that I should change my mind now and choose another being as my life-partner. Should I change my mind now I feel that married womanhood might challenge that a soul once given to anyone could not be gifted away to someone else under any circumstances. Even if I am not going to see the face of Satyawana again in my life, his soul and mine have become one and they cannot be separated. Every pore of my being is full of Satyawana; wherever I turn my face, I see Satyawana. There is nothing now that could induce me to change my mind."

These words came out so firmly that even Narada was unable to say anything. Narada then persuaded King Ashwapati: "O King, think no more. Arrange her marriage with Satyawana. May you live long to see your daughter becoming the mother of many children, all of them healthy, mighty and virtuous." With these words Narada picked up his Veena, and with 'Narayan, Narayan' on his lips disappeared.

King Ashwapati summoned all his courage and arranged Savitri's marriage with Satyawana. The King was keen on having a royal atmosphere for the marriage ceremony even if it was to be celebrated in the forest. But Savitri did not relish the idea. She was very much happy with the life Satyawana and his father led. The forest with its scenic

beauty and rustic charms was very much to her liking and Satyawana's love made it a paradise.

At her father-in-law's home Savitri worshipped both Dyumatsen and her husband. She was very much occupied in their service which to her was as good as divine worship. She spared herself the least when it came to attending to the needs of the aged and blind Dyumatsen. The latter would often rebuke her for wearing herself out, but Savitri would not listen. On the other hand she argued: "Please do not worry over anything. Nobody feels tired in the service of the Lord. Allow me to do my duty as long as there is breath in my body. Who knows what will happen after death? But my good karma can at least lead me to a good life."

At nights after Satyawana and Dyumatsen had retired to bed, Savitri would sit down for her meditation. Sometimes she was still seen in meditation when Satyawana woke up in the morning. She constantly remembered the time-limit foretold by Narada regarding Satyawana's life-span. Hence her ardent prayers to seek a way out where all doors of redress seemed closed to her. She was braving herself to face the inevitable. Perhaps from somewhere within her own deeper Self, she found the soothing assurance that nothing was impossible for a true and devoted soul, and that even

the inevitable could be challenged.

Then on the fateful day when Satyawan was preparing to go out to collect some roots and fruits from the forest, Savitri requested that she be permitted to accompany him. Her request was a surprise to Satyawan because she had not touched any food the previous night. Little did Satyawan know that Savitri had been too preoccupied throughout the night with her prayers and meditation to sleep, for she knew what was to befall him on the morrow. Satyawan naturally did not want her to accompany him to the forest, for the path was rough and moreover there were wild beasts prowling about. At last he said: "If you insist on accompanying me, let it be so. But you should go and get the permission of my father. If he allows, I shall be pleased to take you along to the forest."

Savitri went to Dyumatsen and in a humble voice requested him for permission to accompany Satyawan. It was indeed a surprising request, even though Dyumatsen agreed after some initial hesitation, saying: "O my daughter, if you feel alert and energetic I do not mind your accompanying Satyawan. But you were on fast yesterday." To this Savitri replied: "I feel quite well and fresh to accompany Satyawan," and touching the feet of Dyumatsen she took her leave of him. Dyumatsen

blessed her and asked her to be back before sunset.

It was for the first time that Savitri and Satyawan were going out into the forest together, and Satyawan was greatly pleased with the opportunity. He was full of enthusiasm and joy, and as they slowly wound their way amidst the thick growth, he would pick up beautiful flowers that lay scattered all over the path to give them to his beloved, or draw her attention to some beautiful sight, or some rare variety of birds that one came across only in the jungles.

Presently they came to a tree laden with ripe fruits. Satyawan now lost no time in climbing up and picking some ripe ones; he threw these down to Savitri who was eagerly watching his movements. She knew that the fatal hour was approaching, and the moments slipped by. For Satyawan, however, she appeared to be eagerly waiting for the fruit he was throwing down to her. Indeed he wanted to pick up more fruits and as he tried to reach out for some hanging from a far off branch, he lost his balance and was about to fall down. Somehow he precariously clung to the tree and made haste to reach the ground; his breathing was hard and his vision fast getting blurred. He could hardly stand, but Savitri who knew what was coming was now all alertness and attention. She placed his head on her lap and let his limbs

rest on the ground. With the loose end of her sari, she wiped out the beads of perspiration from Satyawar's brow.

Savitri did not shed tears. At this fateful hour, the great power within, which she had been invoking ever since Sage Narada's prediction, had taken possession of her. She was no longer the tender teenaged girl; she was the embodiment of that Super Power which asserts itself at all critical moments in life. Savitri had become a super woman who could challenge both man and God.

The modern concept of Justice as a blind goddess holding the scales even applies to Duty. One who is duty-bound must be least concerned about the consequences of his actions, he must have a detached attitude. This should have been the position of Yama, the God of Death, who now made his appearance on the scene astride his buffalo. Yama was a well-built figure by any standards, resplendent with a glow all his own. True, he was the God of Death, but there was nothing dark or deathly about him. Rather, Savitri found him radiant with wisdom, his face calm and composed like one who knew the real nature of things. He even appeared kindly and benevolent, and perhaps left to himself, he would have been the last to cut short Savitri's happiness. Who in this world has the heart to turn a teenaged girl like Savitri into a

widow?

Yama was not wanting in Mercy and Generosity; perhaps being cruel was almost foreign to him. As it was his duty to take over when life ceased to be, he had come to the place with the usual equipments. Seeing Satyawar's head resting on Savitri's lap, Yama hesitated a little, for he wanted to be extremely polite and courteous; wishing to take away Satyawar's life with least displeasure to Savitri. It was indeed a difficult task, but the God of Death was up to it. Calling into play all the tact he was capable of, Yama bowed before young Savitri: "O righteous woman, I salute you. I am Yama, the Lord of Death. It is my unpleasant duty to take away Satyawar's life."

Savitri stood up placing Satyawar's head on the ground and bowed at the feet of the great Yama saying: "O great God of Death, accept my humble salutations. I am blessed that the Almighty has provided me with an opportunity to be in your presence while I am still in my mortal frame. It is not given to many to have this honour, my Lord."

"Well said, Savitri, well said," said Yama. "Perhaps you may not know that you have earned this opportunity through your spiritual *Sadhana*. No gift is ever granted freely in this universe. A reward is won only when you work for it."

"Lord Yama! You are kind to me in paying me your compliments, I almost feel as if I am in the presence of a kindly father. Let me again salute you, O great Lord," Savitri replied, and bowed to Yama a second time.

Even as these words were being uttered, Savitri was fully aware of the purpose of Yama's visit. It was as though a part of her was keeping a keen watch over Satyawana's body from which the Soul was yet to be extricated; while the other was engaged in conversing with the God of Death. At the same time, Yama also was acutely conscious of his duty which required him to extricate Satyawana's soul from his body. Not wishing to delay matters, Yama spoke thus to Savitri: "Satyawana was a virtuous man, noble and pure, he was indeed an ideal husband for you. It is unfortunate that his life span ended so early, but perhaps, in some future life, you both will be united as man and wife, living a life-span of a thousand years. Now let me take away his soul as my Duty demands." So saying the God of Death threw a silken chord over Satyawana's body, and pulled out from it his soul. This done Yama mounted his buffalo, took his leave of Savitri with the words: 'May God bless you, my child', and turning in the opposite direction rode on, Satyawana's soul secure in his custody.

Hardly had the buffalo moved a little, when Yama found to his surprise that Savitri was following him. This was something unexpected, for Yama was used to performing his duties undisturbed. If he had needed much tact to get hold of Satyawana's soul without offending Savitri, he had greater need for tact now to persuade her to return. "Why are you following me, Savitri?" he questioned. "Go back and perform the last rites of Satyawana."

Now was the time when Savitri needed all her wit and courage, and she proved equal to the task, thanks to the Super Power within, which had taken possession of her. Calmly she replied: "I am only following my husband, O God of Death. Is it not the duty of a virtuous wife to follow her husband wherever he goes? So long as you carry Satyawana's soul, I am bound to follow it. Save being with her husband, there is no place in this world for a devoted wife."

Her reply pleased the Lord of Death. Realising fully that she was no ordinary woman who could be easily dissuaded from doing what she had chosen, Yama tried to please her with a boon. "You speak a great truth, my child," said Yama. "I am pleased with you. Ask for a boon, but remember you can ask for anything save the soul of Satyawana."

Savitri was touched by Yama's

kindness. "It is so kind of you to grant me a boon, my Lord," she said. "May I have the boon that my blind father-in-law may regain his eyesight and also his lost kingdom."

"So be it, my child," Yama said. "Now that I have granted you the boon, let me go, Savitri." So saying he turned the direction and rode ahead.

Imagine his surprise when he found after he had covered a little distance, that Savitri was still following him. The God of Death was now a little perturbed. But he knew that the only way out lay in winning over Savitri through more boons, if necessary. Savitri could never be defeated, and Yama was well aware of it. She could only be won over. "Why are you again following me?" Yama said to her. "Please understand that attachment is the root cause of all the trouble in this world. Humanity suffers because of this attachment. Pain and sorrow cease once we are detached. When you understand this truth, I am sure you will go back and perform the last rites of your late husband."

Savitri's reply was ready almost immediately. "What you say is true, O Lord of Death" she said. "But please tell me, if Lakshmi is always with Narayan, Parvati with Shiva and Saraswati with Brahma, is this not attachment? If so, what is wrong with a wife like me trying to be with her husband?"

Yama realised that Savitri was getting the better of him. Instead of his winning over Savitri, it was the other way round. Trying to cut short the argument and be free to move ahead, he said: "Savitri, you are great intellectually, even as you are great in other fields. I am pleased with your replies. Ask for another boon, my child, but ask not for the life of Satyawana."

Yama's kindness overwhelmed the great Savitri. Since not asking for a boon now could be construed as an insult; she spoke: "I can't thank you enough for your second boon, my Lord. Since you have been gracious enough to offer me a second boon, may I wish that my parents who have not been gifted with sons, may bring forth a hundred sons."

"May it be so," Yama replied. He was now in a great hurry and he could hardly afford to lose time in carrying on conversation with her. "Now go back, Savitri, and leave me alone."

The Lord of Death now rode quickly on, he was much worried that so much precious time had been already lost. When, therefore, he found that Savitri was still following him, Yama was all confusion. He saw almost no way out of his predicament, with the lovable little woman winning boon after boon from him, and still refusing to leave him alone. Nevertheless he could not get angry with her though he indeed could, and so

he decided to satisfy her with yet another boon.

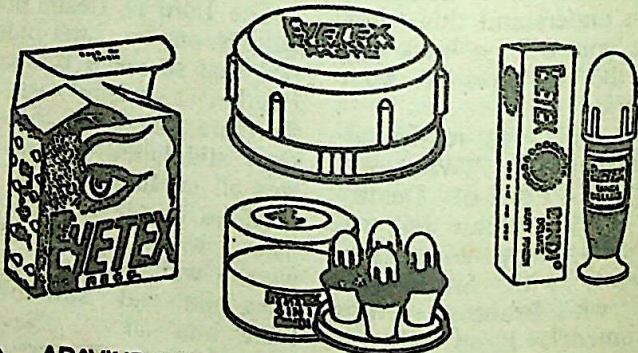
"Savitri, my child, why are you still following me? Don't bother yourself to answer my question. Ask for yet another boon, my child, and thereafter leave me alone. But remember, ask not for the life of your husband."

Yama's kindness and offer of a third boon brought out tears of gratitude from Savitri. She made her obeisance at his feet and said: "My Lord, I am yet to meet one kinder than you in my life. Blessed am I to have met you. May your third boon be that my father-in-law be able to see a hundred happy grandchildren born to his daughter-in-law."

"So be it, my child, so be it. Now please leave me alone." Yama was in a great hurry and he lashed at his buffalo to make it move faster. He was sure that now at last Savitri was not following him, but when he looked back to be sure, he realised how mistaken he was. For Savitri was still following him. "Savitri," Yama said with a note of dejection now apparent in his voice. "Should you still follow me? Haven't I granted you three boons, my child?"

"This time you yourself are compelling me to follow you, O God of Death," Savitri spoke with supreme assurance: "How could your third boon be realised without your granting me the

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life my husband?"

Savitri's words left Yama dumb-founded. Now only did he realise the significance of his last boon. If her father-in-law was to become the grand-father of a hundred happy grandchildren born of her, it was obvious that Savitri should be given back Satyawar's life. It was indeed remarkable how without mentioning Satyawar's name in her boon, as indeed God Yama wanted her to, she had made the great Lord of Death yield and grant her the life of Satyawar. The great Yama should have inwardly cursed himself a little for the haste in which he granted the third boon. Indeed his sole objective then had been to dissuade her from following him, and benevolent as he was, he granted her boon after boon, as if to compensate her the loss of Satyawar.

True he had warned her to ask for anything but the life of Satyawar. But little did he know that the little woman who was following him was so clear in her mind about what she wanted, with not even a touch of haste about her, that she could catch him unawares and win from him precisely what he had warned her not to ask. She never gave up, the little Savitri, and she had a plausible explanation, every time she was questioned. She had patience and

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perseverance, and above all, her great heart was so full of love for one and all,—an all-consuming love which knew no barriers—that the Lord of Death should have found himself off his feet in the sweep of Savitri's love. Here was Love's victory—Love that knew no defeat—and it was a joyous Yama who now gave her husband's soul, saying: "Here, my child, take back Satyawar's life and live with him happily for a thousand years. Go and tell the world that Yama had been defeated—by Love."

Savitri bowed at the feet of Death, shedding tears of joy on receiving Satyawar's soul.

□ □ □

MUDDANNA'S ADDBHUTA RAMAYANA

8

The Strange Ways of Fate

K. G. MALLYA

TO the south of this land was an island called Lanka inhabited by demons. Ravana, the demon with ten faces, was ruling it over. He wanted to be immortal and thought that old age and death should not conquer him. To keep them away he decided to win the grace of Lord Brahma by undertaking severe austerities.

Pleased with Ravana's long and relentless penance, Lord Brahma revealed Himself before him and said: "Tell me what is it that you want! Thy wish will be granted!"

Ravana was all joy. He sang in praise of Lord Brahma and prayed: "Lord, grant me immortality!"

"But," Lord Brahma hesitated, "ask for something else. Nobody can break the law of nature, as death is inevitable to one that has taken birth!"

Ravana was not unhappy. He

cleverly pleaded: "In that case grant me this boon: I must not be killed by your people—gods, or our people—demons! Then yakshas, gandharvas, nagas and pishachas—nobody can kill me! I must die only if I madly desire my own daughter—can you grant me this boon at least?"

"So be it!" Granting the boon Lord Brahma disappeared. Mission over, Ravana returned to Lanka with more vigour, strength and greater ambition. Death, now kept away by Lord Brahma's boon, was no more a cause of anxiety or fear. He decided to conquer all the three



worlds. The army of demons was ready and his first target was Swarga. Like a tempest he stormed Amaravati, the capital, and Indra was thrown out of Swarga! All the beauties of heaven were taken prisoners and sent to his harems in Lanka.

After the conquest of Heaven, he directed his attention to Patala—the world of serpents. He defeated Mahasheha, the King of Patala, and looted all his treasure! While returning he took with him the beautiful Naga maidens! His victories meant

rape and plunder; violence and butchery!

Before long Ravana became the master of three worlds. The presiding deities of eight directions became his slaves, *deva* and *gandharva* women became his maid servants and any woman he desired became his. Lord Brahma's boon made him unassailable. There was nobody to take courage and challenge or check his wicked deeds!

One day Ravana happened to pass through the Dandaka forest where thousands of sages resided.



He stopped in the forest for a while and thought, "Perhaps these sages are not aware that I am their Emperor. Otherwise, they would have come to offer their respects to me. If they don't know I must make them know my supremacy. However, they seem to be poor and rickety. What can they offer me?"

Suddenly he thought of something else and asked his retinue: "Go to these people and ask them to accept my sovereignty. In token ask each one to give a drop of his blood. Collect the blood drops in a pot and bring it to me!"

The demons set out.

In the forest was a sage called Gristamada. Although he had a thousand sons he was not blessed with a daughter and so he was praying Goddess Lakshmi to take birth as his daughter. In his prayer room was a gold pot as a *kalasha* while offering prayers to Goddess Lakshmi. To collect blood drops as ordered by Emperor Ravana, the demons took that *kalasha* by force. Then they barbarously dragged sages out of his cottage and with the tip of their swords bled them and collected the blood in that gold pot. As soon as the pot was full they returned.

Ravana was pleased with the pot and its contents. "It's a great victory!" Thanking them proudly, he proceeded to Lanka.

As Ravana was away for a

long time, Queen Mandodari was anxiously awaiting his return.

"Take this pot!" He proudly passed it on to her: "This is the blood of Rishis, but don't drink it even by mistake! It is poisonous. I have brought it only as symbol of my victory over three worlds!"

Mandodari received the pot. But before she could even entertain him, he took a few of *deva* and *gandharva* beauties whom he had captured, boarded his chariot and went on a jolly trip to the Mandara Mountains!

Mandodari became quite unhappy. To her, life became dull and disgusting. "Am I not pretty and faithful? When I am always eager to serve my lord with all my heart, why should he prefer other women to me? What is my fault then?" She asked herself all this a thousand times but could get no answer.

"Let me die!" At last she thought of death as the only solution and remembered the gold pot filled with blood. "That poisonous blood should bring me an everlasting relief!" She took the pot and gulped down all the blood.

But it was not ordinary blood that could bring her any harm and death. Instead, it proved to be ambrosia that found a secure place in Mandodari's womb. Like a seed growing into a sapling, Mandodari showed all signs of pregnancy!

Now Mandodari's sorrow knew no bounds, "Oh, Lord, I wanted to kill myself by drinking the blood but fate has decreed something else! Will this not bring me life-long shame?" She thought, considered, hesitated, blamed her fate and at last consoled herself. "If God wants this to happen then nobody can alter it. Let me not worry any longer!"

Under the pretext of going on a pilgrimage, she left Lanka boarding on the Pushpaka.

After visiting a few places she reached Kurukshetra where she was delivered of a baby girl, charming and beautiful. But Mandodari could not think of owning the child for fear of shame and disgrace. In a gold casket she kept the child and closed the lid. Though streams of tears came out from her eyes, she secretly buried the casket beneath the ground. Then consoling herself Mandodari quietly returned to Lanka heaving a sigh of relief.

It so happened that Janaka, the King of Mithila, arrived at Kurukshetra to perform a sacrifice. When he was searching for a suitable site by ploughing the land, the gold casket came to light. Astounded, he opened and there he found the smiling child still at play!

Do not do what others do if it is wrong. Do that which is right according to Scriptures and your conscience, even though it is despised by others. Care not for wealth, fame, name or possessions. Concentrate all your energy in developing divine virtues. Virtue is wealth. Good character is wealth. Meditate on God and attain peace.

Whatever is done is done. A repentance, a confession—God understands, forgives and forgets. Let the new life begin. Again the dust of ego and desires might stain and bring strife and strain. Again pray and meditate. After a while grace flows into you and the strength comes to conquer temptations. Do not give up. Have faith. Victory is yours.

—Sant Keshavadas

At once from heaven came flowers in a grand shower followed by a divine voice: "Noble King, this is not an ordinary child. She is Goddess Lakshmi! As a result of your great many good deeds you could get her here. Take her to your home and bring her up like your own daughter!"

"It is a great boon!" thought he: "Since I got her while ploughing the land, may she be called, 'Sita.' It was thus that he named her Sita.

The sacrifice over, Janaka returned to Mithila with his newly acquired treasure, Sita.

(To be continued)

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VAMADEVA

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THE story of Vamadeva is that of a spiritual being endowed with knowledge of his previous births. Even from boyhood, his spiritual aspirations mastered his conduct, and very soon he became distinguished for his wide and deep knowledge in all branches of learning. With the passage of time, he became the first among the seekers as well as teachers of wisdom.

As he grew up, Vamadeva became detached from all mundane avocations and transcended duality. His mind was always on Brahma, and his body shone with the sacred *vibhuti*. He was deeply aware of, and sympathetic to all forms of life—big and small—around him. He relinquished home and extinguished his ego.

Vamadeva once visited Kumarasringa with his disciples

and offered worship to Kumaraswami. The God was pleased with his devotion and taught him all about Omkara. Vamadeva requested him to do this, more for the sake of the world than for his own. The deity told Vamadeva: "Siva is himself Omkara. Those who seek salvation worship him in the form of Sambhu."

He then imparted to Vamadeva knowledge of Siva and many more intricacies of learning. Before departing, Kumaraswami said: "He whom you favour can attain salvation. You are now the repository of supreme knowledge. Pass it to the devout and the disciplined, and enjoy eternal bliss."

Skanda also taught Vamadeva Yoga, the mainstay of spiritual achievement. He told Vamadeva: "He who venerates his teacher will attain all possible wealth in this world, and the presence of Siva in the next. This is a closely kept secret, and will be hereafter known as the Vamadeva-marga." After this, Kumaraswami left for Kailasa. Vamadeva accompanied him, and worshipped Siva and Parvati on the holy mountain.

Vamadeva's unique power of saintliness is attested to by the following episode. While he was in *tapas* in Krauncharanya, he was pounced upon by a terrible-looking monster. But the Mahārshi was not in the least perturbed

ed by the sudden occurrence, and all the efforts of the monster to kill the saint were ineffective. When, in despair, he fell on the saint, he was suddenly released from all his accumulated sins and stood radiant and joyful.

He fell at the feet of Vamadeva and thanked him for thus setting him free from his sins. He had been a cruel and lustful king who had raped several ladies to appease his lust, and finally had died a miserable death. He asked Vamadeva how he had attained the power to liberate even the worst sinners by just touching them.

Vamadeva told him: "What you have seen is the glory of Siva, not mine. I always wear the sacred *vibhuti*, the full efficacy of which is known only to Siva." Thereupon he expounded the power of *Vibhuti* and applied it to the body of the former monster, who then left, thinking of Vamadeva as the god of gods.

The following story about Vamadeva illustrates his extraordinary powers of intuition. Once a certain king named Nruga got tired of hunting a beast and fell asleep under a tree in a forest. Just as he was dropping off to sleep, a passing robber chief saw him alone, and ordered his followers to rob him and also take away his horse. As they got ready to do so, a female form emerged from Nruga's body and miraculously vanquished the

assailants. The astonished king sought an explanation of the incident from Vamadeva, who informed him that it was his own accumulated goodness that had saved him.

There is another fairly elaborate story which brings out the dauntlessness and determination of Vamadeva when his self-respect was challenged.

A king named Sala once borrowed the horses of Vamadeva in order to chase a beast which had escaped him. His charioteer told him that only the horses of Vamadeva were fast enough for the purpose. Sala used the horses and succeeded in slaying the animal, but refused to return the horses to the rishi.

Despite this show of ingratitude, Vamadeva showed patience and sent word to the king demanding the return of his horses. But Sala only sent a scornful reply. Still patient, Vamadeva went to Ayodhya to persuade the king to return the horses. Sala agreed to give anything but the horses. Threats of dire consequences had little effect on the arrogant and power-blind Sala.

When Vamadeva said, "He who harms Brahmans who follow the Vedas will not fail to reap the fruit of his misdeeds," a host of monsters fell on Sala and made short work of him. But Sala's brother Dala attacked the sage despite his wife's war-

nings to the contrary, and was duly punished with the death of his son and the immobilisation of his right hand. This brought him to his senses, and he asked the forgiveness of Vamadeva.

In a moment, the sage's heart melted and he restored to Dala the use of his hand and also brought his son Syenajit back to life.

These incidents are ample indication of Vamadeva's invincible power and his limitless forgiveness. In the end, he blessed Dala and left.

Vasumana, the King of Kosala, once sought the advice of Vamadeva on how to govern, and the sage told him: "O King! Dharma is supreme. He who follows Dharma in his daily conduct and in the affairs of State automatically prospers. But he who neglects it for the sake of material prosperity loses both wealth and Dharma. The king, who fails to discharge his duties and indulges in licence and self-praise is destroyed with his wealth. He who displays friendliness and generosity, and accords primacy to Dharma in his daily conduct will thrive in happiness. Besides, the king who protects the good and loves truth and patience will prosper. The king should be brave, control his senses and not hesitate to spend for public welfare."

Moreover, Vamadeva gave Vasumana elaborate advice as to

how a king should behave towards his people, how he should reward the deserving and punish the wicked. He edified Vasumana with the principles of dealing with his enemies and looking after the welfare of his subjects. Vasumana was gratified by the learned discourse of Vamadeva and thanked him.

The *Adhyatma Ramayana* records the following episode in which Vamadeva consoled the citizens of Ayodhya at the time of the departure of Sri Rama and Sita to the forest.

The citizens were grief-stricken at the departure of those whom they regarded as more than their own parents, and some even made to follow them to the forest.

Vamadeva then exhorted them: "O ye citizens! It is not proper for you to mourn thus. Know that Sri Rama is no other than the incarnation of Vishnu himself, and Sita, that of Lakshmi. He has taken different incarnations at different times to keep going the cycle of creation, flux and destruction. He has taken this incarnation to rid the earth of Ravana. His departure to the forest marks the beginning of this laudable mission. It behoves you, therefore, to bid him a joyous farewell rather than to mourn thus. Chant Rama's name to attain salvation and to throw off the shackles of age and death."

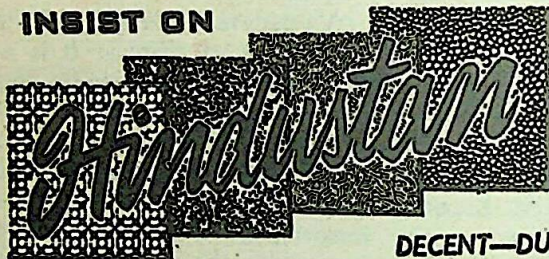
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HIND

This exhortation gladdened the people. Vamadeva left for his *ashram*, glad that the end of Ravana was approaching.

There is an interesting episode about Vamadeva which illustrates his appreciation of the virtue of generosity as a means to salvation.

There was a pious and wise king named Subahu who had received moral instruction at the feet of the sage Jaimini. The sage taught Subahu that righteousness alone is not sufficient for one to attain salvation. It must be supplemented by generosity and kindness to fellowmen.

The righteous Subahu, who kept all the fasts required by his religion, did not heed the words of his master. After leaving this world, he and his wife went to heaven, where they found all kinds of joy except the presence of Vishnu. Moreover, thirst parched their tongues and hunger gnawed at their vitals. In their distraction, they came upon Vamadeva, utterly lost in divine contemplation. Subahu fell at the feet of the sage and desired to know the cause of the miserable plight of himself and his wife.

Vamadeva said: "O Raja! How can one sow bad and reap

good? You were regular in observing the fasts, and the other duties prescribed by your religion, and led a very upright life on earth. But never in your life were you guilty of an act of generosity. Never did you feed a learned man though you fasted religiously on the previous day. Only he who eats what is left after feeding a guest is eligible for heaven and transcends hunger and thirst. You knew all this from the saint Jaimini, but never heeded it."

Subahu heard all this in silence, and then asked the sage: "What should I do now for the expiation of my sin?"

Vamadeva guided them as to how they should make amends for their sin.

Subahu and his wife expiated their sin of lack of generosity until a day when they heard the *Vasudevastotra* from a parrot named Kunjala as foretold by Vamadeva. The couple were absolved of their sins on hearing this. The Lord revealed Himself to them, and took them to heaven with Him.

Thus Vamadeva lived a life of piety and devotion, and was a source of succour to all those weary souls in quest of it.

□ □ □

"Nobleness of character is nothing but steady love of good, and steady scorn of evil."

—Froude.



'REVERIE' (1891)—By GAUGUIN



PAUL GAUGUIN

The Primitive Genius

V. K. SUBRAMANIAN

PAUL GAUGUIN (along with Cezanne and Van Gogh) counts among the great masters of the post-impressionist period of modern art. If Van Gogh is considered the father of expressionism and Cezanne the creator of cubism, Gauguin can be deemed the father of decorative "primitivism."

Gauguin was essentially a painter of nature and human beings in the raw. His paints, the bulk of which deal with the bright tropical scenery and the simple people of Tahiti create in simple lines, colours and forms a beautiful world which, according to Gauguin, represented "truth, dignity, grace and serenity of artistic spirit."

Gauguin's approach to art may be summed up in his words:

"Remember art is an abstraction, dream in front of nature, draw from it the essence of what you see, then paint." He used to say: "Allow me not to lead you, but to advise you to open your eyes." But the people of his times did not open their eyes to the majesty of his art.

Strindberge, one of Gauguin's contemporaries, wrote to him:

"On the walls of your studio, I saw this hubbub of sunny paintings which pursued me last night in my sleep. I saw trees which no botanist would ever find again, animals of which Cuvier never as much as dreamed and human beings whom you alone could create. A sea that would flow from a Valcano, a sky where no God can dwell ... Sir, I said in my dream you

created a new world and a new sky, but I do not feel comfortable amidst your creation. It is too sunny for me who love light and shade."

But lack of appreciation did not deter Gauguin from the path he had chalked out for himself. His life became a tragic sacrifice at the altar of his artistic ideals.

Gauguin was born in Paris in 1848. His parents were poor; his father was an unknown journalist.

Gauguin left school at the age of 17 and became a sailor. After spending six years on the sea, he returned to Paris when he was 23. Soon he became a prosperous businessman. He married, and became father of five children.

Suddenly Gauguin discovered that he could paint. He became a "Sunday painter." Gauguin's passion for painting soon made him leave business at the age of 35 and devote himself wholetime to painting.

Gauguin went to the South Seas in 1891. He painted the people and the beautiful scenery of Tahiti. Though he returned to France for a short while he failed to get recognition and returned to the South Seas, dejected.

Gauguin's tragic but colourful life inspired Somerset Maugham to write his famous novel, *The Moon and Six Pence*.

Though in his own lifetime, some of Gauguin's paintings fetched hardly Rs. 2, his worth was recognised after his death and a single Gauguin painting was sold at Sothey's (art dealers) for 3.6 lakh dollars.

Gauguin's most famous paintings include *Siesta* in (1893) in which four Tahitian women lie languorously on a verandah basking in sunlight, *Papeete, Tahiti, The White Horse, Where do we come from, Mario Venus. When are you getting married, and Tahitian girls with flowers*, almost all of which show nude or semi-nude Tahitian women against the bright sunny Polynesian background.

Gauguin firmly believed that 'art has a divine source and lives in the hearts of all men who have been touched by the heavenly light. Once having tasted the delights of great art one is inescapably and for ever dedicated to it.'

About himself, he proclaimed:

"Amidst the intoxicating perfume of nature, I dream of violent harmonies, a delight enhanced by I-know-not-what sacred horror I divine in the infinite."

Gauguin's art has powerfully influenced subsequent artists like Matissee and Marc Chagalla.

Today Gauguin's canvases are invaluable treasures; they are a priceless heritage of mankind.

Important Temples and Shrines of Sri Rama in India

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THE mere name of Rama is ambrosia to every pious Hindu. To him Rama is an ideal Ruler, a model son, a sincere friend and a perfect man. In fact, Sage Valmiki's request to Sage Narada was this: "It is my ardent desire to know about a living man at present who possesses the sixteen noble qualities—Sausilya, Virya, etc." After deep thought Sage Narada narrated the great epic *Ramayana* which is an answer to his question.

We have not had the good fortune of having lived in those days but we need not regret it or feel depressed on that account for we have many temples and shrines dedicated to Sri Rama where we can see him face to face, offer worship to him and be blessed by him. The chanting of the name Rama even once, kills all our sins and elevates us to higher levels.

This small article gives some information regarding the several temples and shrines dedicated to Sri Ramachandra in our country.

We start from Ayodhya where Mother Kausalya gave birth of the divine Rama. Ayodhya is beside the River Sarayu in Uttar Pradesh. There are several temples and shrines in the place dedicated to Sri Ramachandra. But "the Kanaka Bhavan" is the most magnificent spot and most directly associated with Sri Rama in his childhood. The Janmasthan, the place where Kausalyaji gave birth to Sri Ramachandra has even to this day a great sanctity which excites the deepest emotions of even the casual visitor. The foot-prints of the four brothers—Rama, Lakshmana, Bharata and Satrugna—are said to be seen by pilgrims even today. The Hanuman Temple there, locally known as Hanumangarh, is a shrine

which attracts thousands of pilgrims every year. The Puranas say that when Sri Rama left Ayodhya for his heavenly abode, he left the city in charge of Hanuman.

There is yet another temple in Ayodhya erected by a South Indian Lady as directed by Sri Rama in her dream. It is known as Ammaji Mandir. Annual contributions are made from Madras even now.

There is a separate temple for Lakshmana on the Himalayas. The place is known as Lakshmanjula and lies on the way to Badrinath.

The abode of Rama during his exile in Nasik on the banks of the River Godavari is well worth a visit. It was here that Surpanakha met Rama and had her nose and ears cut. The Panchavati or the five banyan Trees should not be missed.

In Bhadrachalam in Andhra, there is a famous temple dedicated to Sri Ramachandra. The temple is situated on the banks of the River Godavari. The icons of Sri Rama, Lakshmana and Sita are beautiful pieces of sculpture and are captivating by the sheer beauty and excellence of splendid workmanship. The idol of Sri Ramachandra here has four hands. He is known as Chaturbhuja Rama. The Lord holds the bow Kodanda and (Bana) arrow, in the front two hands, and has Sankha and

Chakra in the rear two hands. Such manifestations of Chaturbhuja Rama are very rare. There is another Chaturbhuja Rama near the Ottivakkam Railway Station in Chingleput District. The temple at Bhadrachalam is said to have been built by a Bairagi Mendicant hailing from Ayodhya. In later years it has come to be associated with Bhakta Ramadasa. The original name of Bhakta Ramadasa was Gopanna who was a Taluk official entrusted with the collection of revenues. He instead of remitting the collections to his masters utilised the same for constructing a temple, making ornaments for the deities and conducting festivals. He was put in prison by the ruler but Rama was so pleased with the devotion of the great Bhakta that He himself appeared before the Ruler Tana Shah and showered coins equivalent to the amount spent by Gopanna or Ramadasa.

The ruler was taken aback in amazement at this divine miracle. He immediately released Gopanna and encouraged him to continue his pious work of constructing mandapas and gopuras and arranging for conducting festivals like Sri Rama Navami.

In the most famous Temple of Balaji, Sri Venkateswara on Tirumalai Hills, in the Sanctum Sanctorum, we can see the idol of Sri Rama with Sita and Lakshmana on either side. Float

festival for this deity is held in the Swami Pushkarani every year.

In the lower Tirupathi, there is a separate temple for Sri Kodandaramaswami. The deity is said to have been installed by Jambavan. Pilgrims visiting Lord Venkateswara do not fail to visit the temple of Lord Govindaraja and Kodanda-Ramaswami at the Lower Tirupathi.

People are familiar with the Parthasarathi Temple in Madras—Triplicane. Here is a separate shrine for Sri Rama, Sita and Lakshmana and Anjaneya.

Many of us have heard about the famous Shiva Vishnu Temple near the bus stand at Thyagarayanagar. The images of Sri Rama, Lakshmana and Sita are beautiful and are believed to have been worshipped in the Palace Temples at Thanjavur 400 years ago.

Tiruneermalai is a small hillock near Pallavaram in Madras. There is a temple dedicated to Sri Rama and the deity is said to have been installed by Sage Valmiki himself.

Sri Rama is also known as Mahaveera. Poet Bhavabhuti has written his famous *Mahavira-charitam* with Sri Rama (Mahaveera) as the hero. Sri Nigamanta Mahadesika addresses Him as Mahaveera. There is a special temple for this deity at Tiruvallur as Veera Raghava.

Tirupputkuli near Kanchipuram is yet another place which is dedicated to Vijaya Raghava. The pushkarani opposite the temple is known as Jatayu. Pushkarani or Gridhra Saras. There is a temple for Jatayu opposite the Pushkarani. The deity is known as Rana Pungava or Ahava Pungava as addressed by Sri Vedanta Desika in his *Paramartha Stuti*. It is said that women longing for children are generally blessed with children by taking a dip in the Pushkarini.

The Utsava deities of Rama, Sita and Lakshmana in the Temple of Yathoktakari in Little Kancheepuram are huge, tall and attractive.

The temple dedicated to Sri Kodandaramaswami in Madhurantakam is not only ancient but is of particular interest, for it was here that Sri Ramanuja had his Panchasamaskara at the hands of his Master Peria Nambi, and as its token, Panchasamaskara Utsava is celebrated every year even now. Sri Ramanuja appears with the garb of a Grihastha and not as a Sannyasin here. In the last century a European Collector had the good fortune of having a wonderful vision of Sri Rama, Sita and Lakshmana who were guarding the big lake averting a possible breach consequent to the heavy downpour one night. One can see the inscription in

the temple mandapam even today and the incident is recorded in the Chingleput District Manual.

The shrine of Sri Rama in the temple of Sri Devanatha in Tiruahindrapuram is a very famous one. It is said that Sri Vedanta Desika composed his famous musical *Raghu Veera Gadyam* or *Maha Veera Vibhavam* here.

The presiding deity at Trukudandai or Kumbakonam is known as Aravamuthan. The more you see him the more you want to see him. There is another temple of Kodandaramaswami here. The walls of this temple are painted with all the incidents mentioned in the *Ramayana* from the Putra Kameshti to Sri Rama Pattabhisheka.

The image of Sri Rama at Vaduvur near Kumbakonam is Beauty itself and no one should miss a visit to that place. No one should fail to worship the idols of Rama, Sita and Lakshmana in the shrine of Sundararaja Perumal in the village of Kurichi which is situated 17 Km. from Kumbakonam.

Tirucherai is another place of pilgrimage whose presiding deity is, Saranatha. There is a sepa-

rate shrine for Sri Rama there. No devotee will fail to be attracted by the particular stance of the images of Rama, Lakshmana and Sita.

The idols of Sri Rama, Sita and Lakshmana at Tillavilagam near Karaikal are such a perfection of exquisite beauty that words cannot give an adequate description of it. Only the fortunate few will be bestowed with an opportunity to worship them.

The temples dedicated to *Valvili Rama* at Pullampuangudi and *Kolavili Rama* at Thirvel-liangudi have been immortalised by Saint Tirumangai Alwar.

Darbhasayanam or Tirupullana is another famous temple dedicated to Sri Ramachandra. It is in Ramanathapuram district and the deity answers the description in the Yuddha kanda canto 21.

The deity of Ramachandra in the Rameswaram Temple is believed to have been installed by Sri Rama himself.

There is also a temple for Rama in Dhanushkodi.

A pilgrimage between Rameswaram in the south and Lakshmanjula in the north can impress grandeur of India's immortal heritage. □ □ □

Our thoughts, good or bad, are not in our command, but every one of us has at all hours duties to do, and these he can do negligently like a slave, or faithfully like a true servant. 'Do the duty that is nearest thee'.

—Carlyle.

New Dimensions in Philosophical Psychology

V. RAGHUNATHAN

The Theory of the Optimum use of Sense-Energy

VARIOUS paths have been propounded and various methods have been advocated for the progress of man. In fact, the human being himself is made for such progress as the mind in him, being a part of the Universal Mind, is ever anxious to go back to its original or primeval seat of Eternity.

The fundamental principle underlying all religious practices and ascetic exercises is the same. Religion and allied subjects are only means to an end. Religion paves the way for the ultimate dissolution of mind through thought and sense controls.

II

The human mind is the only one which is best suited to this onward march of Man. In it are the various faculties like the judicious suppression, judicious segregation, judicious forgetful-

ness, imagination, intuition, a servo-mechanism, a conditioning process, recall, and reason.

III

In the normal human being there is an enormous wastage of energy due to incessant sense activity. The senses are ever ready to rise up to the occasion with the result that there is a constant strain on the cerebro-spinal system¹ and the conse-

1. This system consists of the cerebrum, the cerebellum, the medulla oblongata and the spinal cord. Cerebrum is the store of energy: The cerebellum is the controlling authority. The energy flows through it into the medulla and to the spinal cord and from there all the normal bodily activities take place. Many actions are converted into reflexes so that there is no strain on the mind. The purpose of education is to make more and more of conscious activities into reflex actions so that they can be of use to us in our day to day life. The conscious mind, the lieutenant and the adviser of the subconscious

quent pressure on the autonomous nervous system.² Hence for any onward march senses must be voluntarily controlled.³

IV

This means that a person should keep his eyes open and should not see; keep his ears open and should not hear and so on. This should become a voluntary process and in advanced stages a reflex action. When once this is practised, the wast-

takes its seat in the grey matter covering the white all over in the brain. The brain consists of two symmetrical halves and the white matter in the brain is roughly divisible into many centres each having its own portfolio. Each of these is connected to every other centre and the grey matter is the bundle of these connections. It is called the cortex. The cortex in man is most perfect and hence highly co-ordinated action, complex high speed thinking and formulation are possible of which speech, the prerogative of human life, is a glorious example. The ultimate nerve fibres of this system are present in every organ of the body.

2. This consists of gangleated chain of nerve cells running on both sides of the vertebral column called the lateral ganglia and cranial nerves. The former are connected at six points to the spinal cord. From these ganglia proceed six fibres and form six bushes called the plexuses in front at various heights in the body. These are collateral ganglia. From these again start ramifying fibres which are embedded in the walls of all the organs in the trunk. These are terminal ganglia. This set is the sympathetic part. The parasympathetic nerves start from the

age of energy through cerebro-spinal system and the ceaseless cellular activity in the body are considerably reduced.³

V

To the extent the conscious activity governed by the cerebro-spinal system is reduced, the subconscious activity governed by the autonomous nervous system increases.⁴ This in turn gets a conscious control of the involuntary functions of the

cranium. A long nerve called the right vagus enters the six bushes of the collateral ganglia and also the walls of the organs of the trunk. This is the chief part of the parasympathetic and the cause of various allergies. These both act against each other and keep up a knife-edge sensitivity in the working of the body. The sympathetic system accelerates the thoracic and inhibits the abdominal functions and the parasympathetic the opposite. These effect an instant response of the body to all environmental changes simultaneous with the change.

3. In this a conscious control of the senses is emphasised, for, any other method of stoppage of sense activity due to emotions, drugs or accidents does not tickle the autonomous nervous activity to that extent as to create energy by the annihilation of the plexus matter.

4. As the conscious activity goes down, the subconscious activity moves up. In the initial stages, the decrease in the conscious activity produces proportionately less increase in the subconscious activity. In the later stages even a slight fall in the conscious activity produces a very steep rise in the subconscious activity.

body and through that the control of the Mental Body⁵ which acts as the countershaft between the too fine energy particles of the universe and the too gross particles of the human body. This reduces the normal bodily activities taking place through the two ganglia on either side of the spinal column and in turn tickles the abdominal brain⁶ seated at the bottom of the spinal cord which acting like a laser⁷ paves the way for the passage of the current through the spinal canal.

5. The Mental Body is visible to a person with psychic potentialities. This can be seen by persons after a little practice in concentration exercises. This Mental Body governs the autonomous nervous system through emotions. It absorbs the universal energy and imparts it to the human being.

6. This corresponds to the Kundalini or the serpent-like structure at the bottom of the spinal canal. A perfect control of the senses leads to the beginning of the action of the abdominal brain.

7. Matter contains energy. But it is a very small minimum. That is why all matter absorbs heat. Just as solids dissolve in liquids, energy can dissolve in matter. Like solutions, there is a saturation limit for the intake of energy in matter and when the limit is reached and if super saturation is done beyond the limit, the object is no longer able to contain the energy. It ejects it with great force in a very narrow beam of incalculable intensity and so does wonderful things. This is called a laser beam. It cuts internal tissues without the necessity of ripping the outer ones and coagulates the blood

VI

The spinal canal consisting of easily annihilable⁸ particles at different stages⁹ with a very high energy content helps in the natural perception of the Universal and makes a person see the Reality.

VII

One need not be a doctor to digest his food. Whether knowingly or unknowingly if sense-control is practised this entire mechanism is tickled and full use is made of the human system. Again breath-control¹⁰ helps

also. Hence bloodless operations are being done. It attaches a detached retina without cutting the cornea. It reaches the moon with undiminished intensity, and returns; the whole electrical energy expended for the moon-travel being only 40 to 60 watts.

8. $E=mc^2$ where E is energy in ergs, m is mass in grams and c the velocity of light in centimetres per second. As c is 300 million metres per second, even the annihilation of one gram of matter produces 10,000 kw of energy.

9. They are the sacral plexus at the bottom of the spinal cord, pelvic plexus a bit above it, umbilical plexus at the naval, cardiac plexus at the level of the heart, laryngeal plexus at the neck level, naso-ciliary at the level between the two eye brows and finally the cerebral plexus in the brain itself.

10. To begin with, the proportion is one unit of time for inhalation through one nostril, four units for exhalation and two units for exhalation through the other nostril and the repetition in the same proportion beginning with that other nostril.

sense-control. The ultimate nerve-fibres of both the cerebro-spinal and the autonomous nervous systems which are in every organ of the body are easily accessible¹¹ at the final ends of the bronchial tubes. Breathing, being to some extent semi-voluntary, by suitable impulses a gradual control of the autonomous nervous system is obtained.

VIII

Again in this, the body is trained to be in an atmosphere of carbon-dioxide where external bacteria cannot act. Even in the most advanced stages of breath control where retention of breath is practised for very long periods, there is the process of diffusion through the skin for the maintenance of the primal activity of keeping the body alive. The constant tickling of the final ends of nerve-fibres found at the end of the bronchial tubes gets a conscious control of the right vagus nerve, the

chief member of the para-sympathetic part of the autonomous nervous system, consisting of both the afferent and the efferent fibres. This leads to a conscious inhibition of the thoracic and the abdominal functions, and this in turn to the same chain process of tickling the autonomous nervous system. Hence sense control is helped by breath-control.

IX

The mundane thoughts around the mind particle make the mind grosser and grosser so that it is not able to make finer and finer vibrations.¹² Hence thought-control is very essential. Sense-control and thought-control act upon each other in a spiral helping the human being in his onward march. The aim is to bring the many thoughts to a few, from few to one and from one to none and the thought-control with the scientific breath-control and sense-control leads

11 Nature has given us a handle for each of its mysteries. The pulse indicates the working of the heart which is completely hidden. Exercise given to the voluntary muscles makes the involuntary ones also move. In the same way breath control is the handle given to us for a gradual control of the involuntary processes in our body.

12. In this universe, energy is in a vibrant shape. The lowest in the series is sonic—15 to 30000 cps. ultrasonic, electric, magnetic, heat, light, ultra-violet, electron, X, gamma and cosmic rays. Above

these are thought rays. A living thing is a region where material-vibration and thought-vibration particles coexist. The human life catches sonic, heat and light rays by resonance. The mind particle in man is of such subtlety that it resonates to audio, infra-red and light frequencies. Thus this world is seen. When by sense and thought-controls, the mind particles become subtler, the mind catches other rays or the whole gamut when it sees the other planes of existence or the composite whole wherein lies the real liberation.

easily to this:

The effects of actions in this world is to produce an impression in the subconscious mind with a resultant reaction but an action accomplished with perfect control of the senses will not produce any impression liable for reaction.

X

The aim is to achieve an actionless state not below the level of inaction but one beyond the level of action in the process of attaining which all the faculties with which the human mind is equipped are brought into full play. Hence the conscious sense-control is not a lethargic condition of the minimum use of a sense but acutely dynamic one of the optimum use of the senses. Religion helps a person uncon-

sciously in this thought-control process.¹³ Hence it is only a means to an end.

XI

In the process of this thought-control automatically extra-sensory perceptions¹⁴ dawn. We being primarily three-dimensional¹⁵ beings cannot imagine the fourth dimension which is at right angles to the other three. Hence we see only the present Time which is touching the plane of our existence. But when once through sense-control the mind is taken to a level beyond the senses we will be able to see the fourth dimension, namely time. To the extent we achieve this, extrasensory perceptions come within our grasp. As one goes up in the path of sense-control and through that to the level

13. Practice of love advocated in Christianity makes one's mind free from many thoughts because it does not have enemies. The faith of Islam by creating a real belief in the Omnipotent Almighty reduces many thoughts and beliefs. In the same way in the non-violence of Jainism, in the right conduct of Buddhism, in the wisdom of Hinduism and in the surrender of Sikhism we discover similar aids to thought-freedom:

14. All extra-sensory perceptions such as Telepathy, clair-voyance, clair-audience, and the like act on the principle of resonance. The subconscious mind is one in all the universe. When two minds are attuned, when the two mind particles come to the same fineness with the help of sense-control, the thought vibrations of one travelling in the

ocean of consciousness is caught by the other by resonance and the return answer-wave is also caught by the same principle. This is the principle in Telepathy. So also is the case with clair-voyance, and clair-audience. With the senses controlled, the conscious mind becomes dormant and the individual limitation over the subconscious disappears. All past, present and future, ever present in the subconscious are seen straight away because the mind particles have the same frequency. This grip over the mind in general and the conscious mind in particular enables man to travel over the geodesic.

15. A two dimensional being sees the third dimension only at the point where it touches its true plane of existence.

beyond reason, all the various branches of knowledge appear as parts of one composite whole.

XII

Sense-control automatically leads to the control of various emotions, likes and dislikes which act as short circuits in the human computer and which dissipate enormous amount of energy and reduce the capacity of the Mental body to absorb the universal energy and impart it to the human being. Hence sense-control keeps the Mental Body intact and helps it with a powerful sense which sees beyond reason. The most practical way to supplement the sense-control process is to get a conscious control of the involuntary through the olfactory nerve which is the last one to be formed at the time of birth in a human being and the first to leave it in death. By gradual practice the nose can be made voluntarily not to smell and getting a control of one sense the control over other senses becomes easy. The principle is, a bit of the mind is to be used to annihilate the mind itself and make the universal incident ray and the reflected ray merge into each other.¹⁶

Thus sense-control is a method

of voluntarily reducing the continuous wastage of energy due to the incessant alertness of the senses in the preservation of life and tickling the autonomic nervous system governing the Mental Body for the process of absorbing universal energy, taking the aid of thought control, breath-control, religious practices and a scientific control of the olfactory nerve and through that the control of all the senses and thereby paving an asphalted road for treading the path to real knowledge which is far beyond the level of reason.

It is indeed very difficult to explore the secrets of the Self or Psyche. There are ever-new dimensions in philosophical psychology which need careful analysis.

Philosophy is no more an 'ivory tower' subject particularly in these days. *It is endlessly drawing inferences from other important sources to give out a consistent theory, of its own which is not different from other theories of the particular sciences at a higher level of knowledge.*

I have, therefore, attempted to integrate other branches of knowledge with the present theme under the above caption. □ □ □

16. The mind particle acting like a mirror reflects the universal principle. As this particle becomes purer and purer and thinner and thinner, the reflection becomes more

and more perfect. Finally when the mind particle itself disappears the human principle, namely the reflected ray merges with the incident ray which is the Universal Principle.

Living With A Heaven-Born Husband

SMT. SARASWATI MENON

CHAPTER II

INTO A NEW FAMILY

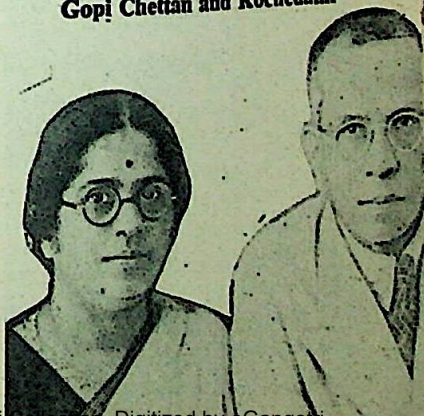
ON the third day after the marriage I left Ottapalam with my husband for Kottayam, where he was born and brought up and his widowed mother still lived. Accompanying us were his elder brother, Gopi Chettan, his younger brother, Chandran, Gopi Chettan's daughter, Sarasu, aged 10, and Baby, another niece. Gopi Chettan had expected that there would be tearful scenes on both sides when I took leave of my parents, my grandmother and our other relations, and was disappointed that there was none, he confessed to my husband.

I, a girl from Malabar, was now married to a Travancorean. In those days these distinctions mattered much. Malabar belonged to British India and Travancore was ruled by a Maharaja. The people behaved towards each other as if they were separate nations. The

Malabari was more reticent and often appeared cold and distant; the Travancorean was more exuberant.

In this respect Gopi Chettan was a typical Travancorean. He was exuberance personified. I had never met anyone like him before. He was kind, affectionate, considerate in deeds, inconsiderate in words, charming and in many ways exasperating.

Gopi Chettan and Kochedathi



It was he who educated his brother (my husband) at Oxford regardless of the expense. He had educated many other relations, near and distant. Coming out from England as a barrister, he joined the bar at Madurai in 1906 and soon became the leader of the bar, and remained so until he became a judge of the High Court of Travancore in 1936.

Wherever he lived he kept an open house. Many pilgrims to Rameshwaram from Kerala would descend on him and stay with him, simply because he

Mother: Kunhimalu Amma



was a Malayalee, even though they were complete strangers to him. One day, a Malayalee went to see Gopi Chettan in his office, and Gopi Chettan asked him where he was staying. "In your house, Sir," he said.

Gopi Chettan took a liking for me from the beginning and made me feel at home. I was homesick for Ottapalam and my people; but nobody could afford to be home-sick for long in Gopi Chettan's company. Throughout the journey from Ottapalam to Kottayam and thence to Madurai he was in high spirits.

My mother-in-law received me with affection. I could see that my husband was the apple of her eye, and I sincerely hoped that I would not come in the way. She stayed with us in Trichinopoly, Tiruppattur, Ceylon and Peshawar, and she never came in our way. And I hope I did not come in hers.

The entry of a Malabari girl into a Travancore family was still a somewhat unusual event, though not as unusual as, when my mother-in-law, as a Travancorean girl, entered, more than half a century ago, into my father-in-law's family, for he belonged to Malabar and in fact to Ottapalam.

Many of my ways seemed unusual to my in-laws. I always wake up at dawn and have a bath, as Malabar women generally do; Travancore women pre-

fer to bathe at noon after the morning's cooking, or in the evening before going to bed. Also strange to them was my daily oil bath. It seemed to them a great waste of time and oil. Nor did I have the slightest inkling of cooking. In Travancore, every girl knows a certain amount of cooking. In Malabar where food is concerned, we are usually at the mercy of our servants. Every morning after breakfast I would join my mother-in-law when she sat down to cut vegetables, and it was soon a talk in the family that none could be a vegetarian in our household for always there was some blood from my fingers cooked with the vegetables.

In most Indian households, at least in those days, younger people rose from their seats when elders entered, but my father had forbidden us to do this when he entered a room. I think he felt that it was disturbing to our work, or lessons, or whatever we were doing and not only because he was a feminist. In fact, he was a strong feminist and I believe he had even marched in London with a banner in his hands.

As for my mother, she was far too soft and gentle and though we adored her, none of us would have dreamt of treating her with this formal show of respect. It did not occur to me that I should



Father: Sir C. Sankaran Nair

get up when my mother-in-law entered the room, until one day my eldest sister-in-law gently told my husband to advise me.

In spite of these differences, I was quickly adopted into my husband's family and indeed swallowed up by them. Kottayam, too, adopted me as its own. My father-in-law had practised there as a lawyer for 50 years, and after his death in 1918, my mother-in-law still remained in Kottayam and was an institution there. I was specially touched by the kindness and affection lavished on me by my husband's old teachers and, in particular, by P. M. Kurian, K. C. Cherian and K. Narayana Iyer. They had come all the way from Kottayam to Ottapalam to attend the marriage, which itself was an adventure for them. Some of my husband's old friends like Korah Eapen, K. M. Cherian,



As a four-year old

Palampadam Eapen, A. V. George and Kizhakkedath Gopala Pillai liked me and showed that they approved of my husband's choice. On the whole, I felt that Kottayam had become my second home.

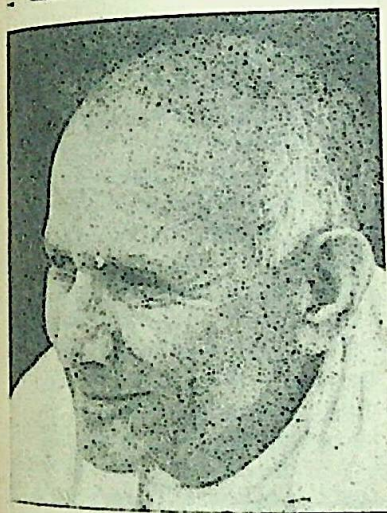
From Kottayam we went by car across the picturesque Western Ghats, into Madurai. There too I was warmly received. There I met my sister-in-law, Kochedathi. Since my husband has no sisters she was practically a sister to him. During the three years when Gopi Chettan was in England,

reading for the bar, she, as a young bride, used to stay with my parents-in-law in Kottayam. She and my husband used to go to school together and study and play together; and they were extremely fond of each other. Gopi Chettan was a charming but difficult husband and he loved teasing her to death. He was always ostentatiously affectionate towards me. Since I always agreed with him she would call me "Her master's voice." But basically she was kind and affectionate, as all my new relations were to me.

(To be continued)

Love that Exalteth

SWAMI ANAND,



AMONG those who attained a status similar to that of St. Francis or St. Dominic were Gora the potter, Dadu the carder, Rohidas the tanner, Sajna the butcher, and others who were highwaymen or women of ill-fame. They looked upon every living being as God. Pavhari Baba called the snake that bit him 'the messenger from God'; and Mauni, the Silent One of mutiny days, who had not opened his lips for fourteen long

years, on being bayoneted by a passing British Tommy, opened his mouth only to tell his assassin 'thou art God!'

Stories of good Samaritans who ran to the succour of those in distress are equally countless. The one that may be cited here as illustrative is about an Alwar saint in the South. 'There he lay', the story goes, 'in his tiny little cell, chanting the name of the Lord. Outside, the night is dark and a fierce blizzard is raging. A wayfarer knocks, seeking shelter. "Hail brother, come in", says God's good man, "there is no room here for two to lie, but there is enough for two to sit. You are welcome!" So saying, he gets up and the two sit huddled together. The storm continues. And behold: yet another man, cold and shivering, knocks. "Come in, guest," says the saint. "Thou art the Lord Himself; sorry, there is no room for more than two to sit, but surely there is enough for three to stand," and the three good men pass the night standing and chanting and praising God.'

Galaxies after galaxies of saints more or less equalling one another in lustre and stature rose and flourished all over India who shared the highest truths of Vedanta and Hinduism with the humblest in their hovels and brought immeasurable solace to them in their daily struggle of life. No part of the country, no province, district, or village community remained unaffected. Be-

ing unfamiliar with most of the saints in the other provinces. I have been compelled to restrict myself to mentioning their names only. Suffice it to say that their contribution to Hindu culture has been in no way less than that of the ancient seers.

Thus rose Shankardev and Madhavdev in Assam; Vidyapati in Bihar; Jagannath Das in Orissa; Potana, another Bhagvatkar, and Vemana, a veritable Kabir, in Telangana; Thiruvalluvar in Tamil Nadu; Thunchath, Ezhuthachan, Poonthannam Namboodiri, and Narayana Bhattatiri in Kerala; Purandara-dasa, Basava, Chakradhar, and Vidyadhar in Karnataka; Shah Latif and Chishti in Sindh and Agra; Lallabai in Kashmir; Ramanand, who is considered to be Kabir's guru, Nabhaji, and Nischaldas, whose *Vicharasagar* is second only to the *Brahma-sutras*, in the North.

What these saints stood for is illustrated by the story of the scholarly Narayana Bhattatiri who composed in Sanskrit the celebrated *Narayaneeyam* and the great devotee saint Poonthannam Namboodiri who wrote his *Jnanappana*, a simple devotional composition in Malayalam, and then submitted it to Bhattatiri for corrections and suggestions out of humility and courtesy. The former, who was proud of his Sanskrit learning and somewhat looked down upon the Malayalam poet, found fault with and derided him for com-

mitting grammatical and other mistakes. But when he went to the temple in the evening for darshan and offered his prayers, the deity administered a mild rebuke: "O erudite man, when will you learn that *Bhakti* is greater than *Vibhakti* (devotion is greater than grammar)?" The proud man was thus duly humbled.

The sudden emergence of these saints, reformers, and protestants was hotly resented by the privileged hierarchy of Brahmin priesthood who regarded it as a sacrilegious encroachment on their own birth-right of divine origin, as also on their exclusive role of being born leaders and builders of society. Entrenched in their position as leaders and arbiters of the community, they had enjoyed an uninterrupted monopoly of all knowledge for centuries and had kept the masses in stark ignorance deliberately and jealously. They were now nonplussed. They suddenly found their treasure being ransacked and shared with all and sundry. They saw their age-old bastions of power and privilege crumbling. They were therefore enraged. They reviled and maligned the reformers as impostors, and persecuted them relentlessly.

But the newcomers stood their ground. They had universal acclaim. Everywhere the persecutors looked small, and their arrogant claims sounded hollow and ridiculous. They were nowhere

before the live broadcasts of the new gossellers. This new fraternity of Godmen met even lifelong persecution with unswerving forbearance, and without a trace of ill-will against their tormentors. Indeed, they even regarded the persecutor as their best friend and sang his praises as 'benefactor who benefits without bargaining, and drowns himself so that others may be helped to survive.'

Their courtesy and humility were boundless. They were not even justly proud of their achievements. Thus Tukaram, although claiming to have broadcast all the spiritual wealth of Hindu culture to unprivileged masses in face of the bar-sinister, called himself only a carrier. Said he:

'Yes, I have ransacked the treasure-house of spiritual lore for the benefit of all and sundry. It all belonged to my Master. I have been His carrier only.'

Such was the new gospel of Bhakti, the path of devotion by means of which a large number of men and women attained sainthood during the middle ages. It was a vast fraternity of humble plebeians linked together with love of God and His beings as their indissoluble bond. This love was their faith and their passion. They reclaimed traditional Hinduism from the morass of metaphysical subtleties and dead ritual. Nurtured and propagated by unsophisticated but earnest men and

women, the new faith was as wide as the sky and as free as the air. Freedom and equality were its sinews and strength and love universal its very breath. This reoriented Vaishnavism, more popularly called 'Path of Saints' can most aptly be called Catholic Hinduism in its widest sense.

This Renaissance was frantically hailed all over India in every nook and corner. It reclaimed all that was catholic and universal in Hinduism. It was the genuine Vaishnava faith of the original Bhagavat concept free from dogma and from interminable rituals of make-believe that had throttled Hinduism for long. It liberated millions from a hide-bound complex of birth and blood and wove the unprivileged millions into a vast camaraderie of freedom and God-intoxication..

The new gossellers of this faith called upon men in all walks of life to regard every living being as an incarnation of Vishnu, the sustainer and protector of the world, to look upon his neighbour as himself, to treat the down-trodden and the sorrowing as their first charge, and even the fallen and the depraved as worthy of the fullest sympathy and loving service. They were free men, their centuries-old shackles broken, their faces beaming with the glow of newly found freedom. Their creed was God above, God here and God in every man and

in every living being.

Such is the history of the mediaeval renaissance in Indian culture whose supreme achievement was the reclamation of the real Bhagavat Dharma of the genuine Vaishnava brand of Hinduism in its widest and most catholic sense.

Yet there is a snag.

I may venture to point out here what to me has seemed to be a weakness of the Hindu cult of devotion compared to, say, the Christian, which also is no more than a path of devotion with its roots probably in Buddhism. The Hindu path of devotion consists in the emphasis it has almost invariably laid on repeating or merely chanting the name of God rather than on engaging oneself in action. Thus, whereas a Christian will seek to help his neighbour by acts of service, however inadequate, a Hindu devotee of God will consider it the height of his bhakti's fulfilment if he is able to forget himself or go into ecstasy in mere chanting and dancing with his God's name on his lips. In spite of his awareness of the unity of all life and his broad sympathies, no circumstance or situation will impel him to run to the help of the needy or the distressed in preference to chanting or dancing. He may rather feel that everyone is reaping what he has sown and no amount of his own

worrying over his woes will help. A sad misconception of the law of *karma* cultivated by the Hindu race through centuries has made him a fatalist, and, unlike the Christian, he will not be moved to play the good Samaritan and will only content himself with passive sympathy which is barren.

This trait may also be attributed to the unconscious influence of the Brahmin complex on him which has always preferred talking and looked down upon action implying physical effort or manual labour of any kind, productive or otherwise. This perhaps has been the weakest feature of the otherwise glorious heritage of the Bhakti cult of the Hindu.

I have also held, with many others, that it is the reluctance to acknowledge and accept the overall Truth of life that has made the Hindu shy of facing life in all its sternness, its struggles, violence, deceits and disillusionments, and made him choose to live in a world of make-believe.

This shyness to fight has earned him the epithet of 'Mild Hindu' and driven him willy-nilly to pursue a double standard of behaviour in facing day to day life, till it has all made him a little hypocrite. He fondly believes that he is pursuing a code of conduct which in reality he does not have the courage

to implement consistently. He thus prefers to live, as I said, in a world of make-believe and tries awkwardly to wink at the violence in life, the stern Reality by which all life is conditioned.

It should be pointed out, however, that unlike the Vaishnava followers of Vallabhacharya, the great saint Narsinh of Gujarat and Vaishnava followers of Sahajananda, a saint who worked among the unprivileged masses of Gujarat in the 19th century, freely fraternized with untouchables and had a robust view of life. Saint Narsinh, a high caste Brahmin, associated with the so-called untouchables at devotional congregations and openly defied the caste hierarchy. And Brahmananda, another saint devotee of Sahajananda sang:

'The devotee of Hari should be as sharp as a live shrapnel.'

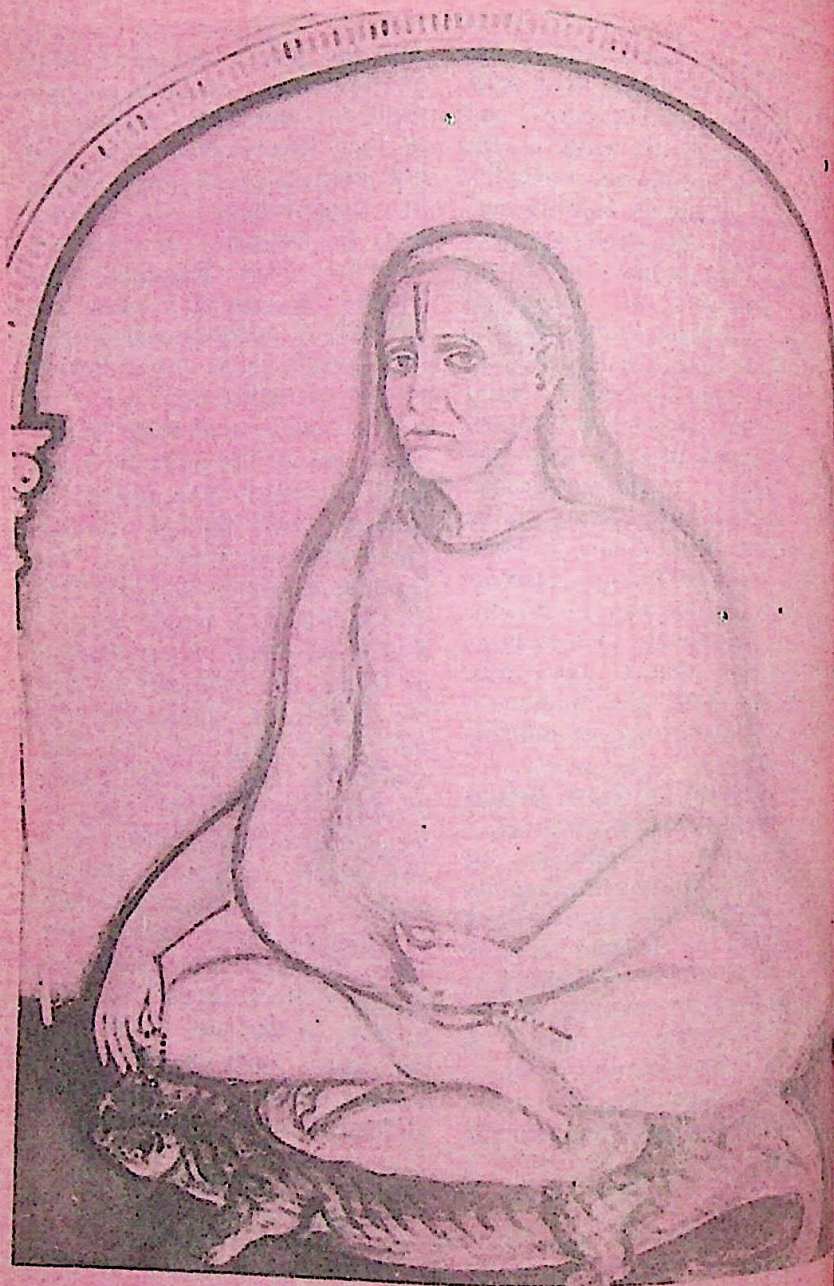
Unlike the Vaishnavas of Gujarat, the Maharashtra saints of the Bhakti cult have almost all accepted the *Advaita* view of life as their basis. They have thus escaped the shyness of the meek in Gujarat, living in a world of make-believe. Rather, they have been like the non-formist saint Tukaram, tough

with life and its struggles. With an awareness of life's multiple problems and with detachment as their sheet-anchor, they did not fight shy of life nor indulged in make-believe. They were like a live-wire or a red-hot charcoal. Says Tukaram: 'Our Bhakti is armed with the strength of wisdom and with a detachment hot as a licking tongue of raging fire.'

The highly ennobling Vaishnava view of life of Faith, Love and Devotion, of rejoicing in serving God through serving His creation is, with a few exceptions as above, only one side of the shield, a partial realization of the ideal. Every devotee or seeker has invariably to face life which is conditioned by the tight grip of opposites which he can by no means escape. The acid test is a perfect understanding and awareness which recognizes and reconciles these opposites into a synthetic whole and strikes what Rama Tirtha called a 'Balanced Recklessness', and not to revel in one and recoil from the other. Such an ostrich-like attempt would be nothing short of fond illusion. □ □ □

Excerpted from "PATH OF SAINTS: AS THE FULFILMENT OF VEDANTA" By Swami Anand—

a Bhavan's publication. Pp. 99, Price Rs. 4/-



Sri Tyagaraja

*The Saint who has
left behind him the richest musical legacy
who was so utterly unselfconscious
that precious little is
known about his personal life.*

Homage to Saint TYAGARAJA

M. K. CHUBBY RAJ

THE 210th birth anniversary of Tyagaraja, the Saint-composer, will be celebrated on Tuesday, April 26, this year.

Few details of Sri Tyagaraja's life are available today. This may be because none of his contemporaries foresaw that this modest man pouring forth in divine ecstasy his soulful melody to Sri Rama would be the brightest star in the firmament of Carnatic music. Even his own disciples, who sat at his feet, left scarcely anything authentic for future biographers.

As with many great men whose works reveal but little of their personality, so also with Sri Tyagaraja it would be vain

to rely on his compositions for any light on his external life. The miracles he is said to have accomplished are not those mentioned in his latter-day biographies; but his "kriti" in themselves are the miracles. The outstanding miracle of this genius was his transformation of "rudra-bhoomi" into a "kalyana-mandapa." Only those who have actually listened to the rendering of the "Pancha Ratnas" during the saint's "Ara-dhana" at his "Samadhi" can understand its aesthetic significance. But, we know very little of Sri Tyagaraja.

The few details left by his main disciple, Walajapet Venkataramana Bhagavatar, and

this disciple's son, are the only dependable sources.

He was born on May 4, 1767 at Tiruvarur. Illness clouded his early days. Even when he was a boy, his father, Rama Brahmam moved to Tiruvaiyar. His "upanayanam" was performed when he was about eight years old. He was initiated into the 'Rama Shadakshari' Mantra by a saint Ramakrishnananda, on whom he composed a verse, which he later included in his *Naukacharitra*. His formal discipleship in music was under Sonti Venkataramanayya. He subsisted every day on "Unchavritti" i.e., living on alms collected as he walked the streets singing devotional songs.

As desired by his mother, because of the strained relations between her two sons, the family house in Tirumanjana Street was partitioned and the smaller portion was allotted to Sri Tyagaraja. It was his good fortune to receive as his share the "Vigraham" of his Ishta Devata, Sri Rama, which had been worshipped by his father and grandfather.

He was invited by Upanishad Brahmendra of Kancheepuram to meet him. After Kancheepuram, he also went to other sacred places such as Srirangam, Lalgudi, Tirupati, Sholingur, Kovur and Tiruvattiyur.

At the ripe old age of 80 years, he was initiated into

"Sanyasa Asrama" by Parivrajaka Brahmananda Swami. He passed away on the Pushya Bahula Panchami day i.e., January 6, 1847. His disciples buried his mortal remains next to where his guru's were interred. They built a "Brindavan" with a stone slab on one side feebly announcing to the world the spot where the remains of the great *Nadopasaka* lay interred.

It is at this place the Sri Tyagabrahma Aradhana Mahotsava Sabha conducts the "Aradhana" celebrations every year. From a small group of ardent devotees in 1907, the "Aradhana" came to be celebrated by more and more devotees every Pushya Bahula Panchami. By 1925 these celebrations came to be formally organised, for in that year, through the munificence of the late Smt. Bangalore Nagarathnamma (and for this Carnatic music world will for ever be indebted), a small shrine was built over the "Samadhi" and steps were taken to acquire the land immediately surrounding it. Land overgrown with prickly pears and wild shrubs was improved and a "Prakara" was built by 1938.

From 1940, these festivals have become so widely popular that many thousands assemble in Tiruvaiyar to pay their homage to Sri Tyagaraja. All India Radio relays the main events of the festival, particular-

by the rendering of the "Pancha Ratnas" by eminent vidwans, who vie with each other on the occasion for prominence. The epic style and majestic sweep of the "Pancha Ratna Kritis" sum up Sri Tyagaraja's musical genius. As a well-known contemporary critic put it, these "Kritis" are "literally poems set to music."

Sri Tyagaraja's compositions not only bring out puranic allusions and Upanishadic truths but also a practical philosophy of universal appeal. He was aware of all the hypocrisy and insincerity in the world and man's weakness for wealth and women. He knew the world. His music therefore, touches life at many points.

A great Tyagaraja scholar said, "If you are unequal to the task of learning flattery and equivocal speech to eke out your living, *Nenarunchinnanu* offers you solace. Have you wasted your life in sloth and gluttony? Then, *Etula Brothuvo* will make you penitent. Does the dark curtain of ignorance begotten of pride and envy obscure your inner vision? Then, your feeling of deep pathos is voiced in *Tera Tiya Rada*. Are the temptations of the world too strong for you? Well, then, hear your echoes in *Tappi Brathiki*. Are you bewildered by the multiplicity of creeds? If so, seek your solution in *Koti Nadulu*.

Do you care to know the essentials of good Government of Ramarajya? Then seek them in Karubaru. Are you over optimistic in your temperament? Then, *Ranidi Radu* will sober you. Do you wish to learn the secret of true happiness? Then *Santhamuleka* unlocks it for you."

Tyagaraja belongs not only to the South but to the entire world of Indian music. He was a prolific composer. Hundreds of his songs are extant even today but many more have been lost. The range of his musical achievements is remarkable. He has composed "Kritis" in more than 250 "Ragas," some of them in rare "ragas." A pioneer in the introduction of "Sangathis," both the words and the musical theme flows in one-stream in his compositions.

Many are the portraits of Tyagaraja that have come down to us. How far any one of them bears a resemblance to the live Tyagaraja is a moot point. But, in all of them we see him depicted with a "Tulasimani malai" round his neck and with his Tanbura and/or "Chipla" in his hands. Until now we have seen no portrait of him as a Sannyasi. The picture reproduced herein is a rare portrait of him in that Tyagaraja is portrayed as he might have been after taking "Apat-Sanyasam."

□ □ □

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

SYMPOSIUM

on

ANCIENT INSIGHTS & MODERN DISCOVERIES

A Cooperative National Endeavour to explore possibilities of a meaningful correlation of ancient Indian insights and modern discoveries.

Saturday, 30th April, 1977.

Time : 3-30 to 6.00 p.m.

INAUGURAL SESSION

1. Prayer : By the students of Bhavan's Sangit Shikshapith.
2. Welcome Speech : By Shri Dharamsey M. Khatau, President, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.
3. Introductory Speech : By Shri Jaisukhlal Hathi, Governor of Haryana and Vice-President, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.
4. Inaugural Address : By Shri B. D. Jatti, Acting President of India.

GENERAL SESSION

Chairman : Dr. R. R. Diwakar, Chairman, Gandhi Peace Foundation, and Joint General Editor, Bhavan's Publications.

1. Introductory Remarks : By Dr. R. R. Diwakar
2. Keynote Address : By Swami Ranganathananda, President, Ramakrishna Mission, Hyderabad.
3. Speeches :
 - (1) Shri N. A. Palkhivala, Advocate.
 - (2) Shri Shriman Narayan, Chairman, Gandhi Smarak Nidhi, New Delhi.
 - (3) Dr. Shantilal J. Mehta, Medical Director, Jaslok Hospital & Research Centre, Bombay.
 - (4) Dr. D. N. Kundu, Director, Saha Institute of Nuclear Physics, Calcutta.

- (5) Shri K. K. Shah,
Former Union Minister for
Health and Governor of Tamil
Nadu.

Sunday, 1st May, 1977.

Time : 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

TECHNICAL SESSION I—Science & Technology

Chairman : Dr. D. N. Kundu, Director, Saha Institute of Nuclear
Physics, Calcutta.

1. Introductory Remarks : By Dr. D. N. Kundu
2. Keynote Address : By Dr. Raja Ramanna,
Director, Bhabha Atomic Research
Centre, Bombay.
3. Speeches : (1) Swami Satya Prakasha Saraswati
Maharaj, Prayag.
(2) Dr. A. R. Vasudeva Murthy,
Chairman, Inorganic and Physi-
cal Chemistry Division, Indian
Institute of Science, Bangalore.
(3) Shri T. R. Subrahmanyam,
Principal Communication Engi-
neer, Tata Consulting Engineers,
Bombay.
(4) Shri Thirugnana Sabahdan,
Director, Sanskrit Division,
Tamil, Sanskrit and other Indian
Languages Research Institute,
Madras.
(5) Shri J. G. Bodhe,
Chairman, Maharashtra Cham-
ber of Commerce and former
Sheriff of Bombay.

Sunday, 1st May 1977.

Time : 2.00 to 5.00 p.m.

TECHNICAL SESSION II—Biology & Medicine

Chairman : Dr. Shantilal J. Mehta, Medical Director, Jaslok
Hospital & Research Centre, Bombay.

1. Introductory Remarks : By Dr. Shantilal J. Mehta
2. Keynote Address : Dr. K. N. Udupa,
Principal and Professor of Surgery,
College of Medical Sciences,
Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi.

3. Speeches

- : (1) Dr. Pranjeevan Mehta, M.D.,
Former Director,
Ayurvedic Research Institute,
Jamnagar.
- (2) Dr. K. Sundaram,
Director, Bio-Medicine,
Bhabha Atomic Research Centre,
Bombay.
- (3) Dr. M. P. Pai,
Principal, Kasturba Medical
College, Mangalore.
- (4) Dr. V. Narayanaswamy,
Retd. Professor,
College of Indian Medicine,
Madras.

Sunday, 1st May, 1977.

Time : 5.15 to 6.30 p.m.

CONCLUDING SESSION

Chairman : Dr. P. B. Gajendragadkar, Former Chief Justice of India, Vice-Chancellor of Bombay University, presently Chairman, Law Commission.

1. Report of Sessions : (1) Dr. R. R. Diwakar.
(2) Dr. D. N. Kundu.
(3) Dr. Shantilal J. Mehta.
2. Valedictory Address : Shri Justice Tek Chand.
3. Vote of Thanks : Shri J. H. Doshi,
Hon. Secretary,
Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

अग्निः पूर्वैर्मिष्टं विभिक्ष-
रीड्यो नूतनंस्त ।

FIRE IS REVERED ALIKE BY THE
ANCIENT AND MODERN SAGES

—Rig Veda 1-2

Note : Admission is only by invitation. Persons interested in attending the symposium may obtain Admission Passes from Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. Phone : 351461.

NOTES & NEWS



Shri S. Ramakrishnan, Executive Secretary, garlanding Swami Dayanandaji.

Swami Dayanandaji delivering valedictory address.

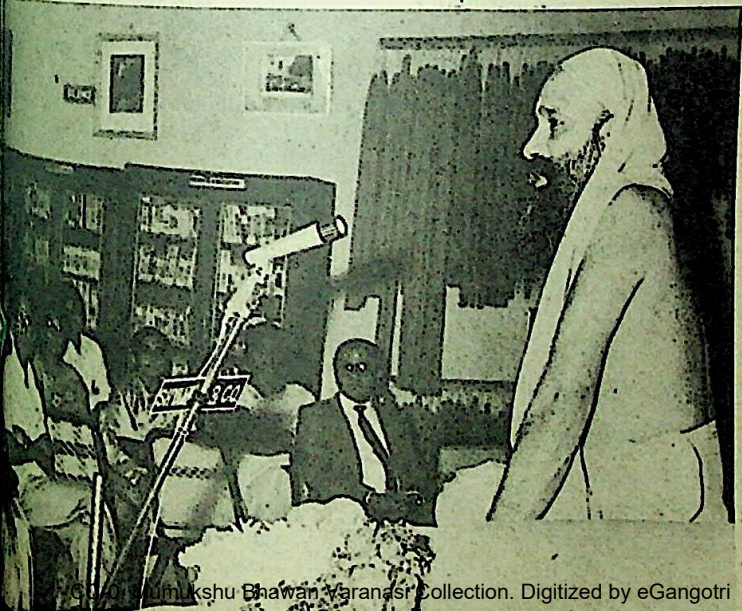
THE WORLD OF THE UPANISHAD COMES ALIVE

ENSHRINED in the Taittiriya Upanishad is what constitutes in the words of Kulapati K. M. Munshi, "the world's first convocation address."

One of the main aims of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan is to help the reintegration of Indian culture in an age when culture is losing its high values.

The goal of education has been described as to able to will nobly and efficiently and it is in imparting of such education that imbues culture in young minds which expresses itself as excellence in character.

Instead of allowing our Upanishadic heritage to be cast aside in the dustbin of time as a relic of the past, Munshiji with his vision of a



modern seer made the teacher-student dialogue in the Taaittiriya Upanishad come alive for the modern generation by rendering it into English and adopting it as the Bhavan's convocation address. This also finds a place in the Bhavan's prayer book, *Manual of Faith*.

Swami Dayananda of the Chinmaya Mission who was the honoured guest at the valedictory function of the Bhavan's Vallabhram Mehta Public School in Baroda on February 20, 1977 was moved by this Upanishadic exhortation to the point of suggesting in a letter to the Bhavan's Executive Secretary, Shri S. Ramakrishnan that the Baroda School's example deserved to be emulated by all public schools in India. (See photocopy of letter.)

EXHORTATION

आचार्यः -

अहं त्वामेवमुपदिशामि-

सत्यं वद ।

धर्मं चर ।

स्वाध्यायान्मा प्रमदः ।

आचार्याय प्रियं धनमाहृत्य प्रजातन्तुं मा
व्यचछेत्सीः ।

विद्यार्थी -

ओमद्वा प्रतिजानेऽहम् ।

आचार्यः -

सत्यान्न प्रमदितव्यम् ।

धर्मान्न प्रमदितव्यम् ।

कुशलात् प्रमदितव्यम् ।

मृत्यं न प्रमदितव्यम् ।

स्वाध्यायप्रवचनाभ्यां न प्रमदितव्यम् ।

देवयितृकार्याभ्यां न प्रमदितव्यम् ।

The Investiture Ceremony bidding adieu and blessing our out-going XI Standard boys started at 6.30 P.M. The boys were specially benedicted by H. H. Swami Dayanandaji.

The ceremony began with a solemn procession which originated in front of the Aurobindo Hall. The procession was headed by Swami who was flanked by the Principal and Vice-Principal and followed by smartly dressed boys of Standard IX, X and XI, and teachers attired in scarves and gowns.

The entire procession, till it reached the entrance of the school was attended by the school band.

Then followed the Upanishadic exhortation to the boys of the XI Standard:

Principal

I exhort you as follows:-

Speak the truth.

Walk in the way of thy duty.

Neglect not the study of higher knowledge.

Treat thy teacher with respect and gratitude.

And fail not in taking upon thyself the burden of life.

Student

I promise.

Principal

Thou shalt not be negligent of truth.

Thou shalt not be negligent of thy duty.

Thou shalt not be negligent of social welfare.

Thou shalt not be negligent of good.

Thou shalt not be negligent of study and teaching of higher knowledge.

Thou shalt not be negligent of thy duties unto God or unto thy heritage which our forefathers have left behind them.

विद्यार्थी -
ओमद्वा प्रतिजानेऽहम् ।

प्रार्थनः -
मृतदेवो भव ।
पितृदेवो भव ।
आचार्यदेवो भव ।
अतिथिदेवो भव ।
शान्तनववृद्धानि कर्मणि ।
तानि सेवितव्यानि । नो इतराणि ।
शान्तस्माकं मुचरितानि ।
तानि त्वयोपास्यानि ।
नो इतराणि ।

विद्यार्थी -
ओमद्वा प्रतिजानेऽहम् ।

प्रार्थनः -
ये के चास्मच्छ्रेयांसो ब्राह्मणाः ।
तेषां त्वयाऽऽसनेन प्रशंसितव्यम् ।
भद्रया देयम् । अभद्रयाऽदेयम् ।
श्रिया देयम् । हििया देयम् ।
प्रिया देयम् । संविदा देयम् ।

विद्यार्थी -
ओमद्वा प्रतिजानेऽहम् ।

प्रार्थनः -
अथ यदि ते कर्मविचिकित्सा वा
कृतविचिकित्सा वा स्यात् ।
ये तव ब्राह्मणाः सम्मशिनः ।
युक्ता आयुक्ताः ।
अलक्षा धर्मकामाः स्युः ।
यथा ते तव वर्तरेन ।
तथा तव वर्तेषाः ।

विद्यार्थी -
ओमद्वा प्रतिजानेऽहम् ।

Student

I promise.

Principal

Let thy mother be as thy Goddess
whom thou adorest.
Let thy father be unto thee as thy
God.
Let thy teacher be unto thee as thy
God.
And thou shalt serve thy guest as
thy God.
Thou shalt practise acts which are
irreproachable, and no others.
Thou shalt perform only such of
our deeds which are good and
righteous, and no others.

Student

I promise.

Principal

Treat men of high learning and
character with respect.
Thou shalt give with faith and re-
verence; without faith thou shalt
not give.
Thou shalt give plentiful and with
modesty.
Thou shalt give with humility and
with sympathy.

Student

I promise.

Principal

If thou hast any doubt about the
course of thy action, learn from
the behaviour of men of high
learning and character, who are
competent to judge, devoted,
kind and virtuous; even as they
do in that thing, so do thou.
Treat those who are accused or
arraigned by their fellows in the
same manner as such men of
high learning and character treat
them:

Student

I promise.

March 2, 77
Dear Ramakrishnan,

Salutations.

I thank you very much for giving me the opportunity to attend the valedictory function on the 20th Feb. in the Bhawan's Public School at Baroda. The function was very colourful thanks to the tasteful decorations and ceremonial march of the students and the staff. It was highly moving when the students took oath to the address given by the Principal.

The Bhawan has given a lead — a very thoughtful lead — in Indianising a function like this by introducing the famous valedictory address of the Rishi to his students as found in Taibiriya Upanishad. The whole function became meaningful because of this one introduction. Sri

Manthi ji's translation in English of the original is as usual, very pleasing. Finally in the students' touching the feet of the parents and receiving the blessings from the teachers the advice* of the Dishi becomes true.

I wish that all men's public schools got up similar functions for the students passing out of the school after years of study and residence. Also it will be richly rewarding if the Indian universities followed similar patterns in their convocational functions.

Yours in the Lord,

Dyananda

* Nāṭyaśāstra Bhava, Pitrivāda Bhava
and other Bhava Collection. Digitized by eGangotri

आचार्यः -

एष आदेशः । एष उपदेशः ।

एषा वेदोपनिषत् । एतदनुशासनम् ॥

एवमुपासितव्यम् । एवमु चैतदुपास्यम् ।

शिवास्ते दन्यानस्तन्तु ।

Principal

This is the teaching; this, the exhortation; this the doctrine of high knowledge; this is the instruction.

Thus, thou shalt practise; yea, thou shalt act this-wise.

May thy path be blest.

(From Taittiriya Upanishad)

After this came the inspiring speech by the Principal Chandrakant M. Bhatt followed by a moving 'Pravachan' by Swami Dayananda in which he mainly dwelt on the importance of developing mastery over will and truth.

Many a tear rolled down the cheeks when the boys bowed down before the teachers who had for years given them the light of knowledge and taught them how to live worthy, following the rich heritage of Indian Culture. It left the spectators speechless each looking at the other in silence and turning the head away with moist eyes.

Shri S. Ramakrishnan, Executive Secretary, also graced the occasion. The function ended with the vote of thanks by the Vice-Principal.

PRIZE-WINNERS

JAGADISH CHANDRA BOSE, a second year B.A. student of Adoni Arts & Science College, Adoni (A.P.), has been awarded the First prize of Rs. 250 in the 20th All-India Essay Competition for college students on "A Population Policy for India" arranged by the Forum of Free Enterprise for the academic year 1976-77.

The other prize-winners are: G. V. Eswaran, St. Albert's College, Erna-



Swami Dayanandaji explaining a point to Principal Chandrakant M. Bhatt.

kulam, Kum. Ameena Mohindra, Kamala Nehru College, New Delhi, S. P. Munje, Institute of Science, Nagpur, M. H. Ezekiel, M. L. Dhannukar College, Bombay, Kum. K. Umadevi, Sri Poorna Prajna College, Udupi and Bikas Ray, Maulana Azad College, Calcutta.

SANKARA JAYANTI CELEBRATIONS IN BOMBAY

IN commemoration of the 61st birthday of H. H. Jagadguru Shankaracharya Sri Abhinava Vidyateertha Mahasannidhanam of Sringeri Sarada Peetham, it is proposed by a Committee to perform Maharudra Yagna and Shata Chandi Homan in Bombay on April 23 and 24 and May 1, 1977, respectively.

The venue of various functions will be held on April 23 and 24 will be Brahmanpuri (Saraswatwadi) Hall, Zaver Road, Mulund West, Bombay and the functions on May 3 will be held at Bhatiwadi Hall, Ghatkopar East, Bombay.

Shri P. R. Subramanyam, Garden View Apartments, Sion East, is the President of the Committee who may be contacted for further details.

BOOK-REVIEW

GUJARATI

ASANA ANE MUDRA, PART I
(Yogic postures and gestures) by
Swami Kripalvanand: Pub: Shri
Dahyabhai H. Patel, Trustee, Shri
Kayavarohana Teerth Seva Samaj,
Kayavarchan Dist. Baroda. Price
Rs. 75/-; Pages 654 (Illustration
plates extra).

THE voluminous book under review is the first part of a remarkably momentous work on Hathayoga. It is an excellent production of practical wisdom and intuitive knowledge. Its gamut comprises of various sciences such as anatomy, psychotherapy, hygiene, dietetics, Rajayoga, Ayurveda and naturopathy. It has succeeded to some extent in constructing a bridge between the facts discovered by the modern science and the transcendental revelations traditionally handed down from the ancient sages and perfect yogis. Its contents are encyclopaedic as far as the subject of yoga is concerned. It blazes a brilliant trail in the mass of innumerable books recently published on the subject.

The representation of the matter is systematic. First of all, the author summarizes the outlines of a particular yogic posture or Mudra with due suggestions to adjust the parts of the body, breath and the focal point for concentrating the mind. Then

follows the delineation of the various steps of Rajayoga, which at times appears as loosely connected with the tenor of the theme at hand. Next comes the evaluation of the posture, its place in the hierarchy of Asanas, its comparison with other postures etc. Ultimately its pathological utility, its capacity to remove specific disorders and psycho-somatic ailments, is indicated. Warnings also are given at appropriate places to observe the universal rules of Yama and Niyama meticulously and to maintain moderation in regard to food, sleep and normal enjoyment of innocent sense-objects.

These detailed discussions are braced with profuse illustrations and tabular representations, rendering the book to be a mine of invaluable information, providing unfailing guidelines to yogic institutions, health-centres and individuals that seek to treat various physical and mental diseases on the lines of yogic naturopathy.

The work is the result of a long series of researches in different fields carried on by earnest scientists and as such it epitomises the essential principles of accumulated human knowledge. It, therefore, seeks to popularise a method to alleviate human suffering which treats Man as a whole and not the disease or the diseased part independent of him.

The Government of Gujarat has rightly recognised the book for high schools and colleges. It has set an example for others to follow. The book is being translated into English and we hope it should be done in more languages.

The author proposes to write the second part of the work, especially meant for the keen sadhakas of yoga. Protagonists of yoga are looking forward to the day of its publication.

—R. T. Vyas

MALAYALAM

SAKYASIMHAN By E. K. Krishnan
Ezuthachan, First Edition, 1974.
PP. 218, Price Rs. 7/-. NBS.

NONE in recorded history has been moved more deeply by the sufferings of living beings and none has made a bigger sacrifice in quest of their cause and cure than the Prince of Kapilavastu, who later became the Buddha, the enlightened. His life and work have inspired millions of people all over the world and they form the subject of a vast literature in several languages drawn from the original texts in Pali.

In Malayalam too a few books on the subject have already appeared including translations from Edwin Arnold, A s w a g h o s h a, Anand Kumaraswamy and Dharmananda Kosambi. The present book is a welcome addition and in its preparation the author has consulted a dozen books in English. The author himself was influenced by the Buddhist philosophy from his younger days and like him all informed Hindus abhor the aberrations of Hinduism such as the caste system,

animal sacrifice and worship of demons, and respect the Buddhist faith. The author has here narrated the main events of the Buddha's life and has brought out the tenets of the faith in the words of the Buddha as part of the narrative. The author has not separately discussed the religious doctrines such as ban on caste and yagnas, the four Arya Satyas, the Ashtanga-marga etc. as Kosambi has done. The chapters, 48 in number, have no headings. In some places the anecdotes are unnecessarily elaborated upon and dialogues have been introduced where straight narration would have been more effective.

To have called the book a novel is misleading because the readers are likely to think that much of it is mere fiction. The fact is otherwise. Similarly the author could have given some pleasing details although some of them are controversial, e.g. the Buddha was born in 623 B.C. attained Nirvana at the age of 80, he did intense Tapasya for seven years, his abandoned wife Yasodhara lived the life of a nun and died at 78, his son Rahula also became a Bhikshu. The language of the book cannot claim extraordinary merit and some sentences fail to make sense, e.g. in translation—by the incarnation of the Prince your abdomen has become *bhinna* (meaning broken and different) (p. 15.) Lust held the lamp of lightning in front of the thunder of intense love. Snakes of envy wandered with the outbursts of curses of anger (p. 96) in the darkness of seconds the void of hours raised its head (p. 157).

—V. K. Moothathur

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INVOCATION TO THE MOTHER

*O our Mother, O Soul of India,
Guide us so that we may be
always on the side of great ide-
als and show to men thy true
visage, as a leader in the ways
of the Spirit and a friend and
helper of all the peoples.*

B. R. Ambedkar

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ARJITHA TEPPOTSAVAM OF LORD VENKATESWARA

In addition to the three day Teppotsavam conducted only once a year, a float festival will hereafter be conducted every week, on Tuesdays, to enable pilgrims to see the Lord on Tirupati Odai (Float) more conveniently and more often. Grihasthas (devotees) can participate in the conduct of this festival by paying Rs. 1,500/-.

Every Tuesday, after the other Arjitha utsavams are over, Sri Malayappa Perumal, the Utsava Murti along with Sri Devi and Bhu Devi will be brought to the Ranga Mantapam, beautifully decorated and adorned. Grihasthas who wish to participate in this festival will be given Sankalpa here. The deities will then be taken in procession accompanied by mangala Vadyam and Veda parayanam along the four streets around the temple. When the deities arrive at the eastern side of the Swami Pushkarini, they will be placed inside the beautifully decorated float in the tank. The archakas, paricharakas, the Veda reciters and the mangala vadyam players will accompany the deities in the float. The Grihasthas participating and paying for this seva will be provided with a special place at the Pushkarini tank.

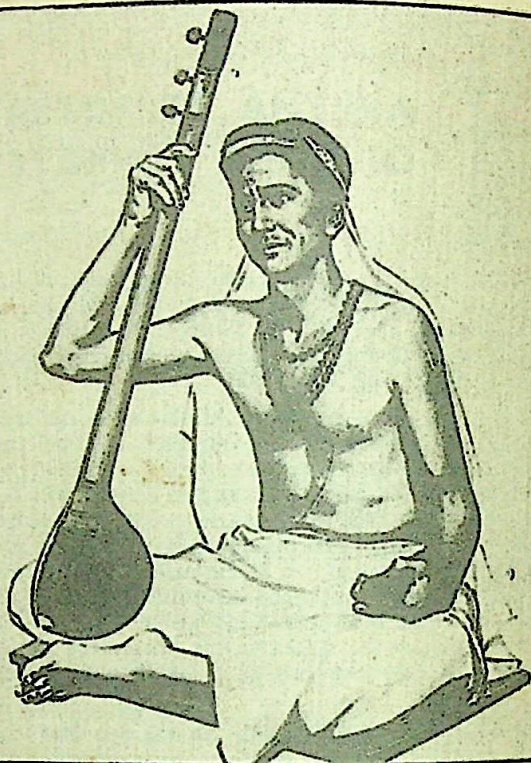
The float with the deities will be taken round in the tank after Mangala Harathi thrice to the accompaniment of nadaswaram music and Veda parayanam.

After the three rounds a sweet preparation will be offered to the Lord as neivedyam. After Mangala Harathi to the Lord and His Consorts, the participating Grihastha will be given a gold pendant weighing 5 grams with the Lord's image embossed on it. He will also be given vastra bahumanam and neivedya prasadam. After a further Mangala Harathi, the Lord and His Consorts will be taken in a Tiruchi to the Vahana Mantapam.

Each Grihastha and his family (not more than a total of 10 members) will then be allowed for Sri Vari darsanam.

Devotees desirous of participating in this glorious festival for Lord Venkateswara are requested to send advance intimation to the Peishkar, Tirumala Tirupati Devasthanams, Tirumala, together with a bank draft for Rs. 1,500/- in favour of the Executive Officer; Tirumala Tirupati Devasthanams.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER
TIRUMALA TIRUPATI DEVASTHANAMS TIRUPATI



Music was his life- and his life a spiritual offering

The poet, the devotee and the musician lived in perfect harmony within the soul of Thyagaraja. The poet in him found expression in the nobility of sentiment of his lyrics and made his superb compositions doubly great. Thyagaraja contemplated God through music and sang his way to salvation. He expressed

thoughts too deep to be grasped by intellect alone. He pointed to posterity the way to peace within and harmony with one's surroundings. Saints like Thyagaraja transcend the narrow distinctions of caste and creed, communities and conventions. They are born to serve God by serving His creatures. Sainthood is a universal phenomenon.



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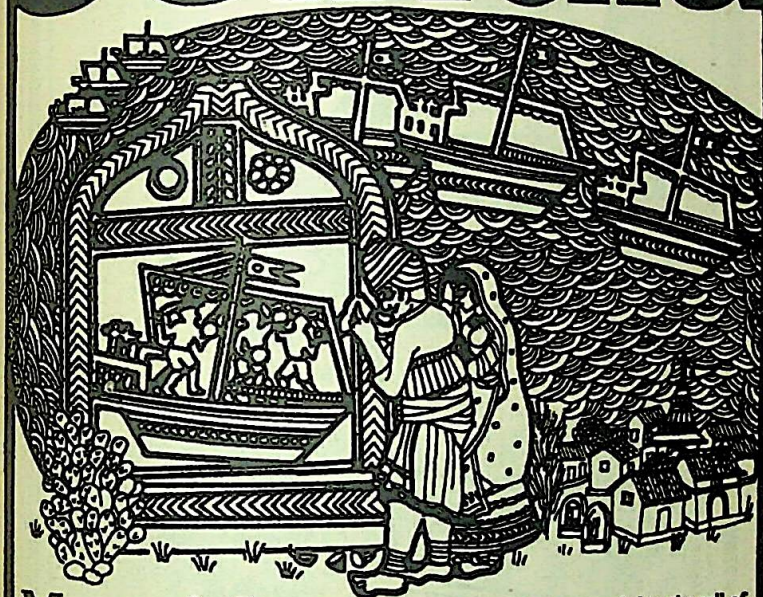
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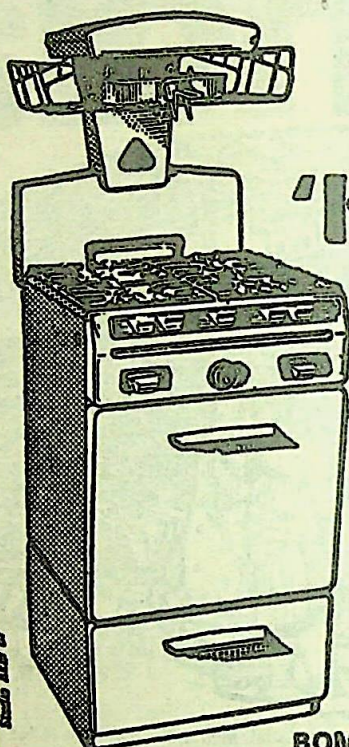
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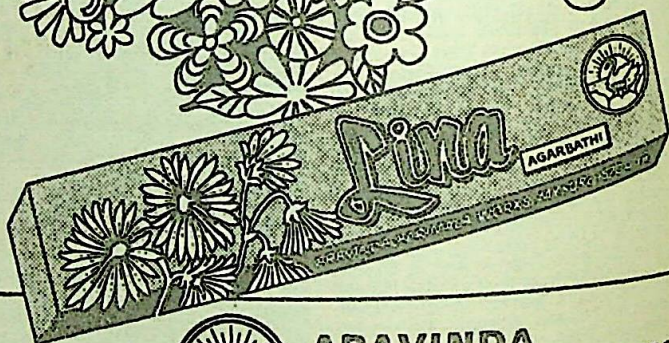
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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

Rigveda I-39.

BIHARAN'S
JOURNAL

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PRAYER TO THE MOST AUSPICIOUS

त्वं परं परमं तेजः

मङ्गलानां च मङ्गलम् ।

अप्रमेयगुणश्चैव

मन्त्राणां मन्त्रगो भवान् ॥

Thou art the Supreme Being, the
supreme light, the most auspicious of
the auspicious. Thou art the posses-
sor of countless virtues, the secre-
import of the Mantras.

—Skandapurana, I, ii, Ch. 29,
Verse 126

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □



...Vande Mataram and the great poem with that refrain was at once a Mantra, a battle cry, a song of war, and a continuous inspiration calling the sons and daughters of Bharatavarsha to liberate the motherland from the stranglehold of her ruthless foreign exploiters...

VANDE MATARAM

R. R. DIWAKAR

VANDE MATARAM, 'I bow to my Mother, my Motherland,' is the song of Freedom of India. It was the most popular war-song during the whole of the Freedom Struggle (1905-1947) of our country.

It is not always that the song of freedom's battle becomes the constitutionally adopted National Anthem of a nation. In the case of France, however, the *Marsellaise* (1792), one of the most stirring and powerful battle-songs ever, was officially adopted by the French Republic.

Today *Jana Gana Mana Adhinayaka Jaya Hey* is our National Anthem adopted by the first Parliament of the Republic of India on June 24, 1950. It is originally a song composed and sung by Vishwa Kavi Ravindranath Tagore on the occasion of the visit of King George V to India. It was first chosen as a national song and set to orchestral music in distant Germany by our great patriot Subhash Chandra Bose (in voluntary exile) while on

his adventure of organising an Indian Army of liberation during World War II.

Later, on the insistence of some elderly patriots, *Vande Mataram*, which still enjoys great popularity and prestige, was invested with an equal status of an Anthem by a resolution of the Parliament of India.

Vande Mataram also spelt as *Bande Mataram* are but two simple Sanskrit words. "I bow to the Mother, the Motherland" is their literal meaning. This is the refrain of the longish Bengali song which runs to about 40 lines. For decades this ode to the Motherland, evoked such deep devotion to the cause of national freedom and such defiance of authority as well as fear of death, that it is not easy to explain only on the basis of the meaning of the words, the heroic effects of the song.

If early in 1905 (the year of the Partition of Bengal) a college student, Ullaskar Datta, with *Bande Mataram* as his Mantra, was emboldened to punish his

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-The Song of Freedom

English Professor for some disparaging remarks against Bengalis, the 7th of August of the same year saw the college square in Calcutta agog with the University students marching with this inspirational song in defiance of all academic and police authority.

This slogan and song became a potent symbol, a *Swadeshi Alma*, as Tagore called it. If a stripling of 16, Khudiram Bose, charged with murder by bomb-throwing in 1906, ascended with a smile the steps of the fatal gallows with the *Gita* in his hand and *Bande Mataram* on his lips, a whole procession led by Ashwini Kumar Datta in Barisal on the 14th of April 1906, defied police orders for the first time in India, and went on singing this great song. On the same day and at the same place, a young boy, Chittaranjan, fell to the ground bleeding when beaten by the police and yet he kept on singing *Bande Mataram* as his sustaining talisman.

Young revolutionary Chandra

shekhar Azad of Uttar Pradesh, who later shot himself lest he be captured alive by the police, kept up his spirit by repeating *Bande Mataram* when on an earlier occasion, he was being whipped by the police. In the last peaceful battle for Swaraj when Gandhi gave the call of 'do or die' in the 'Quit India' movement of 1942, a boy, Narayan of Karnatak, while holding a national flag and marching in front of a procession, was shot through; he died in a hospital lisping *Vande Mataram* and Swaraj as his last breath.

Words are but sounds arising out of the unknown void. But some of them when charged with the national spirit, stir the deepest emotions and lead to mighty action. A flag too is but a rag, yet when it represents the freedom and honour of a nation, it inspires millions to sacrifice themselves for saving it.

Vande Mataram—and the great poem with that refrain—was at once a *Mantra*, a battle cry, a song of war, and conti-

nuous inspiration calling the sons and daughters of Bharatavarsha, of the ancient land of the Rishis and of spiritual culture, and of the birth-place of the great Aryo-Dravidian civilization, to liberate the motherland from the stranglehold of her ruthless foreign exploiters.

And lo! millions upon millions did respond, suffered and sacrificed all, and on the midnight of August 15, 1947, when Mahatma Gandhi, the Architect of India's Freedom, was away on a mission of mercy, the ringing voice of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in the Constituent Assembly of India echoed from shore to shore, declaring that 'the tryst with destiny' for India's complete independence had been fulfilled.

A *Mantra* is a word or a combination of words which is symbolic. It has some kind of mystic power, beyond its normal sound and usual meaning. It evokes strength and high capacity on account of its source, which might be a great seer, a hero, or a demi-god, and also on account of its gathering and accumulating psychic energy by continued repetition of specific ideas and/or ideals. It is in that sense that *Vande Mataram* became a *Mantra* of intense patriotic endeavour for the liberation of India. With every repetition of it by young and old, by one and many, be it while singing alone or in chorus, in a meeting or in procession, it gathered

vibratory potency, as the basic idea and ideal for which it stood, recurred and imprinted itself on the minds of all concerned.

It was a battle-cry for Swaraj because it was originally meant to be so by the author, Bankim Chandra. Every time it was used, whether it was by a school boy or by a patriot, or by a leader of a procession it was meant to serve a double purpose, evoking devotion to Mother India and inspiring defiance of the authority which held India in subjection. The whole song of *Bande Mataram*, or a few lines of it, and sometimes the first lines or the refrain itself served the purpose of a war-song. It came to be used at the beginning of the sessions of the Indian National Congress, in all political conferences, meetings, processions, marches, rallies of national volunteers, camps and so on, right from 1905-06 to 1947.

It served as a continuous inspiration radiating the spirit of persistent resistance to foreign rule in all its forms, till India succeeded in being completely free. The typical intensity of the national and patriotic feeling it aroused in the minds of the younger generation of these times may be described in the words of Sri Aurobindo himself, who was the embodiment of the love of India and Indian culture, and the prophet of Indian Nationalism. To him India was not a mere geographical expres-

sion nor a conglomeration of diverse millions. India was the veritable mother to be revered and a Goddess to be worshipped. Would any son look on helplessly when one's mother is laid flat and a stranger is trampling on her bare body, he would ask.

The very idea of unstinted selfless service of the Mother India gave to Sri Aurobindo and many others a thrill, a call to sacred duty. Her freedom meant the freedom and free scope to give India's immortal message of spirituality to the whole of humanity. The daily newspaper started by Bipin Pal and edited by Sri Aurobindo was itself named *Bande Mataram*. By that time the Swadeshi Movement had gathered immense all-India strength though initially it started as a protest against what was called *Vanga-Bhanga*, the partition of Bengal. *Bande Mataram* had travelled South to Madras through Subramanya Bharati who adopted the refrain for some of his poems. He was a great national poet in his own right. *Bande Mataram* had assumed the status of the symbol of patriotism and was the clarion call for national liberation.

The origin, the source and the circumstances of the composition of this national song *Bande Mataram* are very interesting. How and when exactly, in the historical sense, it became a slogan and a battle-cry against the British rule and symbol of heroic and patriotic action, it is

difficult to say. The English professor who was beaten by a student, Ullaskar Datta, in 1905 is said to have exclaimed that early "I see, *Bande Mataram* has become a War-Cry." When we were students in 1905-06, on seeing Tommies going in the streets of Belgaum, we used to shout *Bande Mataram*, obviously to provoke them; and in return they used to pursue us in the by-lanes to thrash us!

The song *Bande Mataram* originally occurs in the Bengali novel *Anand Math* of Bankim Chandra Chatterji. There is no doubt that Bankim was the greatest Bengali novelist and prose-writer of his century. About his prose, Sri Aurobindo wrote,

*He sowed the desert with
ruddy-hearted rose,
The sweetest voice that
ever spoke in prose.*

While assessing his contribution one of the Makers of India, Sri Aurobindo says, being selfless, "...he was able to create a language (Bengali), a literature, and a nation."

In fact, the song was first composed by Bankim as an independent piece in 1875. It was incorporated in his novel *Anand Math* in 1882. This novel of his does not enjoy the same reputation as his other novels, for instance, *Devī Choudharani*, and is said to have some structural weaknesses. But the story based on the revolt of the Sannyasins of

Rangpur in the year 1772, is one which would appeal to any lover of his country. The song of *Bande Mataram* was meant to be sung by a band of Sannyasins in praise of the Mother Goddess—Durga—Bharati—Bhavani to invoke Her blessings; though they were sannyasins, they had pledged themselves into a group of rebels for freeing Bengal from a heartless tyrant who was the ruler in those regions. The original song mentions only *Sapta Koti* (seven crores of Bengalis); it was later changed into *Trimshat Koti* (thirty crores of Indians) of the whole of India when the song attained an all-India status.

The song neither made an impact when it was composed and sung for the first time, nor did it attract any special attention when it appeared in the author's novel *Anand Math*. It was sung publicly for the first time by Rabindranath Tagore at the Indian National Congress Session in 1896. Even then it made no special impression.

But the very fact that it was chosen to be sung on a solemn occasion shows that those who selected the song had an inkling of its importance both regarding its contents and its music. They had an ear for the sonorous sound effect of the Sanskritised Bengali words and Tagore must have rendered it beautifully with his youthful but majestic bearing.

In the history of the freedom struggle of modern India, the Swadeshi Movement of 1905-06 was the first real nationwide patriotic upsurge in which the man in the street took an active part. It was in protest against the Partition of Bengal into East and West by Lord Curzon. Very big and strong protest meetings were held in Bengal against the idea mooted by him in 1903-1904. The *Manchester Guardian* in England published a letter by Sir Henry Cotton voicing the adverse opinion of the people concerned. In spite of all that, Lord Curzon got the Legislative Council at Simla pass the Bill of Partition in July 1905. This set the country ablaze and the Swadeshi Movement was born preaching the use of Indian made goods, boycott of British goods, advocating national education and demanding Swaraj.

Bande Mataram had by then already come into vogue as a war-cry and was popular. It was, as it were, reaching its 'take off' stage in 1905 when on August 7, the whole of the Calcutta University emptied its classes into the College square and thousands of students throated *Bande Mataram* in an unceasing torrent of anguished fury. By December 1906, the movement along with the song and the demand for Swaraj had spread throughout India and the Congress Session in Calcutta under the weighty presidency

of Dadabhai Naoroji accepted the four-fold programme, (*Chatuh Sootri* in the words of Tilak) of Swadeshi, boycott, national education and Swaraj.

Since then, many provincial songs came into existence such as *Garavi Gujarath*, *Sonar Bangla*, *Jaya Karnataka* and so on, but the whole of India has always given the first and highest place to *Vande Mataram*. It retained to the end its pride of

place, and as the primary inspiration of the national spirit it still holds its head high.

When I recall its function since 1905-06 and its role throughout the Freedom Struggle, the crowded corridors of my memory resound with the *Mantra* that was and is at once a battle-cry, a war-song and a symbol of devotion to mother country and sacrifice for her freedom and glory. ■ ■ ■

In our next issue...

* Self-Effort and God's Grace

Down the ages, the question of "Grace" has baffled many a devotee and philosopher. Smt. Padma Kulkarni writes lucidly on this all-too-important subject for the spiritual seeker, covering all aspects. Her conclusion: Grace and Self-effort are interdependent, though in a very special way.

* H. H. Srimad Andavan of Srirangam

Sri S. Ramanujam draws a moving pen-portrait of His Holiness Srimad Andavan Swami who has been, for more than a decade, travelling on foot throughout India to spread the gospel of Visishtadvaita propounded by Bhagavan Ramanuja. H. H. Andavan Swami's birthday falls some time in March 1977.

* On Wants, Needs and Abilities

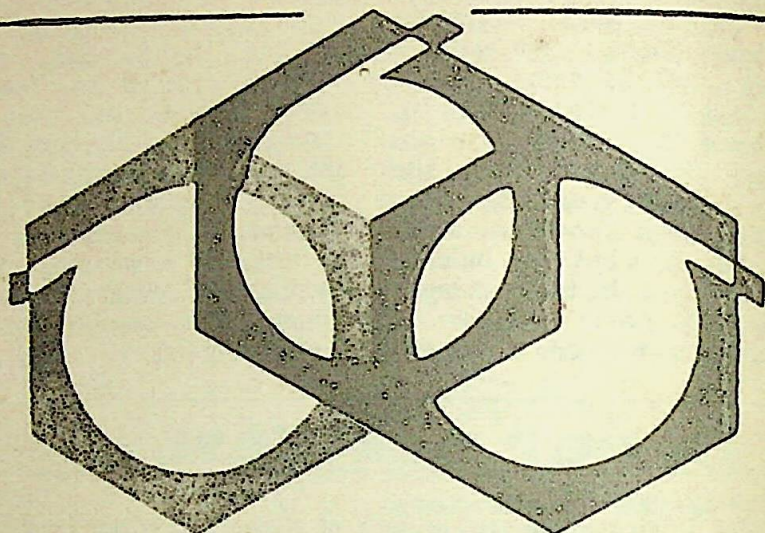
The author who is presently Additional General Manager(O), Calcutta Telephones, says: Wisdom demands that we should perceive the difference between wants, needs and abilities. This perception will tell us that the route to wealth is through labour, sacrifice, wise management and leadership.

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Dr. Anima Bose, President of the University Women's Association of Delhi and currently Visiting Summer Professor of History at Portland State University, U.S.A., says that "human beings are now turning to nature in a friendlier way and taking stock of what they ought not to have done."

LET IT BE A CELEBRATION

DR. ANIMA BOSE

THE cycle has come its full circle, and interestingly in an age of machine and technological advancement. Human beings are turning to nature now in a friendlier way and taking a stock of what they ought not to have done. The strange concept of conquering nature and acting as an overlord of all the domain is giving place to an understanding of living in harmony with and not in hostility to Nature.

Needless to say, this trend is based on an enlightened self-interest and a sense of self preservation. There seems to be a coercive compulsion in this attitude. There would be a more reliable and lasting basis if the ethical and philosophical ration-

ale could be highlighted emphasising the validity of this concept of living in harmony with nature and with the environment.

It was not an accident that, historically, India, from the beginning, had realised that the extension of mind and gathering knowledge needed the environmental affirmation. And so, teaching and learning were conducted amidst the trees and shrubs and the living residents of the forest. There was a mutual understanding, as it were, between the inhabitants of nature and human beings. If one parted, the other felt hurt—an image of which has been so poetically portrayed by Kalidas in *Abhigyan Shakuntalam*. The young deer pulled at Sha-

kuntala's garment as though in warning that, while she was proceeding to the capital far away from the peaceful natural surroundings, perhaps she was also going to face pain and spiritual isolation.

There is a kind of self-destructive attitude with which human beings have pursued a life-style from the 17th century onwards, specially in the Western countries, underscoring the importance of machine over man and science over nature. The result has been, of course, a great deal of scientific advancement leading to cure of disease, labour saving, and conquest over time. In many ways, human

dignity has been restored by rescuing human beings from some degrading labours. The pragmatic and utilitarian philosophies triumphed.

Yet, there has been a mindlessness about the whole process. Scientific knowledge has not been used "to lead from darkness to light," but from darkness to darkness. If today we are condemning the destruction of the environment, the squandering of natural resources and if we are heading for difficult times in future we are affirming the fact that this movement has all along been more towards darkness.

The dimension of life is to be understood in all its spiritual, intellectual and physical aspects. By emphasising only the physical and intellectual aspects, we have insensitized the spiritual aspect, and have mistaken material affluence for happiness.

Without downgrading comfortable living, we could have drawn a ceiling to the borrowing from nature resources, had we paused a while and learnt where to stop. We could not, because our teaching and learning became too divorced from nature and its surroundings. Consequently, we have produced a life-style that has almost killed the spirit and has left us listless and greatly perturbed within.

That all life is interdependent has been accepted, as also the

Some opinions about

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A-14, Green Park, New Delhi-16

fact that all nations and people are inter-dependent economically and politically. But what we are slow to understand is that life strain is a continuum: is one. By hampering life anywhere, whether in the battlefield or in nature, we are diminishing life itself and polluting life. We have no right to do this because we can neither create life nor restore it.

The 18th century poet, Donne, had said: "No man is an island." We are slowly and painfully realising every day, in an age of tremendous scientific and technological leap, that no life is an island, and that when the bell tolls and any life is disturbed, the bell tolls for all of human race. This is an understanding which when fully grasped may lead us from "darkness to light" and from "untruth to truth", where all knowledge culminates. By such knowledge comes enhancement of the quality of life, life that is not just materially affluent but an enriched life, a shared life and an enlarged life.

In India, Tagore, Mahatma Gandhi, Vinoba Bhave and many other venerable minds have warned us again and again about the lopsided life-style that human beings would be forced into if they do not become sensitive to nature, if they do not respect the generous resources

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of nature, and if they do not act as the trustees of air, light, water and earth of this world. No legislation, no imposed teaching or regulation can help to develop this attitude. It should be done by word and action, by setting examples by the adult world by faithfully adhering to this practice so that the seriousness of the commitment may leave an imprint on the minds of the younger generation. That would be a worthy legacy by all people to all people for all life.

In celebrating the environment day, we are celebrating "creative living" and the partnership of human beings and nature for life continuum and life enrichment.

□ □ □



LITERARY RAMBLES-I

DR. PURASU BALAKRISHNAN

4. MAN AND WOMAN

ARUNDHATI and Vasishtha, shining together, of undivided soul, are naturally of the same prototype, in the language of Shelley. To man and woman on the earth, although they may hitch their wagon to a star, the search for a prototype of their conception often is, as it was for the poet-hero of Shelley's *Epipsychidion*, in vain.

Yajnavalkya, who went farther than Shelley, beyond the idea of a multiplicity of soul-mates, and preached the love of the universal Self as all-inclusive, in which the duality of the lover and the loved is lost प्रेतेभ्यो भूतेभ्यः समुत्थाय तन्मयेवानुविनश्यति । न प्रेत्य संजास्ति ।

Etebhyo bhutebhyah samutthaya tanyeva anuvinasyati Na pretya

samijnasti, and Maitreyi, his wife to whom he preached this, are of the same prototype. She is an apt and interested pupil of his. He wishes to take to monastic life अथ ह याज्ञवल्क्योऽन्यद्वृत्तमुपाकरिष्यन् (*Atha ha yajnavalkyo 'nyadvrit-tam upakarishyan*) He tells her, "Maitreyi, I am renouncing this world. Let me make a settlement for you and Katyayani (his other wife)."

मैत्रेयीति होवाच याज्ञवल्क्यः । उद्यास्यन्वा अरेऽहमस्मात् स्थानादस्मि । हन्त तेऽनया कात्यायन्याऽन्तं करवाणि इति ।

Maitreyiti hovacha yajnavalkyah. Udysyanva arehamasmat sthanadasmī. Hanta te anaya Katyanyantam Karavani iti. She asks him, "Of what use will this property be to me if it will

not bring me immortality?"
 येनहं नामृता स्यां किमहं तेन कुर्यान्
*yenaham namrita syam kimaham
 tena kuryam.* She tells him that
 she will have naught from him
 other than the secret or means
 of immortality तदेव मे ब्रूहि।
tadeva me bruhi). And he tells
 her:

"For when there is as it were
 duality, then one sees the other,
 one smells the other, one tastes
 the other, one salutes the other,
 one hears the other, one per-
 ceives the other, one touches the
 other, one knows the other; but
 when the Self only is all this, how
 should he see another, how
 should he smell another, how
 should he^e taste another, how
 should he salute another, how
 should he hear another, how
 should he touch another, how
 should he know another? How
 should he know him by whom he
 knows all this? That Self is to
 be described by No, no! He is in-
 comprehensible, for he cannot be
 comprehended; he is imperish-
 able, for he cannot perish; he is
 unattached, for he does not at-
 tach himself; unfettered, he does
 not suffer, he does not fail. How,
 O beloved, should he know the
 Knower?"

(Tr.: Max Mueller.)

Yajnavalkya concludes, "Mai-
 treyi, I have told you now. This
 is the truth of immortality."
 Having said so, he departs (for
 the forest).

इत्युक्तानुशासनाऽसि मंत्रेभ्येतावदरे चत्वनृतत्व-
 मिति होक्त्वा याज्ञवल्क्यो विजहार।

*Ityuktanusanaasi Maitreyyetava-
 dare khalvamrutatvamiti hoktva
 yajnavalkyo vijahara.*

One may remark that if Mai-
 treyi were not a fit recipient for
 his message, a *brahmavadini*
 (one conversant with *Brahman*),
 Yajnavalkya would not have
 taken her into his confidence in
 regard to his quest for immorta-
 lity through renunciation. In-
 deed, he did not impart this
 teaching to his other wife, Katya-
 yani, who was but a *striprajna*
 (one efficient in womanly duties).
 And indeed, in the end, he quit-
 ted both Maitreyi and Katya-
 yani and went to the forest. Para-
 doxically, this sums up the
 human situation, marking the
 end of comradeship and a split-
 ting of the *dharma* (at least in
 the view of the ignorant one left
 behind), each pursuing his or her
 own path apart.

When Prince Siddhartha, obey-
 ing the call of his agonized soul,
 left his young wife Yasodhara
 and his little son Rahula sleeping
 in the palace, himself bound to
 the Bodhi tree in the forest and
 Buddha-hood, we cannot but dis-
 cern a situation of travail for the
 princess. True, she later became
 his disciple, arriving, shall we
 say, at the stage of Maitreyi at
 that time. But this cannot blind
 us to the existence of two diffe-
 rent paths for two individuals
 that may or may not meet.

This situation shows itself in greater acuteness in the life of Saint Ramalinga Swamigal. Marrying against his will, out of deference to his mother and family, he spent the nuptial night, reading with his newly wedded bride the ponderous pages of "*Tiru Vachakam*" (Blessed Words) of Saint Manikka Vachakar. Saint Ramalinga, in a characteristic trembling confession, refers to his celibacy in his poem "*Pillai-peru-vinnappam*" (A Son's Supplication).

Such a situation, on a less sublime scale, confronts artists who are consumed by their quest and pursue a solitary path. This is well exemplified in the life of the French-Tahitian painter, Paul

Gauguin, whom Somerset Maugham has portrayed, with variations to suit his purpose, in the character of Charles Strickland in the novel, *The Moon and Sixpence*. Madame Gauguin considered her husband to be a successful stock-broker and a Sunday painter. He left his business and his family to devote himself to painting. Finally, alone, he went to the South Seas where he took a native wife and painted his haunting, original pictures with strange colours. He never ceased to write to his wife, but he found no compromise was possible, and he fled. Towards the end of his life he was constantly ill and in great pain. He died, probably of a heart-attack. Madame Gauguin could not follow him in his wanderings and bear him more children (they already had five). In later life she admitted that he had a right to act as he did.

Three thousand years ago, the gentle Yudhishtira, in the *Mahabharata*, observed to Sage Markandeya, "The service that chaste women offer to their husbands seems to me to be very difficult, O holy one In fact I do not find anything more difficult than the duties of chaste women (to their husbands)".

(*Vana Parva*, chapter 204, verses 5 & 8.)

Tr.: Manmatha Nath Dutt.

(To be continued.)

Treat
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The author turns the spotlight on some of India's great discoveries—ancient insights—for which we have been denied the rightful credit by the West, deliberately or inadvertently.

Awareness of our glorious past is necessary to "inspire confidence in our ability to take up the broken thread of adventure, inquisitiveness, patience and research and weave a new tapestry from what we have accumulated through the centuries, says Smt. Khanolkar, who though born in the West, has made India her home.—Ed.

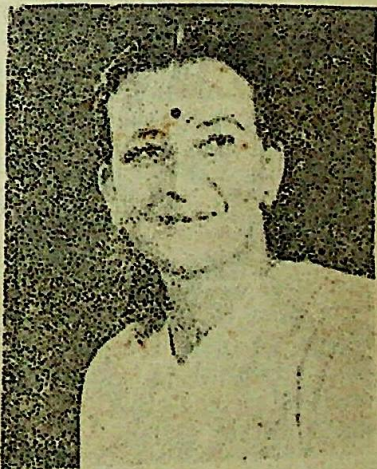
India's Influence on Western Civilization

SMT. SAVITRIBAI KHANOLKAR

AT a time when we seem to be lost without identity, it should be appropriate to explode the fallacy that Rome and Greece were the founders of European civilization. This erroneous notion ought to be erased from the text books of world schools and the minds of nations who for centuries chose to begin at history's middle—forgetting India's contributions, thereby cancelling thousands of years of earnest and arduous efforts of hers crowned with success.

Some decades ago, all this could be understood and forgiven because India was not a free country and it was in the

interests of those who subjugated her to suppress her qualities and assets, especially if the latter referred to her advances in any



field of thought; worse if those advances were to be proved to have become the pillars of their own civilization.

But now that we are on our own again and have suffered many setbacks due to adverse circumstances, it is indeed the moment to awaken belatedly our youth and the rest of the world to the reality that India fostered the first steps in sciences which later illuminated the minds of savants in other lands. The purpose is far from inducing us to dream of the past and rest lethargically on that knowledge but to inspire a renewal of the initiative of old and confidence in our ability to take up the broken thread of adventure, inquisitiveness, patience and research and weave a new tapestry from what we have accumulated through the centuries. Schools and current publications, Quiz programmes abroad, and the like, completely ignore the fact on which India can justifiably pride herself without hesitation and that is: India's civilization in 2000 to 3000 B.C. was the core of all Western civilizations.

Europe is not totally blind to this fact as impartial scholars have admitted Greece's indebtedness to India who gave her, her knowledge in philosophy, sciences, medicine and other aspects of her culture. India's advancement in all spheres of

scientific and intellectual activities was regarded with the greatest respect and thought to rival any other attempt in other countries. Though these are stated in the writings of historians of the time such as Pliny, Strabo, Megasthenes, Herodotus and Porphyry, no modern historians, save a rare few, care to note the same and pass it on to the new generation. Our school books are still docilely following foreign policies of old.

It is not to Greece, for example, that the world owes its first findings in *Geometry*, the science having been invented in India.

Pythagoras is cited in books of history, science and philosophy and dictionaries as being the inventor of multiplication tables, decimal systems, geometry and some philosophy concerning metempsychosis and Self-Realization.

The theorem that the square of the hypotenuse of a rectangular triangle is equal to the sum of squares of its sides was *not* Pythagoras' invention since it was known to Indians centuries before his birth.

These two rules contained in the theorem viz.,

1. The square of the diagonal of a square is twice as large as that square;
2. The square of the diagonal of an oblong is

equal to the square of sides
are parts of the *Sulva Sutras* of the 8th century B.C.

In fact it might well be that on one of his journeys to India Pythagoras must have learnt his first lessons in geometry. It was known to the Greeks that he visited India from where he seems to have learnt much about numbers, mathematics, and the philosophy of rebirth (metampsychosis).

From Hindus he adopted not only science and philosophy but habits such as vegetarianism, ascetism, etc. He accepted also the Hindu idea of a fifth element, Ether.

To quote Prof. E. W. Hopkins in "Religions of India": "Before the 6th century B.C. all religious, philosophical ideas of Pythagoras are current in India."

Gradually geometry gave place in India to Algebra and mathematics. Greeks could not rival Hindus in the science of numbers.

It is again to India that the world owes its decimal notation. The Arabs having studied it in India, introduced it to Europe.

The same applies to Algebra (*Bijaganita*) invented by Hindus and translated by Arabs in the 8th century A.D. It was in the 13th century that Leonardo da Pisa imported it to Europe.

Hindus first discovered and developed plane and spherical

trigonometry. Bhaskaracharya's treatises on the subject are well known. He lived from 1114 to 1150 A.D. and it wasn't until the last two centuries and a half that European scholars came to the same conclusions. Similarly, it wasn't until 1624 that the Hindu system called *Kuttaka* was published in Europe by Bachet de Mezeriac.

In Astronomy we have again to turn to the Hindu systems of division of the lunar zodiac, lunar mansions and constellations. All these were later borrowed by the Chinese and the Arabs. The noted Hindu astronomer Arya Bhatta 476 A.D. who wrote a great many works on Algebra and Astronomy, first discovered *the rotation of the earth on its own axis*. From the Jewish Encyclopedia we learn that

"The theory that the earth is a sphere revolving on its own axis, which immortalized Copernicus was previously known only to the Hindus who were instructed in the truth of it by Aryabhatta in the 1st century before the common era."

By him were also discovered the true causes of solar and lunar eclipses and the idea of Gravitation (*Madhyakarshan*) towards the centre. He correctly calculated the earth's circumference. Varahamihira, 500-587 A.D. produced the *Brihat*

Samhita, a gigantic encyclopedia dealing mostly with all aspects of history and natural history. Then Brahma Gupta, 628 A.D. brought out his works on astronomy involving the positions of planets in their true places, calculating lunar and solar eclipses as well as treatises on Spherics.

Even in Music it is hardly known that the great composer Richard Wagner who studied Eastern music through Latin translations, adapted the "leading motive" from Indian music. This may be why not all Europeans understood or appreciated his music. This is recorded in his conversations with Sophenhauer. Western musicians are again showing more interest and are sincerely attracted to the depth, richness and charm of Indian music as proliferated with great success by Ravi Shankar, the famous sitarist and singers like Subbulakshmi.

Medicine is not to be left out, as Hindu medicine inspired Hippocrates who borrowed his *Materia Medica* from India. As Dr. Royle of King's College, London, testified in 1837: "We owe our first system of medicine to the Hindus."

Alexander the Great preferred Hindu physicians to Greek ones. Similarly, Haroun Al Rashid retained two Hindu physicians in his court.

Hindu *Materia Medica* is

older than the 6th century B.C. and was taught *long before Hippocrates*, the father of Western medicine who lived around 400 B.C.

India's medical schools and colleges dated earlier than the Buddhist period. We still have Charaka and Susruta's books which were first translated by the Arabs in the 8th century A.D.

Indian Chemistry was called *Rasayana*. Alkalies, acids and oxides, etc. were known in early periods and borrowed by the Arabs who passed that knowledge to the West.

The great emperor Ashoka established hospitals with proper nursing services for men, women, children and for animals. It is wrong to attribute the first nursing organizations to Europe, as Buddhist nuns happened to belong to the first organized body of nursing sisters attached to the various hospitals spread out over the land. The conception of monasteries, monks and nuns have been borrowed by Christians from the Buddhist orders. Until Buddhist influence reached the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean, the ideal of Renunciation, Ascetism and of communities of men and women living under vows of celibacy and poverty were unknown, let alone practised in Europe!

In the 5th Century B.C. Herodotus called the Hindus: "The greatest Nation of that age" and also mentions their trade with Egypt.

Professor Max Mueller confirms in his "Psychological Religion": a report that a Hindu philosopher in a conversation with Socrates at Athens asked him of what consisted his philosophy to which he replied that it was based on inquiries about the life of man. In answer, the Hindu philosopher simply smiled "How can you know things human without first knowing things divine?"

To a Hindu all True Knowledge has a divine origin.

From Ralph Waldo Emerson we hear: "Plato was a synthesis of Europe and Asia and a decidedly oriental element pervades his philosophy, giving it sunrise colour."

The practice and teaching of ascetism was purely Hindu. It was certainly not an epithet of the Greek nation. Prof. Edward H. Griggs in "Philosophy of Plato" admits the same: "Plato's belief in the conquest of the senses as the only means of attaining knowledge was pre-eminently oriental and not Greek."

Again, Prof. Max Mueller and other oriental scholars maintain that Aristotle's Logic could well have been a Greek

presentation of Hindu Logic. There are yet several schools of thought in ancient Greece whose roots can be traced to India. Alexander's invasions contributed to a greater exchange between the two countries. Athens had several Hindu philosophers residing there as in other places. They were called Gymno-Sophists.

India was regarded by Porphyry as the country of the Wise Men whose wisdom, morality and knowledge of the mysteries of the universe he praised highly.

Indian thought influenced Plato, the Neo-Platonists, Stoics, and Philo of Alexandria. The idea of Logos which stood as the corner stone of Plato's philosophy, of Neo-Platonists and of Philo and later of the 4th Gospel first arose in India. It is as old as the *Vedas* and has indeed moulded Hindu thought.

Even Christianity has its debt to the ancient land of Bharat. There is undeniable evidence of it. As can be read on Ashoka's pillars 260 B.C. Buddhist missionaries established monasteries and communities of Buddhists from India to Siberia and Ceylon, from China to Egypt and centuries before the advent of Christ, propagated the sublime ethics of Love and Renunciation which flooded

Syria, Palestine and Alexandria. The same ethics and ideas were later on repeated and emphasized by Christ. They influenced the Jewish sect of the Essenes.

As Pliny, the Roman historian of the 1st century A.D. describes the Essenes as: living like hermits, without possessions, sex relations, as celibates and associates of the palm trees; shows a community in entire opposition to Jewish beliefs of the time and very much akin to the Hindu ascetic concept of *tapasya* way of life and of that preached by the Buddhist missionaries who founded monasteries all along the "Silk Route to India" through Afghanistan, Persia, Syria, Palestine and Egypt. The fact that the Essenes arose from the influence of Buddhism has been accepted by Schelling, Shopenhauer and Christian thinkers such as Dean Mansel and D. Millman.

So was John the Baptist an Essene. As Ernest Renan relates:

"He led there a life like that of a yogi of India, clothed in skins or cloth of camel's hair, having for food only locusts or wild honey.... The teachers of the young were also at times a species of anchorites resembling to some extent the Gurus (spiritual preceptors) of Brahmanism. In fact, might there

not in this be a remote influence of the Maunis (sages) of India? Perhaps some of these wandering Buddhist monks who overran the world, as the first Franciscans did in later times, preaching by their actions and converting people who knew not their language, might have turned their steps towards Judea, as they certainly did towards Syria and Babylon..."

Babylon had become for some time a true focus of Buddhism. Boudasp (*Bodhisatwa*) was reputed a wise Chaldean, and the founder of Sabeism. Sabeism in its etymology indicates *Baptism* (Renan's Life of Jesus). He goes further: "We may believe, at all events, that many of the external practices of John of the Essenes, and of the Jewish spiritual teachers of this time, were derived from influence then but recently received from the Far East."

Renan shows that baptism by total immersion was characteristic of lower Chaldea and of St. John's sect. It was introduced among the Essenes by the Buddhist missionaries, having originated in India. It became later the principal ceremony of his sect.

It is interesting to compare similarities in the lives of Shri Krishna and Christ. Miraculous

births, the story of a massacre of infants. "These seem merely repetitions of what happened in the life of Krishna, 1400 B.C. In fact the idea of the incarnation of God is purely a Hindu idea. It was not known among the Jews. The Jews never accepted Christ as the incarnation of Divinity, but from the Vedic periods the Hindus accepted many *avatars* or incarnations of the Lord in a human form and this is at the foundation of the religion of the Hindus,"—writes the well-known Swami Abhedananda of the Ramakrishna Order in *India and Her People* and continues: "Many of the famous parables of Jesus the Christ existed among the Hindus and Buddhists of the pre-Christian era. In the Gospel of Buddha, for instance, we find the parables of 'The Prodigal Son and of the Marriage Feast,' which were taught by Buddha to his disciples about 5 centuries B.C. The Roman Catholics have taken a great many of their ideas: their form of worship, the monastic life, the nunnery and the idea of purgatory, from the Buddhists of India. In the religious history of the world, Buddha was the first to organize communities of monks and nuns and to establish monasteries and nunneries. Under cover of the legend of Barlaam and Josaphat, the story

of Buddha has found a niche in the row of canonized Catholic saints and has its Saint's day in the calendar of the Greek and Roman churches."

It is well known by universal scholars that the fables of Aesop and Pilpay later reproduced by Lafontaine and others, were taken from India's *Hitopadesa* and *Panchatantra*, written in the 6th century A.D. They were translated into Persian in the reign of Nausharvan (531-572), from that into Arabic and then into Greek by Symeon Seth around 1080, followed by a Spanish version in 1251 and later by Germans in the 15th century and then in English and French.

Most European languages derive from the same roots of Sanskrit. Exceptions: Hungarian, Turkish, Finnish and Lappish which are of Mongolian origin and Basque, an autochthonous dialect.

Take for example the first word a child learns: Sanskrit: *Mutar*—Latin: *Mater*, Italian: *Madre*, French: *Mere*, German: *Mutter*, English: *Mother*. Sanskrit: *Pitar*—Latin: *Pater*. So is *Duhitar*: daughter. Brother is *Bhratar* which is nearly the same in Russian. *Path* in Sanskrit means the same as in English, and a serpent both in French and English comes from *Sarpa*. *Bandh* means a bond, etc. etc. Even the word punch is either five fingers *Panch*, or a

drink made of five ingredients.

Panini who was born in a village near Peshawar now named Pabbi, was one of the world's greatest Grammarians.

Now we come to Roman Law and jurisprudence which was also influenced by Hindu Law. If one were to read the accounts of Megasthenes, the Greek ambassador from King Seleucus, on Indian administration under Chandra Gupta and Ashoka, one might well marvel at the degree of perfection it had achieved. Yet even in Manu's days, the law had to deal with the weaker side of human nature which is recognizable in our contemporary history "The servants of the King who are appointed to protect the people, generally become knaves, who seize the property of others; let him protect his subjects against such men." (*Manusmriti*, VII, 115-123).

As regards Hindu philosophy, no greater compliment can be offered than the words of Shopenhauer towards the scriptures: "There is no study more beneficial and elevating to mankind, than the study of the Upanishads." In fact, it was the Upanishads, Pope Paul quoted when he praised India's ancient spiritual heritage in the verse: "From the unreal lead me to the Real, from darkness lead me to

Light and from death lead me to Immortality." (*Brihadaranyaka Upanishad*). It is curious also to note that 50 Upanishads were translated from Sanskrit to Persian under the name of *Oupenek'hat* in 1656 at the instance of Sultan Mohammed Dara Shakoh, from which translations were made into Latin in 1801-2 by 'Anquetil Duperron as recorded by the scholar Paul Deussen.

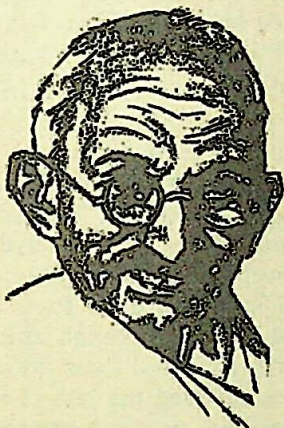
Quoting again Swami Abhedananda: "And while thinkers among the Semitic tribes were still trying to explain the origin of the human race and of the universe through the mythological stories of creation collected from the Chaldeans Phoenicians, Babylonians and Persians, the Aryan philosophers of India had already discovered the Evolution of the Universe—out of One Eternal Energy, and of Man from the lower animals." (*India and Her People*.)

People wrongly call Hindus pantheists (who believe in many Gods and not in the One God.) On the contrary, it is those who believe in a personal God as separate from His creation who do not believe truly in Monism. They are dualists. Hindu religion is so encompassing and understanding that it leaves one free to believe whomsoever or whatsoever as God knowing fully

(*Contd. on page 42*)

Gandhiji's Humour—II

S. DURAI RAJA SINGAM



"If I had no sense of humour, the attacks that I have had to face would have killed me long ago. But I have a living faith in God, and as long as He guides my footsteps, I do not care what people say about me. I take it lightly and can laugh even with those who laugh at me. This is what keeps me going."

—Mahatma Gandhi

II

THE combination of intense humility and spirituality, on the one hand, and a highly developed and lively sense of light-hearted fun on the other, is so rare as to be unique.

The struggle for self-mastery and spiritual awareness began in Gandhiji at a very early age, for he was married when he was 16 and, as a student in London and as a struggling barrister in India and South Africa, the distractions and temptations of worldly things were many. As a child Gandhiji

was very shy and avoided the company of his schoolmates.

He tells us in his Autobiography: "To be at school at the stroke of the hour and to run back home as soon as the school closed—that was my daily habit. I literally ran back, because I could not bear to talk to anybody. I was afraid lest anyone should poke fun at me—I had a distaste for any reading beyond my school books. The daily lessons had to be done because I disliked being taken to task by my teacher as much as I disliked deceiving him."

Writing in the *Vegetarian* of April 9, 1892 about the voyage home to India after his law studies in England he recalls how he had to make a speech during the evening devoted to speeches and concerts on board the ship. "Well, I made grand preparations. I thought out and then wrote out and re-wrote the speech that was to be delivered. I well knew that I had to meet a hostile audience, and that I should take care that my speech did not send my audience to sleep. The secretary had asked me to be humorous. I told him that I might be nervous, but humorous I could not be."

But as the years rolled by Gandhiji turned out to be just what the secretary of the concert wanted him to do. Humour became a characteristic of Gandhiji so much so that Raihana Tyabji exclaims, "Oh! his sense of humour—his sense of humour was—was terrific; in fact I think it was his sense of humour that kept him alive—he laughed and laughed—and laughed."

Despite an intense awareness of the inner struggle to overcome his imperfections, his high spirits and good humour sustained him from youth to the prime of life and into his old age. His lively humour and quick wit, his capacity to laugh at himself, was almost as well-known throughout the world as his advocacy and practice of non-violence.

His reputation for being a happy man, who enjoyed a joke even despite the intractable nature of the grave problems with which he grappled, undoubtedly earned for him the respect and even affection of millions of ordinary people in many lands who only knew him through what they read in their papers or heard on the radio.

The public image projected round the world was of an Indian David with a Puckish sense of fun whose life was dedicated to the ambitious project of overthrowing the mighty British Raj and raising his country from its backwardness and poverty. If there were cartoonists in the world's Press who depicted him as a malign and obnoxious personality, their drawings have not survived the test of time. The leading political cartoonists over four decades usually saw him as a saint with a flair for a good joke, especially if it pointed a moral. As Professor Catlin put it, he used humour, the kindly jest, as an instrument for establishing contact with people. When he knew them, humour remained as one of the bonds in their relationship.

A revolutionary, both thinker and man of action, who had time to laugh, was a phenomenon which at first aroused scepticism and disbelief outside India. Gandhiji's work on behalf of the Indians and Africans in South Africa, it should be remembered, did not re-

ceive wide publicity for many years because nations were pre-occupied with the First World War and its aftermath.

Gandhiji, also, at that time reached the conclusion that India should support the British Empire in its war effort. When the struggle for Home Rule was renewed in India after the war, Gandhiji's name appeared with increasing frequency in the headlines of the world's Press.

Foreign correspondents from all over the world, whose training and experience equipped them to assess a man's worth and integrity, went to India to interview this non-violent revolutionary who had put the word *ghimsa* into the world's vocabulary. They have peppered Gandhiji with question after question. After he had ducked one off another would follow. They noted his quick wit and lively sense of humour, and above all, his genuineness and sincerity. Their dispatches soon made "Old Gandhi" a staple subject of talk and discussion in ordinary households all over the world. Years ago in South Africa, whilst Gandhiji had been effecting his escape from a hostile crowd, one Mr. Alexander had kept the crowd amused by singing the tune:

Hang old Gandhi

On the sour apple tree.

The general picture of Gandhiji built up in the next few years was of a sincere and dedicated man who pursued the truth, the whole

truth and nothing but the truth, and who seemed to base his attitude to life on the old saying. "Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep and you weep alone." The world, and especially people in Britain, were split into two groups: those who, as a result of what they read in their papers and books, said, "Good old Gandhi!," and those who reacted with feelings of hate and bitterness.

Between fasting, addressing meetings, writing, spinning, talking to the Press, teaching simple peasants hygiene, discussing his philosophy with progressive thinkers and reformers from many lands, Gandhiji had fun with the children in the *ashram*, smiled and laughed.

He had greatness plus laughter. It was the laughter of sadness, not madness. Had he not been born with a love of life and laughter, he could easily have cracked under the immense burden. To quote Louis Fischer, "Gandhiji's laughter was physical and mental. It was amusement plus agreement or at least amusement plus tolerance. It was the laughter of a man who is not afraid to be caught with his visor up or his guard down."

"If I had no sense of humour," he once revealingly remarked to a friend, "the attacks that I have had to face would have killed me long ago. But I have a living faith in God, and as long as He guides my footsteps, I do not care what people say about me. I take it lightly and can laugh even with

those who laugh at me. This is what keeps me going."

He told once to Sushila Nayar, a great disciple of his, "I can laugh even with those who laugh at me. That's what keeps me young! Because I have a loving Father in God. So long as He guides my footsteps, I do not care what people say about me."

It was rather baffling and mystifying to the world at large, especially to the people of Britain who were taught by some of their most respected political leaders and newspapers to fear and hate him, that everyone, even his opponents, should pay tribute to his essential sincerity and his lively good humour. How could a man who enjoyed cracking simple jokes, who liked the company of small children, be a menace and a danger?

About his radiant good humour, which illumined his very being, all who visited him were, on this point at any rate, in complete agreement. Strangers visiting the *ashram* for the first time and prepared to meet a saint were often startled by Gandhiji's teasing ways.

An American woman, long a worker for peace, appeared at his hut one day for a scheduled interview. According to the custom of the place she slipped off her muddy shoes and started across the verandah.

She was amazed to hear Gandhiji's laughing voice call out

from indoors, "I see, Madam, you need to practise walking in stocking feet." Later, during their serious discussion, he said, "Even in this black moment of doom let's not forget that laughter is healing."

Muriel Lester, Gandhiji's hostess in London, tells us this story. An English lady admiring the fruits which had been sent to Gandhiji, exclaimed that she was prepared to become a saint if she could enjoy such delicious fare. His helpful suggestion was, "You need not go so far to change your diet."

When Gandhiji was asked to go overland across Europe and to see various famous places, it was suggested that he should see the Pope, the Vicar of Christ in the Vatican.

Gandhiji, thinking of the incongruity of the man who was born in a manger and had no home and was executed like a common criminal, replied devastatingly that it would give him much pleasure and interest to see the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, in the Vatican. To show disagreement and convey a rebuke by means of one comma is wonderful.

Not ordinary

What was Gandhiji's humour like? Various close friends and followers of Gandhiji have commented on this facet of the Mahatma. Verrier Elwin says, "It wasn't the ordinary kind of humour. Gandhiji's sense of humour wasn't the ordinary kind."

He did not any wisecracking ; there was no verbal humour in the ordinary sense, and he very rarely told a funny story. But he had that very kind of humour which could see a joke against himself, even a joke against his country, and which could sense the ridiculousness of a situation."

Pyarelal, Gandhiji's secretary and biographer, stated in his monumental volume *The Last Phase*, that "Gandhiji's jokes were never without a purpose. He held in common with Aristotle, the ancient adage that 'humour was the only test of gravity ; and gravity of humour' and that 'a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious ; and a jest which would not bear a serious examination was certainly false wit'."

Sushila Nayar, sister of Pyarelal and another close associate, tells us that "with children he jokes like a child, with the young people he is a young man, with old people he is old, with politicians he laughs and jokes about politics and with householders their domestic affairs. But a careful observer can note that in all his jokes there is an undercurrent of seriousness. Even while joking he never says a thing that he does not mean, and not a word escaped his mouth that may be termed frivolous."

"Never have I seen a great man who can laugh so quickly and so heartily," said John Haynes Holmes, the distinguished Ameri-

can friend of Gandhiji. "At the slightest excuse his merriment ripples like that of a little child. This is what makes his smile so potent—it comes not as a sudden and unexpected disclosure, but abides like an atmosphere of warmth and light." Holmes truly said that "laughter was the doorway to his soul." George Bernard Shaw called him, "the only man in the East with a sense of humour."

The famous film star and comedian, good old Charlie Chaplin, met him in London and provided a rich menu not only for laughter but when Gandhiji's hour for prayer was reached Chaplin knelt on the carpet and observed the strictest reverence while the Hindu prayers were chanted.

Gandhiji's humour was intimate and lively, springing from a sense of fun and joy of living. It was brought into play by little, everyday things and happenings. There was nothing of the artificial bonhomie and gaiety which some professional politicians turn on for appropriate occasions or to impress a particular visitor or guest. Gandhiji had this "spiritual gaiety."

Gandhiji loved children and children loved him. But with his own children and grandchildren he was a strict disciplinarian when the need arose. He had a way with children, who would often do for him what they would not do for others. A touching example of this has been told by Sumitra

Gandhi, his grand-daughter. Sushila Gandhi, Gandhiji's pet "naughty little kitten," remembers how when she was six years old, she submitted to having her long and beautiful tresses completely shorn by her grandfather, who had asked for them as his *Diwali* gifts.

Gopu Gandhi and Kanu Gandhi, two other grandchildren, have each a beautiful story, the former "The Physician Physicked" and the latter "The Leader Led." And what of Laxmi the adopted Harijan daughter of Gandhiji and hundreds of other children. Smt. Indira Gandhi was a pet of Gandhiji to mention one more instance. In all his tours he found a sweetheart. I witnessed him touching a little girl in Ceylon and exclaiming, "This is my Jaffna sweetheart." From the Pearly King and his children to hundreds of children in England he was known as 'Uncle Gandhi.'

He was such a well loved personality that in the words of Maria Montessori "everybody knows him, even the smallest children in every corner in Europe. Everybody when he sees his picture exclaims in his own language 'That is Gandhi!'"

Nothing pleased him better than to be in the company of children. He probably looked upon the human race as children, some of them wayward and unruly who had to be shown the right path of

conduct. When he visited Paris in 1890, as a young man, to see the Great Exhibition, he "threw away" seven shillings to have lunch high up in the Eiffel Tower restaurant. Thirty years later, in "My Experiments with Truth", he wrote that the Eiffel Tower was "the toy of the Exhibition" and added, "So long as we are children, we are attracted by toys, and the Tower was a good demonstration of the fact that we are all children attracted by trinkets."

Kindliness, not the spirit of condescension, marked his attitude to others, but since we are all children life is—or could be—fun. It cannot be fun for those who, through the selfishness and false ideals of others, are condemned to live in squalor, poverty, disease and indignity. The variety of life, the peculiarities and idiosyncracies of people, their failings and strivings, amused him, and he remarked on these things and commented on them in letters. He had trained himself to love truth so much that he could say spontaneously what came into his mind without giving offence, because it was his heart that spoke. Knowing his attachment to truth and beauty, how could people be offended? He had made a rare conquest of the petty vanities and illusions which mean so much to most people. As Zakir Husain, among many others, noted, "He always had a hearty laugh at things said at his expense or at some-

body else's expense—he enjoyed a joke.”

Once he joked about his small material possessions and who would have them after his death. He had said Jawaharlal Nehru would be his inheritor. Sri P. C. Ghosh and others joked with him, “What will he inherit? Your stick and watch!” And all laughed. One really never had a dull moment with him.

“One of the nicest times we used to have was I like to call “Bedtime Stories” says Smt. Rajkumari Amrit Kaur writing in the *Illustrated Weekly of India*. “We nearly always slept under the stars; and all around Bapu, all sleeping on the floor, were the women of the ashram. The loveliest end to the day's work was for us women to crowd around him before he went to sleep and listen to some story or other of his many experiences, full of humour and yet pregnant with meaning. I still smile as I recall his account of how he had had to cut his own hair because no barber in South Africa would cut a black man's hair, and how after his first ‘exploit’ as he called it, on himself, when he went to court, a brother lawyer asked him why he had allowed rats to get at his head! How he laughed when he related the story! Many of the old experiences which he related were to be found in his autobiography, but the stories were

never stale and became far more vivid when retold by him. It is strange how often sentences or words uttered by him come back to one's memory now as if they had been engraved in some corner of the mind. He was such a wonderful teacher that one never forgot what he tried to teach”.

His constant training to seek out and pursue the truth gave him an inner equanimity strong enough to withstand impersonal disaster and personal tragedy. He smiled and joked even on the day his companion of a lifetime, Kasturba, was cremated. There was grief in his heart but a smile on his face. What enabled him to smile under the weight of the most crushing sorrow, as he often explained, was his abiding faith in the goodness of God.

As Mahadev Desai has told us, what might be called his motto in life was, “All things—with or without life—the Lord has created with their good and their bad points.” The British Raj was as much a part of God's creation as India, and only through the prevalence of truth in human relationships could the antagonism and conflict be overcome so that the two should live in harmony.

If he could laugh at himself, he would be the first to appreciate the enjoyment so many Western observers obtained from what, to them, seemed in his later years to be his attractively laughable ap-

pearance—the dhoti, the sandals, the old metal watch, the bald head and the beak-like nose. Sarojini Naidu affectionately likened him to another world-famous character, Mickey Mouse, and Gandhiji himself once remarked to Sarojini's daughter, Padmaja Naidu, that he was not the second but the first "ugliest man in Delhi."

The real test of humour lies in one's capacity to joke about oneself and about one's cherished convictions. His jokes about the eternal *Charka*, the Spinning Wheel, "that skeleton in the cupboard" as he called it, are well known. Once he beguiled Dr. Amiya Chakravarty by warning him during a conversation that this skeleton might "pop out any moment."

Homer Jack points out beautifully in his "Wit and Wisdom of Gandhi" that Gandhiji "for all the grim battle he was waging combined wit with his wisdom." If humour and satire were not exactly full-fledged weapons in his non-violent arsenal they were often used in his personal relations with friends. He could frequently see humorous situations in his own life and would seldom hesitate to point these out to others. In his *Autobiography*, he recalls how, after surreptitiously tasting goat's meat as a boy he dreamed that evening of goats bleating in his stomach! He also wrote that "the woes of Mahatmas are known to Mahatmas alone." Once he re-

vealed to Louis Fischer the motivation for his mystical practice of a weekly day of silence. "I was working very hard ... I wanted rest for one day a week. So I instituted a day of silence. Later I clothed it with all kinds of virtues and gave it a spiritual cloak. But the motivation was nothing more than that I wanted a day off." The *Autobiography*, Gandhiji's *Experiments with Truth*, is taken by one more writer Iqbal Singh who speaks of the lighter side of the book.

"For, the 'experiments' were evidently conducted on a variety of planes, from the sartorial and gastronomical upwards. They certainly had their lighter side. Jokes against others are, of course, easy to relate; jokes of which one has been the target may linger in memory but seldom find their way into one's memoirs. Mahatma Gandhi's *Autobiography* is unusual in that it enables us not only to laugh with him, but at him. Nothing, for instance, could be funnier than his stepping ashore on the Island of Promise one cold September day decked in a white flannel suit under the impression that it was the seasonable thing to do, or his numerous other essays 'at playing the English Gentleman' during the first few months of his stay in London. Earlier still, we have the story of his youthful efforts to cultivate a taste for the flesh-pots, real not just metaphorical ones, because some of his

school friends had persuaded him that meat-eating was not only the way to develop muscular strength, but winning national independence—a view apparently shared by many incipient nationalists, among them the Gujarati poet Narmad whose popular doggerel he quotes:

*Behold the mighty Englishman
He rules the Indian small
Because being a meat-eater
He is five cubits tall.*

There is a wonderful description of him by Romain Rolland, with whom he stayed for five days at his home in Switzerland in 1931. "The little man, bespectacled and toothless," wrote M. Rolland, "was wrapped in his

white burnoose, but his legs thin as a heron's stilts, were bare. His shaven head with its few coarse hairs was uncovered and wet with rain. He came to me with a dry laugh, his mouth open like a good dog panting, and flinging an arm round me leaned his cheek against my shoulder. I felt his grizzled head against my cheek. It was, I amuse myself thinking, the kiss of Saint Dominic and St. Francis."

The element of lively fun and good humour in Gandhiji's personality is likely to fade from our memory of him as the years go by. No bust in marble or bronze, no painting can adequately convey to posterity this lovable quality. Posterity has a preference for pre-

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serving in its records of the great, their heroic and dynamic qualities, and the essentially human qualities are overlaid by those attributes that lend distinction and uniqueness. Yet my memory of Gandhiji, and I am sure the memory of all who knew him, would not be complete unless I recalled, apart from all else, his smile and all the charm and joy it signified.

Whether he smiled or beamed, chuckled or laughed, or twinkled with merriment—all were spontaneous expressions of the perennial spirit of joy that was in him. It was his great optimism that lay behind his humour. He lived in an atmosphere of perfect peace and joy, delightful and enjoying every situation, and making every soul round him feel happy. Always with a serene beatific smile he was ever young. Said he once, "Rajkot has robbed me of my youth. I never knew I was old." When I was a young boy fifty years ago I brought home to Jaffna as a souvenir a few lumps of sugar candy given me by the Mahatma when I saw him for the first time in Madras. A few years later at the railway station at Jaffna, standing between my mother and grandmother, we emptied our pockets for his Harijan fund.

As we did so we saw that beati-

fic smile of his for the last time from the railway carriage window, the same smile that presented itself at the fateful hour of January 30, 1948, when he fell at the hands of an assassin, who in his ignorance thought that he had killed Gandhiji. We remember his smile, and know that his spirit is invincible. No man better served his country and, by doing so, the human race. His spirit lives to inspire men throughout the world for ages to come for, as Rabindranath Tagore put it, "the influence which emanated from his personality was ineffable, like music, like beauty."

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(Contd. from page 32)

well that the ultimate goal is to realize the Universal Oneness of God as manifested in all beings. He knows the source is One, remains One and will be One. The diversity he sees around him and in him is in his mind only—an appearance under which flows the same Oneness, the unchangeable Infinite.

It is imperative that the insights, gained by Indian Sages and Saints aeons ago—long, long before other civilizations came into being—should be brought to the light of the world and given the recognition they richly deserve.

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Without denigrating prayer in any way, the author points out that prayer being a very powerful and potent instrument at the disposal of man, it is up to him to make use of it for good or for evil, for liberation or bondage.

As the quality of devotion will be coloured by the nature of the devotee, he warns that great care should be taken in deciding what one should pray for.

"Clearly, according to our scriptures, the essential qualification for a devotee is to see and worship the Lord abiding in all creatures. The converse is also true. Indifference to the welfare of others or highhanded and insulting behaviour with fellow beings effectively blocks spiritual progress," says he.—Ed.

What Makes a Devotee?

R. B. LAL

"PRAYER," wrote Gandhi. "is the very soul and essence of religion, and therefore prayer must be the core of the life of man." Similar was the opinion of Dr. Alexis Carrel, who was religious-minded and also won the Nobel prize for his work in medicine. "Whenever we address God in fervent prayer, we change both soul and body for the better. It could not happen that any man or woman could pray for a single moment without some good result." This, in fact, is the popular view, also of saints and savants, that prayer, worship and meditation invariably

bly burn up sins and make the worshipper pure, perfect and pious.

The actual facts of life, however, tell a different story. In many cases pride, greed and wickedness not only co-exist with prayer and worship but even seem to thrive on them. Moreover, if some people are reformed by religious exercises, others are not. But these impressions may well be erroneous as we have no scientific or objective means of judging the spiritual quality of human beings or the results produced by prayer and worship.

As an examination of living subjects is neither possible nor useful, we have to fall back upon past records like history and mythology. History, too, cannot enlighten us as it mentions only the conspicuous achievements and not the failures of prayer and meditation. So we are left with mythology alone to help us. Mythology is generally read in only one way—the way which glorifies the benefits of faith, prayer and worship. But, fortunately for us, it has given both sides of the picture. The demons of Hindu mythology and innumerable devils of the western religions are glaring examples in which the effects of prayer and pooja were nil or negative. Their stories, though mythological, are exact parallels of the many men and women in whom demoniacal properties have full play side by side with an abundance of conventional religious exercises.

The three brothers Ravana, Kumbhakarna and Vibhishana had ideal conditions for spiritual growth. They were born in a Brahman family and their father and grandfather were both Rishis. They all performed *tapasya* for many long years, at the end of which Lord Brahma, accompanied by many other deities, appeared before them. Ravana got the boon of invincibility with minor qualifications and Kumbhakarna of

sleep, while only Vibhishana asked for and got the boon of right conduct. Surprisingly, the long spell of *tapasya* and even the visions and gifts of Gods could not alter the *manovritti*, or hearts' desires, and subsequent behaviour of Ravana and Kumbhakarna from *rajoguna* and *tamoguna* to *sattvaguna*. What is even more revealing is that but for his severe *tapasya* and the extraordinary powers it brought him, Ravana could not have committed all the atrocities which made him a terror to all creation.

Many venerable angels of the Semitic religions, who never faltered in worship and devotion, suddenly rebelled against God and became tempters and corrupters of mankind, the root of all evil. Their nefarious activities continue unabated, but I do not know whether they have stopped their prayers and worship.

One of Christ's own chosen disciples betrayed him and another denied him three times—in spite of all their faith and prayers and close association with Jesus.

Long before he became a sage, King Vishwamitra visited Vashishtha and took a fancy to his divine cow. His army's attempt to take the cow by force having been foiled, Vishwamitra resorted to a long course of *tapasya*. In the fullness of time Lord Shiva appeared before him and

granted him the boon of divine weapons. No sooner had he got those weapons than he returned to the hermitage of Vashishtha and employed them—though in vain—to capture that cow. The point I wish to emphasize is that neither the long spell of austerities nor even conversation with Lord Shiva had the slightest effect in quenching Vishwamitra's desire to seize by force and violence what belonged to another.

Such examples can be multiplied but enough has been said to explode the myth that a man's *spiritual progress* is guaranteed by faith and prayer. So we have to look out for a better formula which will accord with all the facts and be a more reliable guide to human effort.

Search for a Better Formula

I had a feeling that right conduct rather than mere religious exercises, is the proper way to spirituality. But the idea was contrary to popular belief and it was necessary to seek further clarification.

Years passed. One day when I was going through *Sri Krishna: His Leelas and Teachings* by Swami Sivananda, new light suddenly appeared in certain wellknown verses of Sri Krishna's discourse with Uddhava, and gave the precise answer to the riddle which had long puzzled me. Here are the verses:

When a man or woman worships Me with great devotion and does his duties without any selfish motive, he or she should be known as possessed of Sattvic nature.

When they worship Me for the attainment of their desires, for the sake of wealth and blessings, they should be known as possessed of Rajasic nature; and if they worship Me in order to do injury to others, they are of Tamasic nature.

It is clear from these verses that what makes a man *sattvic* *rajasic* or *tamasic* is not devotion or worship but his deeds. No matter what he does by way of devotion or meditation, he cannot be *sattvic* so long as he revels in injuring others or in seeking glory, wealth or power for himself. He can become *sattvic* not by increasing the amount of *japa*, prayer or meditation but only by doing all duties, including religious exercises, in a selfless spirit.

Confining itself to saints and good persons, tradition declares that saints are made by prayer and penance, and only by prayer and penance. But, as we have seen, this view is unsound, being based on a one-sided collection of facts. When we consider the effects of prayer and penance on an adequate and representative cross section of society including saints as well as wicked and ordinary people, we find that

saints are not made by worship, fasts and vigils but by self-discipline, right conduct and, above all, by benevolence and charity.

We are accustomed to slur over anything which goes against traditional thought. But once I caught a glimpse of the truth, further corroboration by the highest authorities was soon discovered in the scriptures. For example, in the *Bhagavata*, Maharshi Narada tells Vasudeva, father of Sri Krishna; "A devotee who sees and worships the Lord everywhere and in all creatures belongs to the highest class. He who is devoted to God and kind to the poor and ignorant but slights those who are ungodly, is a devotee of the medium grade. He who worships God in images and the like but does not render due service to his devotees and others is a devotee of the ordinary class."

Here, again, the grading of devotees is made dependent on their general conduct but independent of their devotion.

The remarkable feature of this classification is the stress it lays on social service as an essential qualification of a devotee. Those who are meticulous in devotion, but neglect the needs and sufferings of fellow beings can at best be devotees of the third or ordinary class. Narada might well have added a fourth, *Adhama* or *Nikrishta* class of devotees who are very devoted and submissive

to the Lord but arrogant and cruel to his creatures.

Again, in the *Bhagavata*, Bhagavan Kapila says to his mother; "He who practises devotion to Me, contemplating harm to other beings, with pride and malice, ostentations and seeing difference everywhere, is *tamasic*. He who seeking objects of enjoyment, fame or riches, worships Me in images and the like, is *rajasic*. He who offers his worship to the Supreme with the object of doing away with both good and evil, or worships Him because he must, is *sattvic*.... The mind of that person who hates Me in the bodies of others, is conceited, differentiates and is inimical towards beings, does not attain peace.... I am not satisfied in the least if worshipped in My image, with the ritual begun with manifold paraphernalia, by him who insults all beings."

Talking to his mother at the close of *Adhyatma Ramayana*, Sri Rama also classifies devotees into three grades as follows:

"Depending on the qualities (of the aspirant) devotion is of three kinds. *The quality of devotion is the same as the nature of the devotee.*

"The man who practises devotion for the purpose of violence, hypocrisy or jealousy, who sees difference (between the individual soul and the Supreme Spirit) and is irascible, is a *tamasic* devotee. He who seeks

blessings, enjoyment, wealth and glory and worships Me with a sense of difference (between Me and the individual soul) is a *rajasic* devotee. And the man who works with a feeling of difference, dedicating his works to the Lord or works because he ought to, is *sattvic*.

"In spite of being worshipped in images or otherwise I am really not worshipped at all by those who insult other beings Therefore let the devotee, seeing no difference (between the *Jivatma* and *Paramatma*), worship Me abiding in all creatures with gifts, honour and friendliness."

Clearly, according to our scriptures, the essential qualification for a devotee is to see and worship the Lord abiding in all creatures. The converse is also true. Indifference to the welfare of others or highhanded and insulting behaviour with fellow beings effectively blocks spiritual progress.

The Verdict of the Gita

The *Gita* too has expressed identical views but unfortunately they have received little attention. It has a whole chapter classifying several typical works such as *yajna*, *tapas* and *dana*, which are believed to be always good and sanctifying, into three grades, the lowest of which is hardly distinguishable from vice, though disguised as virtue.

After bringing worship, *japa* and meditation under the definition to *tapas*, the *Gita* divides *tapas* into three grades: "This three-fold austerity performed with supreme faith by aspirants without desire is said to be *sattvic*. The austerity which is practised with the object of gaining respect, honour and worship or for ostentation, which is unstable and fleeting, is said to be *rajasic*. The austerity done under a deluded understanding, with self-torture or with the object of causing injury to another, is said to be *tamasic*."

This means that prayer, *japa* and meditation are ethically neutral. They have no spiritual character of their own but borrow it from the devotee's other, dominant activities. This is precisely the opinion of the *Adhyatma Ramayana* quoted earlier: "The quality of devotion is the same as the nature of the devotee." In other words, the prayer, *japa* and meditation of a *tamasic* person are *tamasa*; and to put it bluntly, the *bhakti* of a wicked man is also wicked. Contrary to popular belief, religious exercises do not necessarily transform a man's nature but are themselves degraded and defiled by his evil conduct. Worship, of course, is not evil, but it becomes so in the long run when its results are used for anti-social purposes by evil-minded persons.

The *Gita* has clarified this in a

verse of capital importance. "Better indeed is knowledge than practice, than knowledge meditation is better; than meditation, the renunciation of the fruit of action; on renunciation follows peace." Now renunciation of the fruits of action, often mistaken for the renunciation of the desire for or attachment to fruit, really means giving up one's possessions and acquisitions for the benefit of others. This renunciation of fruit is superior to meditation and other *sadhanas*, not as their replacement but as their last stage, their crown and culmination. Whatever good things, like wealth, power or spiritual merit one earns by one's labours—whether sacred or secular—should be shared liberally with the poor and needy and if this is not done, there is a grave risk of the hoarded goods being misused. Angels became devils, and demons superdemons, because the *punya* they acquired through their austerities was used for self-aggrandisement and the intimidation and harassment of others.

The *Gita* repeated this lesson in different words by declaring that even wise men can remain in a state of purity only by constant self-giving through works of sacrifice, austerity and charity.

It is the *sattvic* or divine qualities which distinguish men from animals and good men from bad. And the essential difference bet-

ween divine properties and their opposites, according to the *Gita*, is not one of the amount of prayer and meditation but of the way a man deals with fellow beings. "Given over to egoism, violence, insolence, passion and anger, these malicious persons hate Me that dwell in the bodies of others as well as in their own. These haters, evil, cruel and violent among men, I repeatedly throw into demoniacal womos in this world."

The *Gita* has taught this lesson again and again. "He who sees Me present in all beings, and sees all beings existing in Me, I am never out of sight of him, nor is he ever out of sight of Me. He who, established in unity, worships Me as residing in all beings, that Yogi, though engaged in all forms of activities, abides in Me. He who looks on all as one and judges the pleasure and pain of others like his own, such a yogi is regarded as supreme."

Worship and right conduct are both necessary, and complementary. But they serve different needs of man and neither can take the place of the other. But what is the highest factor in devotion or religion?

"Look, my friends, how noble-minded these trees are!," declares Sri Krishna in the *Bhagavata*. "They live only for the good of others.... Of all living

beings *those who do good to others through their lives, wealth, wisdom and their words, they alone justify their birth.*"

According to Maharshi Vyasa, the most important lesson of all the 18 Puranas is that altruism or benevolence is the highest virtue. Tulsidas echoed the same thought. "There is no (component of) righteousness like doing good to others, no wickedness like doing injury to others. Nothing is unattainable by those whose hearts are set on the good of others." Narsinha Mehta's famous song, a favourite

of Mahatma Gandhi, opens with the words: "He alone is to be called a Bhakta who knows the sufferings of others and performs deeds of kindness and compassion without self-conceit."

Conclusion: Man endears himself to his Maker not so much by his devotion to the God in heaven as by his devotion to the God in man. Worship and meditation unaccompanied by right conduct can only produce devotees of *rajasic* and *tamsic* types.

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MUDDANNA'S

ADBHUTA

RAMAYANA

3

K. G. MALLA

GOD was very kind to Ambarisha; for his queen gave birth to a daughter. Shrimati was her name and she, the very embodiment of beauty, became her father's pet and not a single moment could she be away from him.

As years rolled by, the bud bloomed into a blossoming flower and Shrimati grew up into a young charming princess.

One day—

When the king was giving audience to his subjects in his court, from the skies descended two young sages—Narada and Parvata. Though they came from different directions both of them landed at one and the same time.

Ambarisha, having seen the sages, got up immediately from his throne. Walking up to them respectfully, he greeted them cordially. Joining his palms he welcomed them humbly.

They were offered seats and the usual courtesies. Then the king asked whether he could be of any service to them.

The sages looked round with their searching eyes. Suddenly they caught sight of Princess Shrimati, beautiful and charming, and seated majestically next to the royal throne. They saw, they gazed and at last they gaped at her incredible beauty which they thought was matchless in all the three worlds!

The beautiful Princess Shrimati—yes—her dark tresses of hair were full of curls like the waves of the sea; her shining face was as beautiful as the full moon; her eye-brows were like the rainbow in semi-circle; her tender eyes were shaped like lotus petals, her nose was like a *champak* flower and her bewitching smile—it was as though pearls were rolling out of her mouth! "In the whole universe there is no match to her beauty!" was the conclusion of both the sages who simultaneously wondered: "Who could this maiden be?" They wanted to know but their hearts began to beat like drums; foreheads perspired and tongues trembled. However both of them managed to ask, "O! King, may we know who this charming young damsel is?"

The king was silently watching them all the while. He was happy

and proud: "She is my only daughter, Shrimati. She has come of age and I am looking for a suitable husband for her!"

The sages were interested and so were excited.

Before Ambarisha could complete his last word, Narada, hurriedly rose from his seat and said, "King, please come here!" He went to a corner and whispered in Ambarisha's ears: "Why can't you give me Shrimati in marriage? I think I am going to be a suitable partner to her!"

The king, never expecting the offer, looked up at his face questioningly for a while. Yes, he was handsome and gracious. There was brilliance dancing on his face indicating that he had acquired powers by practising austerities. But before he could give a reply he heard Parvata, the other sage, calling out his name impatiently!

Ambarisha went to the other sage joining his palms. "I personally feel," Parvata in a very low tone spoke "that I can be a very good partner to your young daughter! Why can't you think of me as a suitable son-in-law?"

Ambarisha's mouth fell open out of great astonishment because of two learned men asking for the hand of one princess—that too at one and the same time! The king became perplexed. He thought, considered, pondered and then became

tongue-tied.

"What have you decided?" Narada was eager to know.

"Take a decision in my favour!", Parvata entreated.

For a moment Ambarisha stood like a statue knowing not what to do: "Giving away my daughter to any one means incurring the displeasure of the other. And when both of them are powerful sages they can curse and bring ruination to all. The situation must be handled very tactfully!"

He then made up his mind and then addressing both of them reverentially, said: "Oh, respected ones, I am proud and glad that both of you think that my daughter, Shrimati, would make an ideal wife. But as you know, *dharma* ordains that one woman can become only one man's wife. When both of you desire one and the same hand, I think we can solve the problem only by *swayamwara*, allowing the bride to choose her own partner!"

"That's right! That's good!" Both the sages readily agreed to the proposal.

"We will have it tomorrow and let us not take time!" the king suggested.

"Yes! Yes! For auspicious things delay is dangerous!" The sages were all happy: "We will come here tomorrow at this time. Let's see who will be lucky enough to win the hand

and heart of Shrimati." They departed in different directions.

Now both the sages began to think: "How can I win her heart?"

An idea suddenly struck Narada's mind. With his power to travel at the speed of mind, he instantly reached Vaikuntha, the abode of Lord Vishnu.

The Lord received Narada affectionately and enquired, "What has brought you here?"

Joining his palms Narada narrated: "I am coming from Ayodhya, the capital of King Ambarisha who is a devotee of yours. He has an angel-like daughter called Shrimati whose hand I desire. But unfortunately for me, Sage Parvata who had also reached Ayodhya at the same time asked Ambarisha to give him Shrimati as his bride. The king has therefore thought

of *swayamvara* and it will take place tomorrow when that lovely princess will choose her life-partner. Oh, Lord, Shrimati has stolen my heart. Without her, I think I may not be able to live. I have therefore come here to beseech a favour from you!" He was all humility.

Lord Vishnu smiled for a while: "What is the favour, tell me!", He encouraged.

Narada bowed down his head: "I have come here with an idea! Tomorrow at Shrimati's *swayamvara* if Parvata's face looks like that of a monkey, she will not choose him to be her partner. Can you do this small favour to me? Nobody else should know this and to nobody else, except Shrimati, Parvata's face should look like a monkey!"

The Lord became thoughtful for a while. Then with a smile



He said, "So be it!" Narada feeling elated took leave.

"How to win Shrimati's heart?" Parvata asked himself a thousand times and then thought of a plan. To work it out successfully, Lord Vishnu's help was a must, he thought, and instantly set out to Vaikuntha at mind's speed.

He touched Lord Vishnu's feet, sang in His praise and saluted devoutly.

Lord Vishnu asked him: "How are you? May I know the reason of your sudden visit to this place?"

Parvata touching Lord's feet once more prayed: "When you know the past, present and future, I don't think it necessary to explain again. I want Shrimati to be my bride but Narada is my competitor. Tomorrow there is going to be the *swayamvara* when Shrimati will choose one of us. I only wish that I must not miss the chance of winning her lovely hand that has lured my heart. To Shrimati, may Narada look like an ape during the *swayamvara*—this is all that I wish!"

"Good!" The Lord said to Himself: "Both are learned sages and it is most unfortunate that their minds also work in the same wrong direction of deceiving each other to win the innocent princess!" Then He said: "Parvata, your wish is granted

But at any time you should not reveal this to Narada, understand?"

Parvata's heart was swollen with happiness. He thanked the Lord sincerely and took leave whistling happily.

On his way back to Ayodhya, Parvata was all cheers.

"What a grand idea!" He congratulated himself proudly: "Now I am sure that Shrimati—the angel of beauty—will be mine tomorrow at this hour. Oh, how nice it is to be the bridegroom! Drums will be beaten and trumpets will be blown. Music, decoration, feasts and banquets!

Shrimati will then describe how Narada was looking like—exactly an ape! What fun it would be and when she would laugh—her charming face would become even more beautiful....!"

Narada too was day-dreaming: "Probably tomorrow will be the happiest and funniest day in my life. That poor Parvata, to Shrimati, would look like a monkey and then she will garland me, symbolising her love to me. Oh, thereafter! It will be a royal wedding! Music—fireworks—dance and dramas. I do not know whether Parvata will remain present during the festivities. Poor chap—will look like a monkey tomorrow! Hey—Hey—Hey!"

(To be continued)

Savings are the foundation of national prosperity. In recent years, the Government of India has intensified its efforts to induce people to save more and invest. Bhavan's Journal has pleasure in reproducing, in a series, the book How to Save & Invest: Guidelines for Fixed Income Groups, by Shri M. R. Pai, Economic Commentator. The 76-page book, priced Rs. 10.00, is available with India Book House, Wodehouse Road, Bombay 400 039. Shri Pai is the Hon. Secretary of the Bombay Branch of the All-India Bank Depositors' Association and for the past 20 years he is engaged in public education in economic affairs.

How to Save and Invest

guidelines

for fixed income groups

7

M. R. PAI

VII

7. Shares

THE share market is an important place for the saver to invest his savings. They are used for the industrial development of the nation.

There are different types of investment in the share market. Without going into technicalities, they can be briefly described as:

(a) Loans to industry in the form of debentures which fetch a fixed return on capital and are secured by a charge on the

assets of the company. Lately, convertible bonds, viz., fixed return bonds which can be converted into equity shares or risk capital at the date of maturity have become popular.

(b) Preference shares of different types entitle the investor to get the first claim on profits after meeting prior commitments like interest on loans, return to debenture holders etc. Some people prefer this type of share as it ensures a certain interest every year. When the Company fares very badly, preference dividend is skipped.



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However, for cumulative preference shares, it is paid later on when the company's fortunes revive.

Preference shares can be redeemable or non-redeemable. The former is preferred because they provide for the return of the face value of the shares to the shareholder on completion of the specified period. The latter do not have any such stipulation and since the market rates of return generally keep on rising, the market price of non-redeemable preference shares is constantly being reduced. Preference shares can also be cumulative or non-cumulative. In the case of the former, if the dividend in one year is less than the dividend specified because of inadequate profits, the deficit has to be made good in a later year. However, in the case of the latter, the deficit is lost for all time and cannot be made good out of future profits.

(c) Equity shares or risk capital of the company is the favourite of many investors. The main reasons are: first, if the company fares well, a higher dividend is paid to the shareholders. This may go over 20 per cent a year: in other words, the highest available return on one's savings when compared to other avenues of investment. The risk element should, however, be borne in mind here. If

the company fares badly, the dividend may be lower than on Government bonds, or may be skipped altogether. If the fortunes of the industry or that particular company continue to be bad, there may be no return at all for several years.

The second reason for investors going in for equity shares is the growth prospect. If the company does extremely well, over a period of time, it builds up big reserves from a portion of its profits set aside every year. These reserves are then capitalised, i.e., converted into capital base. This is done by issuing bonus shares to existing shareholders. For every 3 or 5 or 10 equity shares, he may get one or more bonus shares. Thus, his number of shares or capital in the company increases. In subsequent years, he gets dividend on the enlarged capital. Alternatively, the company may issue what are known as rights shares. That means, an option for the existing shareholders to buy more shares in the company which is raising additional capital. For every 5-shares the investor holds, he may get an option to buy one rights share. This may be issued at the face value of the share or at a premium. Thus, a Rs. 100 face value share may be issued at Rs. 150 because the company is doing extremely well and its shares are quoted at a higher

price in the share market. If the shareholder buys the rights share at Rs. 100/- (called face value) or even at Rs. 150/-, if they are offered at a premium, he stands to gain because the market price for that particular share may be around Rs. 200/-. Alternatively, he can sell away his rights to buy the shares offered to him, thus making a profit by virtue of his ownership of some equity shares in the company. At any event, his capital has appreciated.

There is another way in which his capital appreciates. This requires some skill and risk. The investor may reconstitute his portfolio of shareholdings every now and then, booking profit on high quoting shares and reinvesting the amount elsewhere. For instance, among his numerous shareholdings there may be shares of five companies whose face value may be, say, Rs. 2,000, but market value, Rs. 5,000/-. The investor might have bought these shares for Rs. 2,000 or less or a little more, and also received handsome dividends all the while. He sees a good demand for these shares and sells them for Rs. 5,000 to book a profit. Subject to capital gains tax on such transactions, his capital has appreciated by this sale. The amount is then reinvested in other shares or in those very shares after

some time if the price has fallen for any reason. A person who wishes to book profit as above should remember that a share must be held for a minimum of 5 years in order that the profit is deemed to be a long-time capital gain. There is a concessional rate for long-term capital gains, and gains upto Rs. 5,000 in a year are totally exempt from tax.

The earning capacity of any industrial unit is reflected in its share value. If it has sound assets, prudent management and good profitability, its shares will command a premium in the market. A Rs. 100 share may be sold at Rs. 200 or Rs. 300 or even more. Therefore, the saver who has invested in good company shares, having bought them in the initial stages, stands to benefit considerably by capital appreciation in addition to the dividends he has received over a period of time.

While noting all these growth advantages of equity or risk capital, the investor should keep in the back of his mind the possibility of small dividends, or no dividends. Also, that shares may be quoted below par in the market and in case of financial need he will suffer a loss by selling those shares.

A third reason for investors to buy equity shares is that they are considered as a hedge against inflation. When the price level

is rising interest rates also keep rising and the market price of equity shares rises but the market price of "fixed return" investments like preference shares or debentures normally falls.

The fourth reason for popularity of equity shares is their ready marketability. If the investor wants money for any reason, he will generally find ready buyers in the share market.

While this looks attractive, the other side of the coin also deserves a serious look by the investor. The inherent risks are: the company may not fare well, or even go into liquidation. In that unfortunate event, the investor will have lost all or most of his capital. Or, the company may not fare well for several years and may not give a dividend at all. Money invested elsewhere would have earned at least some interest in that period. It is also possible that the company may pay very low dividends whereas the return on investment elsewhere may be high. But, then, that is why it is called risk capital!

There are other disadvantages also. Income-tax is deducted at source by the company on share dividends at a uniform rate. The investor will have to preserve carefully the counter-foil of the dividend warrant (one portion goes to the bank to collect the amount) and adjust the

deducted amount against tax payable on total income by filing it along with other papers of annual income-tax return. If he is a tax-payer, this involves merely some paper work. But in the case of retired persons and others whose income may not reach taxable limit, Rs. 8,000 at present, this means unnecessary work. If his income is taxed at less than 23 per cent (which is the standard tax deduction on share dividends), this amount will be blocked up till the tax refund is available to him. It is however open to the person who has no taxable income to approach his income tax officer for a certificate that no tax need be deducted from the dividend and if this is filed with the company no tax is deducted. This involves some work.

Buying shares also means some paper work and maintenance of records. If endorsements are to be made on share certificates, they have to be sent by registered post to the share department of the company or its registrars. Cost of correspondence and postage may be disproportionate to the return on small shareholdings.

There is always a temptation to become rich by buying and selling shares. The *bona fide* investor should resist this temptation. It is a mirage.

The temptation arises when we see in the papers one day a

share of Rs. 10 quoted at Rs. 12 and after a few days, may be at Rs. 14/-. Why not buy 100 shares at Rs. 12 and sell them at Rs. 14 and make a neat profit of Rs. 200? What is forgotten is that these calculations are based on the *hindsight* of the market.

It is repugnant to the spirit of *bona fide* savings to deal in such speculative activities. Once that fever of making money through share transactions gets into the blood of the saver, his vision gets clouded. Many hard working men have gone broke, losing their entire savings, once they succumbed to this temptation of get-rich-quick on the share market. What is to be kept in mind is this: there are only two categories of people who make money on the stock exchanges by such buying and selling of shares. They are: the leaders of the market, that is, some enterprising industrialists who constantly strive to start and run industries profitably and as a result thereof are aware of the trends in the industrial field which enables them to buy and sell at a profit; and the share-brokers who buy and sell shares on behalf of clients, and get their brokerage on those transactions.

One great expert on stock exchange has a sound piece of advice for *bona fide* investor: do

not look into the financial page of the daily newspaper to see how various shares have fared. The *bona fide* investor should look at share prices once every three or four months!

New issues of shares are announced in the Press every now and then, and a good saver has to keep an eye on them. They are offered sometimes by companies already in production for some such purpose as raising additional capital for expansion or for diluting the equity holding of foreign investor as per requirements of law. Many a time, these are new issues by companies which propose to set up factories.

Since Independence, India has made considerable progress in industrialisation and in the light of experience, several changes have been made in the laws governing the working of companies. A number of financial institutions like IDBI (Industrial Development Bank of India), ICICI (Industrial Credit and Investment Corporation of India), and State Financial Corporation have been set up. As big issues require the support of these institutions, they stipulate the conditions under which funds can be raised from the public.

In recent years, merchant banking divisions in some banks are looking after the specialised job of raising funds. Above all, the stock exchanges, like the

well-regulated Bombay Stock Exchange, to whom the companies go for listing their shares, have laid down strict conditions for listing the shares. All these factors have worked to the advantage of the investors in that they get considerable information on new issues, procedures are regularised and there are certain safeguards.

The investor faces the question: Whether and how much to apply for when a new issue is announced. The following factors should be considered by the investor when applying for ordinary shares of the company.

(1) Who are the promoters of the issue? If they are established industrialists of integrity who have a reputation for giving a good deal to the shareholder by running their existing industries properly, the issue is worth applying for. Industries run by technocrats deserve serious consideration.

(2) What is the prospect of the particular industry? Is there a good market for its products, and scope for exports?

(3) What are the prospects of good dividends, i.e., profitability of the company? If that factor is positive, what is the likely period of waiting before the maiden dividend (first dividend) is declared? Can the investor afford to allow the funds to lie without any return on

them during that period?

(4) What are the growth prospects of the share? That means, will the shares grow in value as time passes by, and eventually result in rights and bonus issues?

(5) Possible tax advantages in terms of concession in wealth tax, and for dividends under some conditions.

In the case of very good issues, it is worth applying for shares, but not in small quantities. In the author's opinion, it is not worth having small holdings which get dividends of a few Rupees each. To bank these small dividend warrants, and to keep track of dividends etc., involves considerable work.

In some cases, it is not worth applying for new issues at all. The unofficial quotation of new shares seems impressive. For instance, a Ten Rupee Share may unofficially be quoted at Rs. 12/- or Rs. 15/- before the issue is made. But three or four months after the issue, the price may slump down to Rs. 9 i.e., below par. Some investors, therefore, wait for the market to settle down and buy shares below par a few months after the issue. It should be noted that with very good companies, there is no prospect of the shares quoting below par after the issue is made, and the share price may go on appreciating. Therefore, the only opportunity of getting

their shares at face value is when the public issue is made.

The investor in shares should build up a balanced portfolio of various industries. The chances are that in any given year some industries would fare extremely well while some others very poorly. Very few industries can give a steady return year after year. The vicissitudes or uneven fortune of various companies can be neutralised by the investor by building up a balanced portfolio. It is important to remember two facts: first, equity shares mean risk capital and are subject to the principle, "the higher the return, the greater the risk." Second, an overall view of all holdings over a period of years should be taken.

It is the author's considered opinion that in the next couple of decades particularly the youngsters will be fortunate to have many opportunities of investing in shares. Our economy is bound to grow at a rapid pace, and many new issues would come up. Those who invest in shares now stand a very good chance of seeing that their capital appreciates over the years. What is required is a long-term perspective, and not the get-rich-quick speculative outlook.

Where does the investor in shares go to buy them? The best thing is to have one or two

good sharebrokers. There are eight stock exchanges in the country—Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, New Delhi, Bangalore, Hyderabad, Indore and Ahmedabad. They have lists of their members, individuals and firms, who will buy and sell shares for the public. Some of these firms have established themselves in the public eye for their integrity and business efficiency. It is desirable to go by the recommendation of friends in selecting the sharebrokers for doing one's business. Some prefer a small firm or sharebroker if their transactions are not many and are of modest dimensions, because a small firm or sharebroker can give personalised service to them.

Shares should be preferably held in joint names. Rules with regard to transfer of shares to successors are time consuming. A succession certificate will have to be obtained from a court to get the transfer. Holding shares in joint names simplifies the problem as only a death certificate needs to be produced by the surviving holder of the shares.

The investor should note that dividends are collectable at par, and no bank commission is to be deducted thereon. Investors should become members of a shareholder's association which will help them to sort out any problem they may be facing.

The Evolution of Jasoda's Life-9

BY. LILAVATI MUNSHI

SURAJ was tired of staying in that big house. The people there, their way of speaking, their behaviour—everything was different. Her Yashodhara was also not the girl she had sent to that house eleven years ago.

Seemingly Yashodhara was happy in all respects. She was living in a big house. To carry out her orders there was an army of servants. She had no dearth of vehicles. Her cupboards were full of good clothes. Suraj was happy to see all these riches of Yashodhara. The thought that Bhagavat Prasad's seeming indifference was the manifestation of his temper and nothing else. It was not unnatural to her to see men lording over women. Still she did not understand why Yashodhara was looking unhappy though so far she had not uttered a word of her

being unhappy. On the contrary, she tried to show that she was in every way happy. Hence, Suraj also did not like to reveal her suspicion.

When she came to Bombay she wanted to take Yashodhara back with her for a few days. But seeing the atmosphere around her she did not deem it wise to say so. Being intensely aware of her inferior standing in that house Suraj became tired in about a week's time. She told Yashodhara one day: "Jasu, now give me leave to go. I have stayed here for long." Sometimes she lapsed into calling her Jasu even though she tried her best to address her as Yashodhara. Yashodhara smiled. "Have you become tired in so short a time? You came after so many years! Please stay here for some time more."

"No, sister, a village woman like me would not like to stay long in such a place as this. I need to see the banks of Revaji (Narmada) and the temple of Mahadevji (Shiva)." She took a little snuff with her withered hand.

"All right, you may go; but stay on for two more days. I want to send through you something for everybody."

Yashodhara saw the truth in her Bhabhi's words. During the last ten days her own life was changing very fast. Being mad after Shrimati, Bhagavat Prasad was moving about aimlessly here and there and her own mental misery seemed to have no end. In spite of her good intentions, she was losing courage. Because of Suraj she had to exercise great self-control. But if Suraj were to stay longer, she was bound to notice her plight sooner or later. Instead, if Suraj were to leave early believing that her sister-in-law was happy, she in her old age would have great consolation.

Yashodhara remembered everyone she knew in her childhood and also thought up suitable gifts for each one of them. Then she went about collecting many things. She got the names of the children of her people in the village and for everyone she brought nice toys. A surprised Suraj saw with admiration all

these things and was very pleased with Yashodhara's sincerity and her love for everybody. Ultimately two trunkfuls of things were collected in Yashodhara's room.

Yashodhara sat alone in the room and herself began arranging the articles collected, in the trunks. Many of her day-dreams he had forgotten, came alive in her mind and while arranging the things she remembered her own childhood. The girl friends with whom she had played and the banks of Revaji she remembered. She used to wait for her brother near the door so often, and standing there she used to chat with everyone—women passing by and her girl friends. She used to go to the houses of Ambaba Kakki and Kamala Kakki and help them in their work and be greatly interested in their old talks. She used to ask them for so many details and sometimes she used to harass them, too. And after all this, while going back, the *pallu* of her sari would be full of pop corn, *chana* and some other eats and how much she enjoyed munching them along the way. Many such pictures came before her mind's eye. Whenever Viju Kakka saw her, he used to give her a gentle slap and imitate her girlish pranks. She was always in the forefront in jumping into the river and swimming. She used

to play and dance in the river with such gay abandon to the point of forgetting to return home when Suraj would come and take her home. What happy days were they! In those days there was not even a shadow of artificiality or showing off. She was Revama's pet child and during Navaratri and other festive occasions everybody enjoyed to be under her leadership. After she left Shuklatirth, had anyone shown such feelings for her?

She sighed when she remembered all these and also that ten years had gone by. In the Reva river, maybe the sand surface should have risen a wee bit. All her friends must have grown up and be enjoying the status of good housewives with two or three children. If she too had children, her life would have been perhaps different. She remembered for the first time that she had no children. If only she had children... She again sighed deeply and two drops of tears fell on her lap.

Caught in this mood of reverie, she sat before the pile of things to be packed, desirous of remembering in greater detail the events of her childhood.

She recalled the first visit of Dolar and Pankhadi. Till she saw them, her life was all smooth and uncomplicated. They had kindled in her the desire to be

like them. With what eagerness she engaged herself in imitating them when she saw her would-be mother-in-law! How dignified and grand she looked! To her, her mother-in-law was more attractive and dignified than Dolar and Pankhadi.

When she saw her husband, her heart was full of admiration. To fulfil all his desires and to be worthy of him how much effort she had undertaken! But her worth was never recognised by her husband to whom still she was the Jasoda of Shuklatirth!

Even then all those days were not so miserable. At that time, she had in her the growing hope and bubbling enthusiasm. She was certain that some day Bhagavat Prasad would notice her efforts. To please her husband how much trouble she was taking! Perhaps more trouble than to please God. And if her faith had not broken down, she would have gone on doing so all her life. But Shrimati came in and the tender creeper of her hope was uprooted. Her intense efforts slackened down. It was not her husband's fault. It was the fault of her own fate. There was not even a small place for her in her husband's heart.

But now the most dreadful thing about her life was her utter loneliness with nobody to turn to. In a day or two her

Bhabhi would be gone and perhaps she might not meet her again for the rest of her life. And when she would be gone, in such a big house and in such a vast city, there would be nobody to sympathise with her or give her a little consolation. Nobody would bother whether she lived or died. She was, in the eyes of others, a statue and nobody ever thought whether she had feelings. Everybody welcomed her as a Bhagavat Prasad's good-looking wife but nobody missed her if she was not present. In such a heartless atmosphere she had to live her whole life. She had to live in this island bereft of all milk of human love. This thought made her lose courage and made her cry irrepressibly. She did not know how much time passed like this. With so much crying she lay down there, on the same spot, like a lifeless being. After some time, there was a knock at the door and she heard the loving and affectionate voice of Suraj. "Jasu—Yashodhara sister, you have not yet completed packing the things." Yashodhara got up at once, wiped her tears, made her clothes presentable and opened the door.

"Well, Bhabhi."

"A letter has come from Shuklatirth; shall I come in and read it out to you? It may be from Palu uncle," while saying

this she noticed Yashodhara's eyes and lifeless face, and suddenly changing her tone, asked her: "Well, Jasu, what is wrong? Are you not well?"

"No, no, I have a severe headache and whenever it comes like this, my whole day is spoiled." Yashodhara did not want to pursue the talk.

"Sister, shall I apply a little balm? You will feel better at once." She was still anxious.

"No, I have a very good medicine. See, I apply it just now." Yashodhara took out the medicine from the cupboard and applied. "Let me see, whose letter is it?"

The letter was from Palu uncle. His wife was on death-bed and had asked Suraj to go at once. When the letter was finished Suraj said: "Jasu, I shall have to go."

"Today itself!" Yashodhara asked with dismay.

"How can I help it?" Suraj asked in reply.

Both kept quiet for some time.

"Jasu, can't you come for a few days to our village?" Suraj asked without any warning. She added after some time: "Look at your own health which is none too good. If you come for a few days, you will regain your health because of the natural air in the village. Everybody will be so happy to see you."

For one moment Yashodhara's heart jumped at the idea. But she knew that Bhagavat Prasad would not allow her to go. Making gesture with her face signifying 'no', she said: "No, Bhabhi, in whose care shall I leave the house and come?"

"Sister, house is there all time. It is not going to run away. If you don't like to stay long, you may return in a few days' time". Suraj pleaded.

For some time Yashodhara did not reply. She replied with a heavy heart. "No, Bhabhi, not now, I shall come after a few days."

Suraj saw that it was useless to press her any further. She began to make preparations to leave that very night.

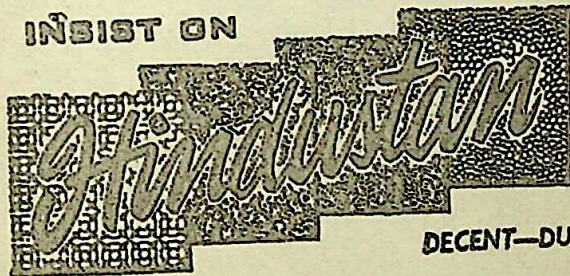
Yashodhara spent the whole day talking to Suraj. Suraj had to leave by the 8.30 train.

□ □ □

Any form of prayer is like the key that opens a door. How small a key it may be, taken from an inner pocket, a key grown smooth from much handling. Responding to its turning, the door opens slowly—into what stillness, down what avenues of radiance, only the one who prays knows; but the experience, no matter how long or short, is not unmarked in our lives.

—Elizabeth Yates.

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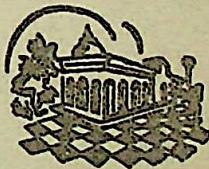
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HIND



Mlle Ravoux was
the daughter of the keeper of an inn where Van
Gogh lived a few months before, insane, he
committed suicide.



VINCENT VAN GOGH

The Tragic Expressionist

V. K. SUBRAMANIAN

AMONG the post-impressionistic painters, the tragic figure of Van Gogh stands towering above most others.

Disappointed in love, meeting with failure all through his short life of 37 years, Van Gogh's tortured soul brought forth brilliant paintings radiant with pure colours and vibrant with swirling strokes.

His philosophy of painting is summed up in his famous words: "I can very well do without God both in my life and in my painting. But I cannot, ill as I am, do without something which is greater than I, which is my life—the power to create..."

"In a picture, I want to say

something comforting as music is comforting. I want to paint men and women, with that something of the eternal which the halo used to symbolize and which we seek to give by the actual radiance and vibrations of our colourings,—I want to paint in such a way that if necessary every body with eyes will understand me."

Van Gogh was born in Groot Zundert, Holland, on March 3, 1853, the son of a pastor. He started life working for a firm of picture dealers. He fell in love with his landlady's daughter who did not accept him.

Disappointed in love he turned to theology, which too did not

give him solace.

Only at the age of 27—hardly 10 years before his death—did he take to art! Six years later, he joined his brother, Theo, in Paris.

In 1888, he went to Arles in Southern France where Paul Gauguin joined him. In a fit of madness, he threatened Gauguin's life and then he cut his own ear.

Gauguin left and a few months later, the neurotic Van Gogh was admitted to the Asylum of Saint Remy, where he shot himself and died on July 29, 1890.

The tragedy of Van Gogh was that his sensitive nature found the environment around him restrictive and inhibiting. He used to lament: "One may have a blazing hearth in one's soul and yet no one ever comes to sit by it. Passers by only see the wisp of smoke rising from the chimney and continue on their way."

Throughout his life Van Gogh was pre-occupied with the purpose of life: "We must live," he cried, "almost like monks or hermits with work for our master passion and surrendering our ease."

He worshipped the Sun and its colour, the yellow colour of "light, health and renewal." He used to exclaim, "How beautiful yellow is!" and his various landscapes lavishly use this colour to show the brightness of fields and flowers."



As Frank Elgan says: "Van Gogh wanted to possess the whole creation, penetrate its essence and assuage therein his need of gaiety, happiness, hope and love as he sought to transcend his material distress."

The uglier, the older, the more ill-natured, infirm and poor he became; the more he longed to compensate himself by producing resplendent and well-arranged colour.

Among Van Gogh's famous pictures are *The Potato Eaters*, *Postman*, *Portrait of a Young Man*, several *Sunflowers*, several *Self-Portraits*, and those depicting wheat fields, cyprus trees, orchards and gardens.

In all his paintings, he sought to unravel the soul of things.

The new mode of painting evolved by him came to be known as "Expressionism," which as defined by Herbert Read is "an art that gives outward release to some inner pressure, some internal necessity, generated by emotion, feeling or sensation, the work of art becoming a vent or a safety-valve through which the intolerable psychic distress is restored to equilibrium."

Despite failures and frustrations, Van Gogh said: "If I am not worth anything now I shan't be worth any more later on, but if in future I am found to be

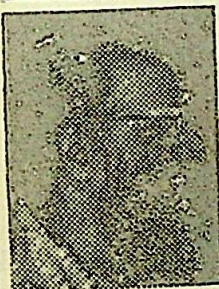
worth something, I am worth as much today. For corn is corn, even if city folk think it is grass at first."

His words have proved prophetic. Today, he is rated as one of the great masters of modern art and his work un-animously applauded by art critics the world over, for "the strength of form, purity of colour, and constant touch with reality."

In the words of Von Rappard, "Vincent Van Gogh's conception of life, as of art, was majestic and unselfish."

□ □ □

*Carry the sunshine with you into the sick-room of your friend,
and you will leave it there when you depart.*



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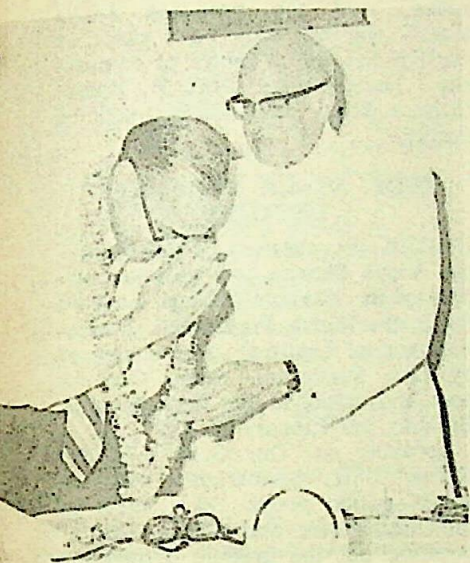
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Notes & News



**Shri Girdharilal Mehta
garlanding Shri Narasimhan**

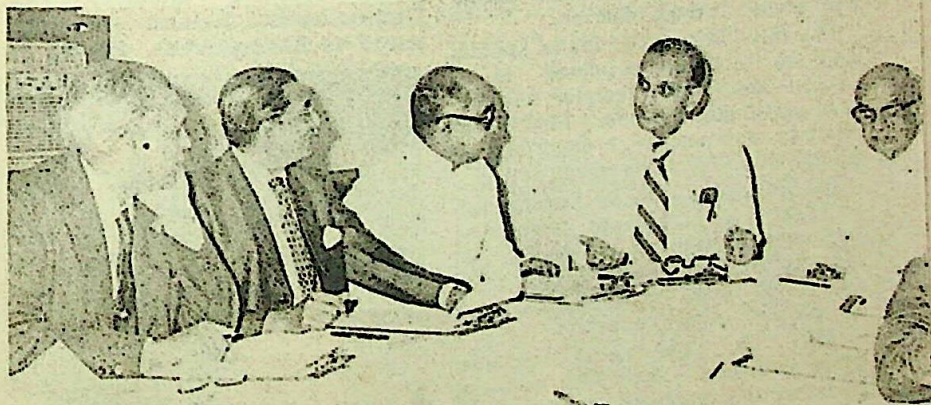
BHAVAN'S U.S.A. CENTRE

A MEETING to review the progress with regard to establishment of the Bhavan's U.S.A. Centre as also to chalk out the plans for the future was held at the Committee Room of the Bhavan in Bombay on January 4, 1977.

Shri Girdharilal Mehta, Vice-President of the Bhavan, was in the Chair.

Besides Shri C. V. Narasimhan, Deputy Secretary General of the United Nations, Dr. R. R. Diwakar, Shri Pravinchandra V. Gandhi, Shri J. H. Doshi, Shri R. S. Bhatt, Prof. J. H. Dave, Shri S. Ramakrishnan, Shri V. A. Madhavan and Shri H. N. Dastur attended the meeting.

Shri Mehta, Dr. Diwakar and other members heartily thanked Shri Narasimhan for accepting the Chairmanship of the Bhavan's U.S.A. Centre, despite his many pre-occupations.



(L. to R.): Shri Pravinchandra V. Gandhi, Bhavan's Trustee and Hon. Treasurer, Shri J. H. Doshi, Hon. Secretary, Shri S. Ramakrishnan, Executive Secretary, Shri C. V. Narasimhan, Shri Girdharilal Mehta, Vice-President, and Shri R. S. Bhatt, Chairman, India Investment Centre and member of the Bhavan's Governing Council.

not only in his official capacity in the United Nations but also as a great selfless worker in the social and cultural fields.

With Shri Narasimhan's advice and guidance, a plan of further action was prepared and approved.

It was tentatively decided to send a delegation of the Bhavan to visit U.S.A. for this purpose in October/November 1977.

Bappanadu Sri Durgaparameshwari Temple

Delivering the presidential address at the foundation-stone laying ceremony of Rs. 10-lakh Jnana Mandir building of the Bappanadu Sri Durgaparameshwari temple at Mulki, 30 miles from Mangalore, Shri Hutchamasti Gowda, Revenue Minister said today casteism will not be countenanced in the appointment of temple trustees.

Shri Girdharilalji, Vice-President of the Bhavan, who laid the foundation stone for the building, said ceaseless efforts were needed to spread the message of bhakti, shakti and jnana through dharma.

Warmly praising the Jnana Mandir and the activities proposed to be carried on by the temple, Shri R. Ramakrishnan, former Sheriff of Madras, announced a donation of Rs. 5,000/- for the project.

Swami Sri Vishweshatheertha Sri-pada of Udupi Pejavar Mutt, who presented mementos to donors, said temples are like lighthouses to guide the people and the society to move in the path of righteousness.

Shri D. Veerendra Heggade, Dharmadhikari of Dharmashala, releasing the marriage register of the region, stressed the need for conducting marriages in an austere manner.

Shri S. Ramakrishnan Executive Secretary, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,

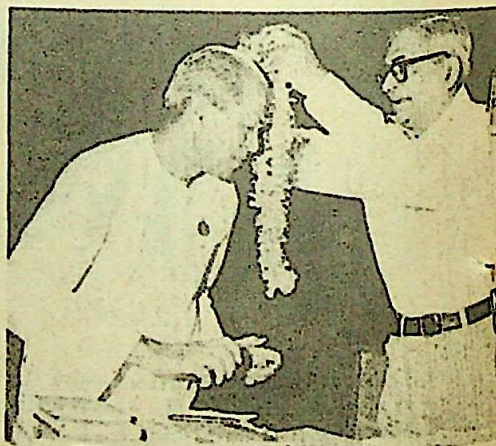
released a collection of devotional songs.

Shri M. S. Shetty, Vice-President of the Temple Renovation Committee, said the proposed Jnana Mandir will not only be a place of worship but also a centre of community development. Shri B. Ramachandra Bhat proposed a vote of thanks.

PROF. JHALA MEMORIAL LECTURE

UNDER the auspices of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and with the support of St. Xavier's College Gujarati Fund, the fourth Prof. Jhala Memorial Annual Lecture, was delivered by Shri Sundaram, noted Gujarati poet and critic, in the Gita Mandir, Bombay, on January 6, 1977.

Speaking on "Our Great Classical Poems" Shri Sundaram dwelt on some specific poetic excellences of the "Ramayana" and "Mahabharata" pointing out the graphic delineation of natural and human situations. He pointed out that in the Ramayana's krauncha mithuna, King Dasharatha and Ravana are represented as *Kamanchita*, deluded by



Shri J. H. Dave garlanding Shri Sundaram

desire, but in "Mahabharata" the characters are described as having full control over passion but still directing it conscientiously to fulfil social and at times cosmic purposes.

After referring briefly to certain versions of famous stories of the two epics in our provincial languages, he came to Aurobindo's epic poem "Savitri." Herein, he said, "the great Yogi deals with the eternal riddle of death and probes new avenues through which humanity could overcome the limits set by death and develop a divine way of living, leading to an era of harmony, peace and real progress."

Prof. J. H. Dave, Hon. Director of the Bhavan, who was in the Chair, welcomed the speaker and garlanded him.

DISCOURSES ON MANDUKYA UPANISHAD

A 15-day discourse on Mandukya Upanishad from 1st to 15th Jan., 1977 by Swami Dayanandaji of Shri Chinmaya Mission was inaugurated by Shri S. K. Patil, former Union Minister for Railways. Shri Patil paid a tribute to the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan for fostering ethical and spiritual values and promoting Sanskrit studies. Shri Patil also ex-

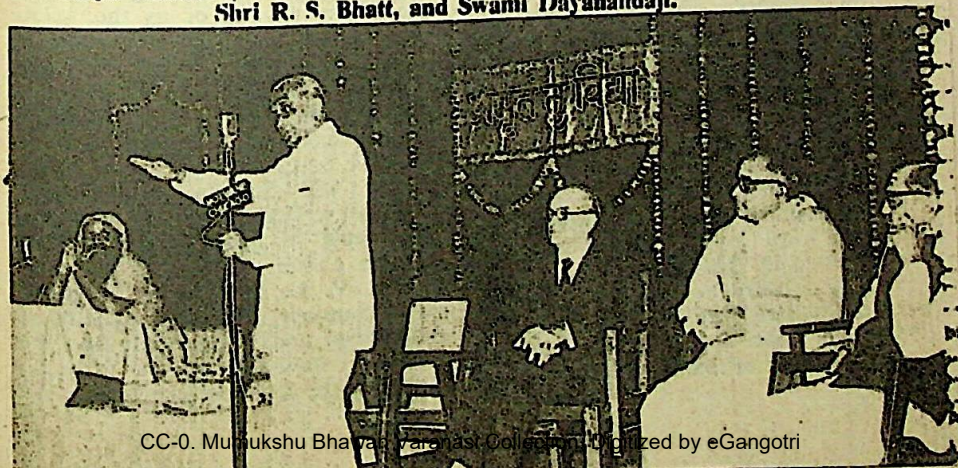
pressed his admiration of the work which is being done by Swami Chinmayanandaji and Swami Dayanandaji in popularising the Bhagavad Gita and the message of the Upanishads all over India and abroad. Shri R. S. Bhatt, Chairman of the India Investment Centre and member of the Bhavan's Governing Council welcomed Shri Patil and Swami Dayanandaji.

VISIT OF STAFF & STUDENTS OF TILAK MAHARASHTRA VIDYAPEETH, POONA

THE Vice-Principal of the Tilak Maharashtra Vidyapeeth, Poona, Shri Vyankatesh Joshi, the Registrar, Shri Sirdeshpande, and Professor Suresh D. Laddu along with a team of students visited the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on January 8, 1977 with a view to observing the system of instruction for the Shastriya subjects like the Vedas, Vedanta, Sahitya and Jyotish, the nature of research work and the method of popularising Sanskrit and Indian Culture the world over.

Acharya Bhaishankar Purohit, Principal of Bhavan's Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, welcomed the guests and detailed the activities of the Bhavan in various fields.

Shri S. K. Patil inaugurating the 15-day discourse. Seated (R to L.) Acharya Bhaishankar Purohit, Shri S. Ramakrishnan, Executive Secretary, Shri R. S. Bhatt, and Swami Dayanandaji.





Shri Mohanlal Shkhadia, Governor of Tamil Nadu inaugurating (lighting the lamp) the Sanskrit Festival at M.E.S. College, Bangalore. Also in the picture are Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao (second from right) and Prof. M. P. L. Sastry, Principal of the College (extreme right).

Shri Vyankatesh Joshi recalled the yeoman services rendered to Sanskrit by Kulapati Munshi and praised the Bhavan in continuing the work. He also stressed the need for co-operation between the Bhavan and Tilak Maharashtra Vidyapeeth to further the cause of Sanskrit.

Shri Sirdeshpande outlined the various activities carried on by their Vidyapeeth.

The visitors were then led around the library. The staff and the students of Bhavan's Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya have been invited to pay a return visit to the Vidyapeeth in Poona.

SANSKRIT FESTIVAL IN BANGALORE

THE importance of Sanskrit and the ways to popularise it were stressed at the three-day twelfth Annual Sanskrit Festival, which concluded in Bangalore on December 29, 1976. Shri Mohanlal Sukhadia, Governor of Tamil Nadu, inaugu-

rated the festival on December 27, with Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao presiding.

Shri Sukhadia speaking on the occasion said that Sanskrit had dual significance—refinement and beauty on one side, and correct and recognizable structure on the other.

"It has an unbroken history from remote times and the wealth of knowledge it contains is amazing." He said that it was absurd to think of Sanskrit as embodying only religious injunctions or as the close preserve of any particular class.

The Governor emphasised that Sanskrit was a really living language through its works and various provincial languages. He paid a tribute to M.E.S. College of Arts, Commerce and Science, Malleswaram, for the services it was rendering in the cause of Sanskrit learning and Indian Culture.

Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao suggested that Sanskrit teachings should be simplified and modernised and that Sanskrit should be allowed to be studied in the regional scripts. He said

that Sanskrit had been an integrating factor in India and this aspect of the language should be emphasised in the study of Sanskrit language.

Prof. M. P. L. Sastry welcomed the guests. He said that study of Sanskrit should form part and parcel of the study of regional language or the mother-tongue. The M. E. S. College had the largest number of Sanskrit students under the Bangalore University. He also pointed out the importance of the study of Sanskrit from the point of view of national integration and pleaded for the establishment of a Sanskrit University in the Karnataka State.

The programme included a symposium on the "Concept of Lokahita" in Sanskrit literature, and a discussion on "Dharma as revealed in Kalidasa's works." The symposium was conducted in Sanskrit. Prof. K. T. Pandurangi, Vidwas N. T. Srinivasa Iyengar and Vidwan Varadesikachar participated in the symposium. This was followed by an address by Prof. S. K. Ramachandra Rao on "Kalidasa and his poetry." The members of the College stayed a few scenes from the "Abhijnana Sakuntalam."

The chief guest of the valedictory function, Dr. H. Narasimhaiah, Vice-Chancellor of the Bangalore University, strongly pleaded that Sanskrit teaching should be introduced even at an early stage for broadening the outlook of the young men of the day and for the preservation of the Indian Culture.

Prizes were awarded to the successful candidates in various competitions conducted with the Sanskrit Festival.

RAJA VEDA PATHASALA, KUMBAKONAM: AN APPEAL

THIS sacred Veda Pathasala was established in 1542 A.D. in the an-

cient town of Kumbakonam on the banks of the holy Cauvery, by the famous saint-statesman Sri Govinda Dikshitar, who was for 75 glorious years the Prime Minister to the Nayak Kings of Tanjore.

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The Pathasala has a varied and balanced curriculum of studies; besides Rig, Yajur and Sama Vedas, lessons in Kavya, English, Tamil arithmetic and physical education and other practical subjects are also given: At present there are 62 boys undergoing Vedic training here.

Of late there has been a sudden stoppage in our land revenue. To feed the tender scholars, as per the benign instructions of H. H. the Acharya Swamigal of Kanchi Kamakoti Peetham, we are going round every day collecting rice for the children, under the 'Handful of Rice a Day' scheme.

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It may be mentioned here that the donations to this institution are exempted from Income Tax Order C. No. 212-11 (385)/75, dated 17-2-1976.

Donors and well-wishers may please write to: The President and Treasurer, Raja Veda Pathasala, Kumbakonam-612 001.

BOOK REVIEW

YESTERDAY AND TODAY by
K.P.S. Menon, Allied Publishers,
Rs. 30/-. pp. 223.

CIVILIANS and men in public life have written books on their life and time but it has not been the good fortune of many to receive critical acclaim from discerning readers. Men who have had brilliant careers and who have led unexceptionable lives often churn out tedious autobiographies or memoirs. Obviously, leading successful lives and being witnesses of and participants in momentous happenings need not always guarantee the skill to tell others of all the interesting things one has seen and done. Only very few gifted men can accomplish this task and we are fortunate that we have some around who can enlighten and regale us at the same time. Shri Menon has always been among the front rank of these distinguished writers. He can be delightfully chatty, profoundly analytical and at the same time very agreeably fair on his comments and judgments.

The present volume, elegantly got up, carries 43 pieces—articles or talks arranged in two parts: Part I—Yesterday, and Part II—Today. The articles in Part I are a sheer delight to read as they touch upon men and matters from a purely personal point of view. Shri Menon, without doubt, is at his best in this genre of writing as his repertoire of anecdotes and witticisms is almost inexhaustible. There is something pleasantly nostalgic about the articles on Kerala where he was born and is settled now. To my mind it is a most admirable trait in a man who

has been a globe-trotter all through his career to withdraw most contentedly into the shell of his home town, see life through his kaleidoscopic looking glass and comment on it. The articles on individuals so different from each other as Dr. Radhakrishnan and V. K. Krishna Menon, Jawaharlal Nehru and Indira Gandhi, Nicholas Roerich and Somerset Maugham give fascinating insights into the personalities of these celebrated people. His piece on V.K.K. Menon is most touching. The true greatness of these two men,—V.K.K. and K.P.S.—adversaries for most part of their career together in the service of the nation, comes out most naturally as the writer's personality cannot hold any ill-will or rancour. This seems to be the golden key to the secret of the success of K.P.S. as a civilian, diplomat and writer. His personality, as pure and transparent as a crystal, shines through what he says and writes. Charity, geniality and an unerring touch of humanity are sprinkled all through his memoirs.

Part II has 22 pieces dealing with topics as varied as *The Evolution of Mrs. Gandhi, Non-alignment, Soviet Foreign Policy, Sino-Indian relations, Nuclear Blast, and Neurotic reactions*. About half a dozen articles in this section deal with aspects of USSR life and politics, no wonder, considering the fact that KPS was one of our most successful ambassadors to that country. His disagreement with American policies and their global consequences figures in about five articles. Shri Menon as a seasoned diplomat and expert in foreign affairs is at his best in his objective analysis of issues of international significance. Those of us who would rather prefer the 'personal' touch in articles would find the articles—*Valentina Tershkova, My 'affair' with Russia and What's*

Wrong with Us more absorbing. The last article in this book is *This Freedom*. Shri Menon's reactions to the pre-emergency situation in the country and his way of 'justifying the ways of God to men' (with apologies to Milton) have become all too familiar themes now. One may or may not agree with what Shri Menon says on controversial issues, but as a man and as a writer he endears himself to all. And it is his genial personality that makes this volume eminently readable.

—Dr. S. Velayudhan

SISTER NIVEDITA'S LECTURES AND WRITINGS. Pub. The

Ramakrishna Sarada Mission, Sister Nivedita Girls' School, Calcutta-700 003. Pages: XIV+428. Price: Rs. 25/-.

IN 1968 the Ramakrishna Sarada Mission of Calcutta published four Volumes of the works of Sister Nivedita on the occasion of the birth centenary of the great woman. The present work under review is a collection of the lectures and writings of Sister Nivedita which lay scattered in different journals, newspapers and manuscripts. It is a laudable attempt made by the publishers to bring together all that Sister Nivedita thought and said. Almost all her letters remain unpublished. It would speak volumes of her noble personality and, if published, would provide additional and revealing material for an authentic and perspicacious biography of this great disciple of Swami Vivekananda. Besides, the letters would throw great light on her mighty Master and his unexampled efforts to bring about a spiritual Renaissance in India.

Margaret Elizabeth Noble met Swami Vivekananda for the first time in 1895 in London and was immediately attracted to the Vedanta

philosophy. She became a devoted disciple of Swami Vivekananda who dedicated her to the service of India. Hence he named her "Nivedita."

Sister Nivedita's devotion and sincerity in serving her Master's cause and India's are quite well known and need no repetition. The book under review contains 12 articles on education (she had been an educationist in London when she met Swami Vivekananda), about 10 on Hindu life, thought and religion, 25 on political, economic and social problems, 13 biographical sketches and book reviews and quite a number of newspaper reports of her speeches and press interviews. There are, moreover, 13 miscellaneous articles written before 1895.

All the speeches, articles and interviews reveal unmistakably her love and concern for India, the country of her adoption. Her knowledge of Indian scriptures and her insight into Indian character are impeccable. She continued to be a member of the Church of England though she espoused the cause of Vedanta. "I have never broken with my position as a member of the Church of England," says she, "nor is there any reason why I should do so." Her power of perceptive analysis enabled her to say—"Vedanta Philosophy will give to Europe a re-justification for religious belief with regard to Christianity." She was aware of the defects in her own religion as she was conscious of the weak points in ours.

Her chief interest throughout her life was the amelioration of Indian women. She worked tirelessly for this, and there are many articles dealing with this. Even before 1895 she wrote powerfully about women's rights—not to dominate over man and subjugate him—but to co-operate with him, help him and exert her love, kindness and influence to ennoble him.

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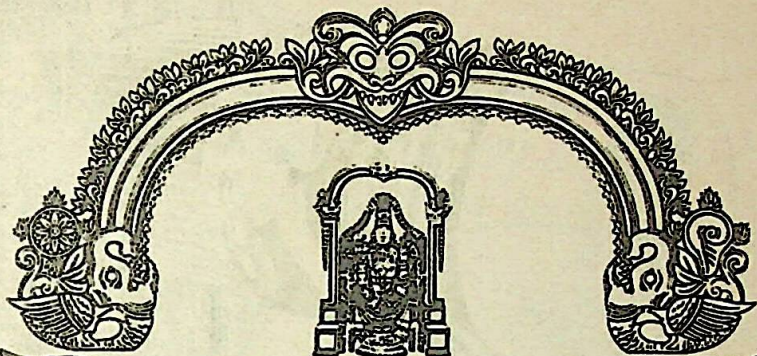
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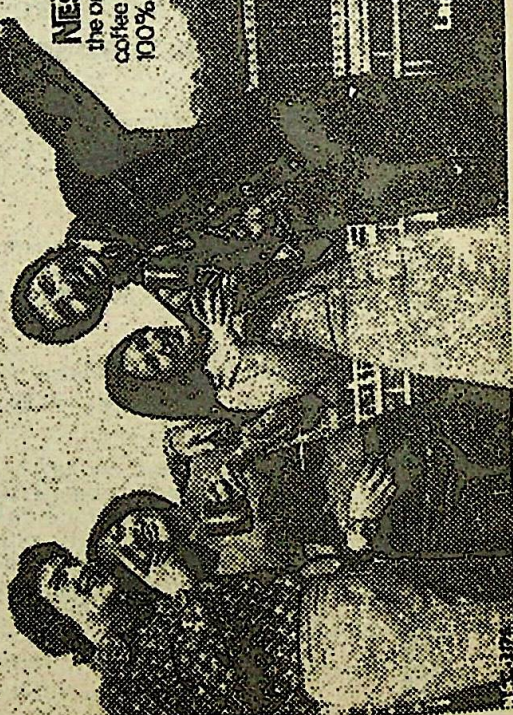
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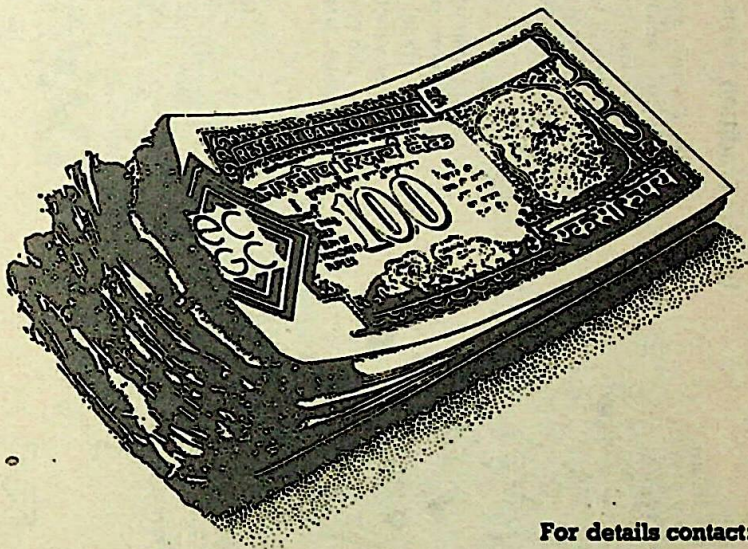


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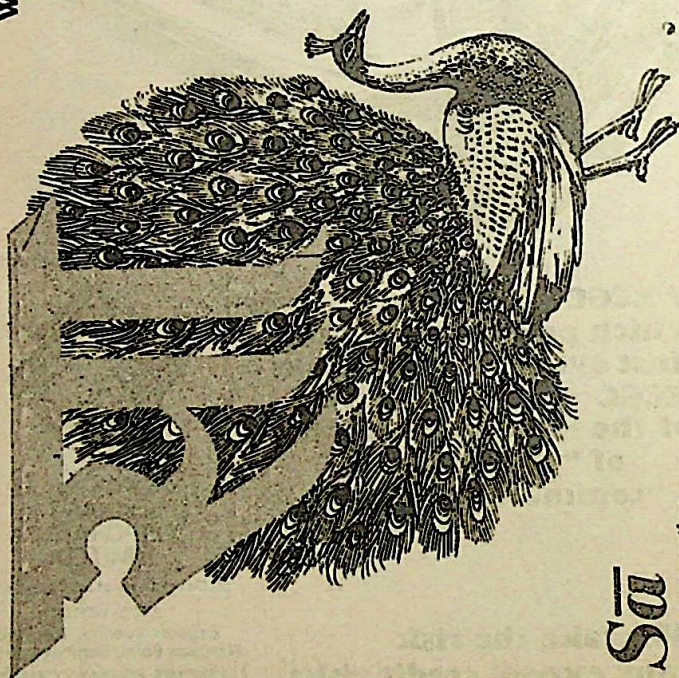
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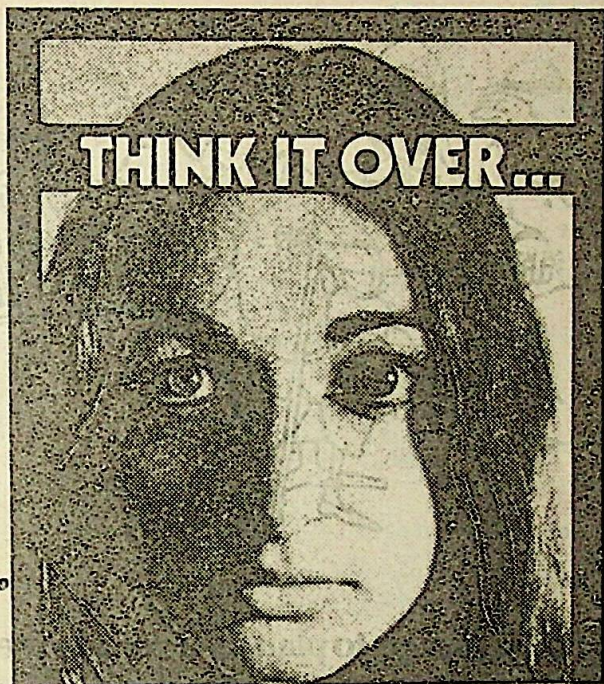
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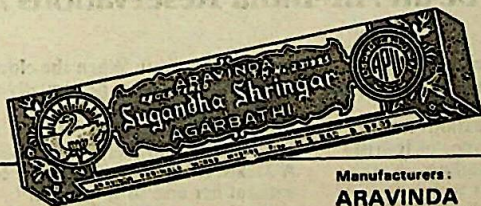
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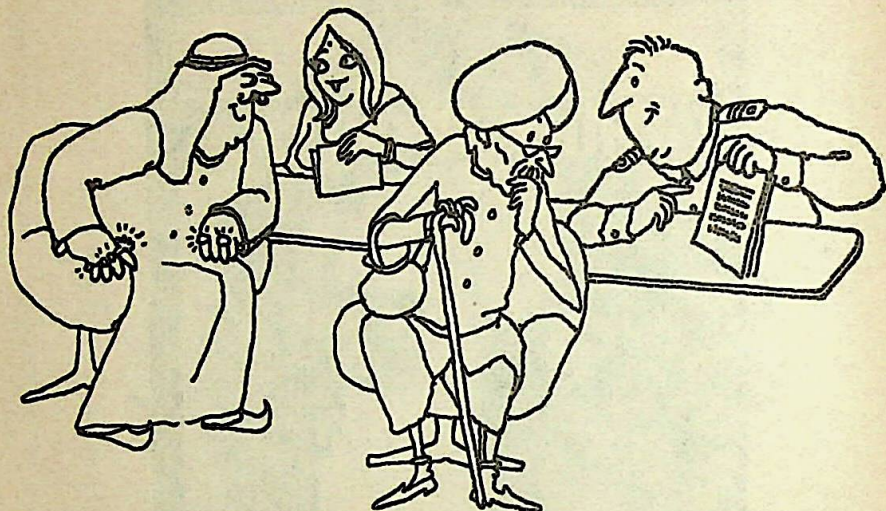
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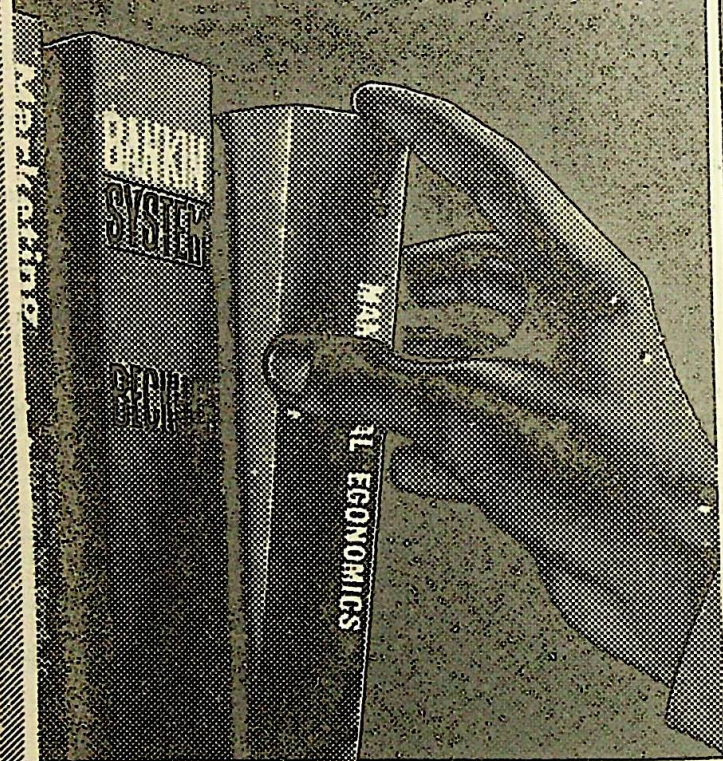
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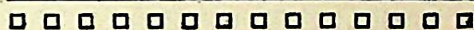
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आ नो भद्राः क्षतो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

Rigveda I-89-1

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PRAYER TO VISHNU

योऽन्तस्तिष्ठन्नशेषस्य

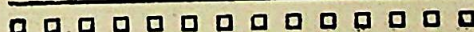
पश्यतः शः शुभाशुभम् ।

तं सर्वसाक्षिणं विष्णुं

नमस्ये परमेश्वरम् ॥

Salutations to Him, the all-pervading,
all-witnessing Supreme Lord, who, dwell-
ing within in all, witnesses both good
and bad.

—*Vishnupurana*





Whisperings from Eternity - 3

... NĀ PRAMADITAVYAM

Thou shalt not be inadvertent

LEARNED and wise beyond measure was Dr. Faustus. He had elected for a life of divinity. He was a respected shepherd of the Christian fold.

In a moment of inadvertence his mind ranged over the magical arts. He was captivated by the infernal powers that he could exercise by becoming adept in these. He sought its tutors; served them, called on Mephistopheles and signed his life to the devil, writing with his own blood. Even at the moment of his signing, when he pricked himself the blood congealed; a divine providence warned him. But he was too engrossed in the thought of the magical arts to heed this still and small voice of conscience.

After a 24-year service of the devil, he repented in vain as he was being dragged away to eternal hell. He called out that one drop

of Christ's blood would have saved him. A worthy soul was lost, lost to the devil beyond redemption.

Such is the havoc that *pramaada* works. Religious texts of the world have again and again sounded warnings in unmistakable terms of the dangers of inadvertence.

In *Walden*, Thoreau speaks interestingly of the morning. He says that morning is the hour of wakefulness. As long as we are wakeful, whatever the time of the day it is still morning. He also tells us that one could learn to move with the sun so that you will always be experiencing the morning.

The *Gita* speaks of the night and the day of the man of self-control. So have mystics all over the world spoken of the need for wakefulness and the avoidance of

inadvertence.

Sri Sankaracharya in the *Vivekachudamani* also warns the spiritual aspirants of the dangers of *pramaada*.

*Lakshyachyutam chedyadi
chittameeshat
bahirmukham*

*sannipatettatas'atah
pramaadatah prachiyuta-keli
kandukah
sopanapanktau patito yatha
tatha.*

He brings home to us the great dangers of this by a fine simile. Like a ball in play let fall down the flight of steps, does a man who has swerved even a bit from his set goal, roll down and down, never perhaps again to rise.

The Buddha speaks of the same *pramaada* as the violence of the self. He says also that the man who is vigilant is alive. The inadvertent man is already dead.

In the *Sanatsujatiya* also we have the same idea expressed, Sanatsujata at the instance of Vidura instructs Dhritarashtra and when Dhritarashtra questions him whether he holds the view that there is no death, Sanatsujata in reply says:

*Pramaadam vai mrityumaham
braveemi.*

"I consider *Pramaada* alone as death."

Sri Sankaracharya says in almost identical terms: *atah pramaadaanna parosti mrityuh vivekino brahmavidah samaadhau.*

For the man of discernment there

is nothing more death-like than *pramaada* in his effort to obtain *Samadhi*.

In the *Katha Upanishad* also Yama says that the person who is rendered inadvertent by the lure of riches, who proclaims that there is no other world than this mundane one again and again gets into his clutches.

It is precisely for this reason that the student after he has undergone this course of studies in the Gurukula is exhorted as follows:

*satyaanna pramaditavyam
dharmaanna pramaditavyam
kushalaanna pramaditavyam
bhutyai na pramaditavyam
swadhyaya-pravachanaabhyasam
na pramaditavyam
deva-pitrikaryaabhyasam na
pramaditavyam.*

Translated, these injunctions mean:

*One should not be negligent of truth;
One should not be negligent of virtue;
One should not be negligent of welfare;
One should not be negligent of prosperity;
One should not be negligent of study and teaching;
One should not be negligent of duties to the gods and the fathers.*

The ultimate goal of human life, necessary discipline for its attainment and the need to avoid the lurking dangers in such life are expressed in the following

We grow in learning, in knowledge and in experience, till we have such an enormous accumulation of them that it becomes impossible to know exactly where we stand. We are overwhelmed by all this and, at the same time, somehow or other we have a feeling that all these put together do not necessarily represent a growth in the wisdom of the human race.

I have a feeling that perhaps some people who did not have all the advantages of modern life and modern science were essentially wiser than most of us are. Whether or not we shall be able in later times to combine all this knowledge, scientific growth and betterment of the human species with true wisdom, I do not know.

—Jawaharlal Nehru

Upanishadic verse which again emphasises the need for avoidance of *pramaada*.

*pranavo dhanuh sharo
hyaatmaa
brahina tallakshyamuchyate.
apramattena veddhavyam
sharavat tanmayo bhavet.*

The *pranava* or the *Om* is the bow; *Atman* is the arrow, *brahman* is the goal.

One should strike at the goal ever intently and without inadvertence;

One then becomes rooted in or merged like the arrow.

—R. A. Kashyap

—R. T. Vyas

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The *Mahabharata*, our great epic, points out that *dharma* consists in universal benevolence, total harmlessness and friendliness, and that whatever wishes one cherishes for oneself should be cherished for others too.

HUMANISM IN THE MAHABHARATA

ASHOK CHAUSALKER

o

THE *Mahabharata* which represents the Indian tradition in its entirety is a collection of ancient wisdom developed over several centuries before Christ. The great epic synthesises different thought movements in a common ideal and offers a sound platform for the study of development of our culture, civilisation and philosophy. In this article I seek to examine the humanist thought in the *Mahabharata* with special reference to the *Shantiparva*—the 12th book of the epic.

Humanism consists in looking upon all human beings as members of same family and developing fellow feeling for them. The

three main principles on which it is based are genuine concern for the poor and the oppressed, total harmlessness and friendliness to all, and leading the people towards an egalitarian society.

Dharma is defined as that which sustains all creatures and prevents injury to one another.¹ Elaborating this the epic maintains that duties have been laid down for maintaining relations in the world that would ultimately lead to righteousness. Two ways of achieving this goal are abstention from injury and injury done with righteous motives; of these two that which helps the cause of righteousness is preferable.² Empirical *dharma* is divided into two parts—*Visheshadharma* and *Sanyasidharma*, the

1. The *Mahabharata* 12-110-10-11.

2. *Ibid.*, 12-15-49.

former consisting of duties of different classes and the latter of an ethical code of canons.

Some of the duties mentioned in *Samanyadharma* are compassion, abstention from injury, giving to others what is due to them, hospitality to guests and truthfulness. It is to be practised by all the three castes; even a shudra can follow these 13 canons.³ That most of the duties prescribed under *Samanyadharma* have a humanitarian content is evident from Bhishma's explanation of righteous conduct. It reminds us of the teaching of the *Bible*. He says "A person should never do that to others which he does not like to be done to himself. How can a man who wishes himself to take breath think of preventing other by a murderous act from doing the same? Whatever wishes one cherishes about his own self, one should certainly cherish for others."⁴

The principles of non-violence, total harmlessness, and virtuous behaviour, which are the soul of humanism are expounded in different chapters of the *Mokshadharma-parva*, third part of the *Shantiparva*. In chapter 251, Yudhishtira asks some pertinent questions regarding the nature of dharma. In reply Bhishma says that one should live righteously without injuring others. Yudhishtira then argues effectively against the

elusive nature of *dharma*. He points out the limitations of *dharma* and maintains that the scriptures being written in different ages their injunction cannot be valid for all time. Acts of good men have again certain limitations because sometimes sin appears like virtue and vice versa, and even good men at times are backsliders and hypocrites. Customs and usages of the people keep on changing as they are evolved to cater to the needs of the time. In actual practice, these things do not lead to universal benevolence. He therefore comes to the conclusion that these marks of *dharma* cannot be accepted as absolute norms. Two dialogues—one between trader Tuladhara and the brahmana Jajali and the other between king Dyumatsena and prince Satyavata throw light on the real nature of *dharma*. In the first dialogue, Bhishma shows how *dharma* can be applied to social activities. In the second, there is a strong plea for the application of *dharma* in the sphere of state activity. Jajali was a pious Brahmin who had performed rigorous penances. He thought he was the greatest ascetic on earth but he was told that a trader Tuladhara was more righteous than he. Jajali went to see Tuladhara at Varanasi where he was engaged in selling miscellaneous articles. Jajali who was amazed at his understanding, asked the cause of his stability of mind. Tuladhara replied that he knew

3. The Mahabharata, 12-285-2C-23.

4. Ibid., 12-251-19-21.

dharma and all its variegated aspects and that it consisted in developing universal friendliness and beneficence. He further pointed out that the highest morality is reflected in a living founded on total harmlessness towards all creatures or smallness of such harm.⁵

Tuladhara in his elaborate explanation says that he does not cheat others and performs his duties honestly. He does not crave for things which do not belong to him. A person who acquires a lot of wealth is bound to suffer from a fear complex. Since it is not possible to enjoy ill-acquired wealth without fear, there is no duty superior to the duty of non-injury to others. He opposes the inhuman treatment meted out to the slaves and animals. Though people are not ignorant of pain that is caused by beating and chains still they acquired slaves, beat them by binding and otherwise subjugating them, and made them work day and night.⁶ He asks people not to follow blindly the evil practices of the world which are not approved by purified understanding and to perform their duties guided by reason.⁷ He disapproves of indiscriminate killings of the animals in sacrifices and advises the people to perform mental sacrifices without desiring anything in return.⁸

Tuladhara's discourse is important in several respects as it expounds the four-fold basis of social obligation. First, he says that one should do his duty honestly. Secondly, he should not try to acquire excessive wealth as it would automatically make him prone to anxieties because wealth is accompanied by fear. Thirdly, he should practise total harmlessness, and if he has to harm others, he should do it to the minimum possible extent. He should perform mental sacrifice and oppose indiscriminate killing in sacrifices. He should consider all creatures in the world as emanating from his own self. Fourthly and lastly, he should not follow the savage and inhuman practices of his forefathers blindly.

In chapter 259 of the *Shanti-parva*, Bhishma quotes a dialogue between an idealist prince Satyawata and a pragmatic king Dyumatsena, in reply to Yudhishtira's question regarding the performance of kingly duties without harming any one. Prince Satyawata heard that a number of individuals were brought for execution at the command of his father. He felt sorry for them and impressed upon his father that though at times *dharma* assumes the form of virtue and vice versa, destruction of an individual can never be construed as a virtuous act. The king argues that if the *dasyus* and wicked persons are not punished, all distinctions between virtue and

5. The *Mahabharata* — 12 254-5-6.

6. *Ibid.*, 12-254 37-39.

7. *Ibid.*, 12-254-49 50.

8. *Ibid.*, 12-255 16-17.

vice will be destroyed and institutions like family, private property and *varna* destroyed. He asks the Prince to suggest an alternative. The prince replies by saying that all the three castes should be placed under the Brahmanas and that the king should punish wicked persons only after receiving their approval and that too without destroying their bodies. He should think properly over the character of the offence and punish him in accordance with the accepted principles of morality. He has to bear in mind that by killing a wicked person he kills large number of innocent persons for all practical purposes, e.g. by killing a thief, his father, brother, wife and children are also killed. He is therefore enjoined to give a serious thought to the result of his punishment. Sometimes a wicked man is seen imbibing good conduct from a good person. Also at times, good children spring from wicked parents. Taking all this into account, the wicked should not be uprooted. At first, if a thief confesses his guilt and swears in the presence of Brahmanas, he should be discharged without any punishment. If at all he is to be punished, it should be done gently by depriving him of his wealth, by chains, by imprisonment, even by disfiguring him but his relatives should not be punished by inflict-

ing capital punishment on him.⁹

The king does not agree with the Prince. According to him if people live in accordance with the code of *dharma*, there is no need of punishment. However, if these limits of *dharma* are crossed by the *dasyus* and they are punished for that, it will enhance the cause of *dharma*. In the golden age, it was easy to rule over the people who were righteous but in the dark age, capital punishment is the only way to prevent anarchy. Actually it is difficult to control people even with capital punishment. He questions the credibility of the *dasyus* who do not have any *locus standi* in the civilised world and who are doing all sorts of dreadful things. That man is a fool who enters into an agreement with these miscreants or exacts any oath from them.¹⁰

In reply to his father's argument Satyavata holds that it is the duty of the king to make them righteous because it is shameful for the king if his subjects are unrighteous. Terrorising them is the best way to transform. Good kings never kill the wicked with a retributive motive. They succeed in ruling their subjects properly with the help of good conduct. If the king acts righteously, the high class emulates him and inferior people again imitate their superiors. Men are so formed that they imitate those whom they consider as their superiors. The king should control himself before gov-

9. The *Mahabharata* — 12-259-1-16.

10. *Ibid.*, 12-259-17-23.

erning others.¹¹

However, Dyumatsena does not agree with his son and says that the king should punish offending persons by every means. It is by this way alone that they are prevented from committing offences. If offenders are not punished in this dark age, they will become more sinful and destroy truth, *dharma* and *varna* system. Therefore capital punishment is a necessity.¹²

This chapter gains added significance in view of the fact that even in present days people of conscience plead for abolition of capital punishment on the same grounds and defenders of this dastardly practice defend it also on the same grounds. Against the plea of the king that capital punishment is necessary for the protection of essential institutions like private property, family and *varna*, Satyavata's argument is based upon three principles: (i) killing a person is not a virtuous act under any circumstances; (ii) the king can take recourse to other means for punishing the guilty and not inflict capital punishment as it would indirectly punish his innocent relatives; and (iii) it is shameful for the king to say that his subjects are not righte-

11. *Ibid.*, 12-259-24-28.

12. *Ibid.*, 12-259-30-35.

Life never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is beating faster at the sight of some generous, self-risking deed. We feel no doubt then what is the highest prize the soul can win; we almost believe in our power to attain it.

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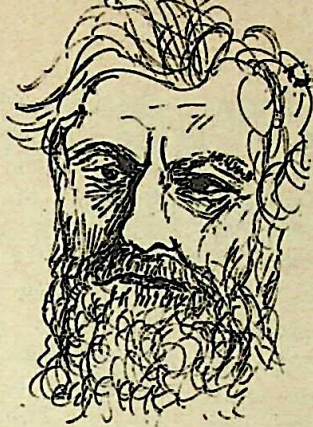
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ous. Thus, since remote antiquity, abolition of capital punishment has been the plea of all the right thinking people who hear the voice of their conscience.

The *Mahabharata* thus gives radical interpretation of the concept of *dharma*. It maintains that *dharma* consists in universal benevolence, total harmlessness and friendliness, and that whatever wishes one cherishes for oneself should be cherished for others, too. In the subsequent discussions, we find that the epic lays stress on righteous behaviour and expresses genuine concern for the oppressed.

□ □ □





AUGUSTE RODIN

The Humanistic Sculptor

V. K. SUBRAMANIAN

AS the initiator of a renaissance movement in modern sculpture, Auguste Rodin remains on the highest pedestal, worshipped and venerated by artists and art-lovers, the world over.

According to Herbert Reade, "Rodin was the first Sculptor who made Sculpture a precise medium of expression—a science of volume and proportion, of rhythm and movement, of light and shade."

Leonardo da Vinci considered painting to be superior to sculpture because it was more intellectual, but Michaelangelo was of the view: "Things which have the same end are themselves the same! Therefore there could be no difference between painting and sculpture."

Michaelangelo's view appealed more to Rodin, who was a great admirer of the creator of "David." "Michaelangelo freed me from academism", Rodin used to say.

Rodin was a great lover of nature; he would exclaim! "When I open the windows of my room and the landscapes flood my vision, my room partakes of the pensive stillness of Nature. No obtrusive artificialities prevent it from harmonising with the hills and fields that surround it."

"Nature! Oh, I know how to admire her now. And I find her so perfect, that if God were to call me and ask me what there was in her to be modified, I should reply that everything is so exactly as it should be that nothing ought

to be touched. The fable of Antaeus, who derived fresh strength from each successive contact with Mother Earth, is the symbol of man who recovers his power every time he goes back to nature."

But it is not Rodin's ardent love of nature that is reflected in his sculptural masterpieces, but his deep love of man—erring, loving, suffering, repenting man, who yet refuses to acknowledge defeat and holds his head high.

Auguste Rodin was born in Paris on November 14, 1840, the son of a clerk. His schooling came to an end at the age of 14 and Rodin went to a Drawing Master. When he was 24, he joined a sculptor's studio as an assistant. From 1871 to 1877, he worked in Brussels for the Belgian artist Van Rasbourg and from 1879 to 1882, at a porcelain factory.

In 1884, Rodin was given the Commission for a monument in Calais which completed in 1886. The work was called *Burghers of Calais* and from then on began a period of creativity which did not end till his death on November 17, 1917.

Rodin was misunderstood and hated for many long years of his life. He once ruefully remarked: "If Paris had been Italy in the time of the Borgias, I should have been poisoned."

But recognition did come to

him, though belatedly. His works began to be exhibited and appreciated and in 1904, he became the President of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Engravers.

Today, he is counted as one of the all-time greats and ranks beside Michaelangelo in sculpture.

Among Rodin's famous works are *The Thinker* in which he depicts a nude man wrapped in thought, worried about the crimes and passions of humanity, *The Kiss* and *The Eternal Idol* which are tributes to the beauty of male and female bodies in embrace. *Portal of Hell* which was inspired by Dante's *The Divine Comedy*, *Thought* which depicts a woman in brown study, *The Age of Bronze* which depicts an awakening man—a piece of sculpture in which Rodin was accused of taking a cast from life.

His, *The Hand of God*, *Eve*, *The Crouching Woman*, etc., are also renowned for their masterly expression of sentiment.

Rodin has also done a number of studies of Balzac, the famous humorist, and of Victor Hugo.

A number of his works in later years were inspired by movements of dance.

Rodin once said "Nothing is ugly that has life."

The powerful current of life breathes through the immortal creations of Auguste Rodin.



THOUGHTS ON AMBITION

M. M. MATHUR

"If begging should unfortunately be thy lot", says an Arabian proverb, "knock at the large gates only."

A similar feeling was expressed by Julius Ceasar when he said, "I would rather be first in a little Iberian village than second in Rome."

It is true that nothing worthwhile can be achieved in life unless we have the desire "to be first" in whatever field we are working. As J. Haws said: "Aim at the sun and you may not reach it, but your arrow will reach higher than if aimed at an object on a level with yourself."

According to the story told by Plutarch, Alexander the Great wept when he heard from Anaxarchus that there was an infinite number of worlds. When his friends asked him if any accident had befallen him, Alexander replied, "Do you not consider it a matter worthy of lamentation that when there is a vast multitude of worlds, we have not yet conquer-

ed one?"

Such was the intensity of ambition which drove Alexander to become one of the greatest conquerors of all times. History is full of the names of men and women who have achieved fame and greatness through their ambition and determination. In fact, success and progress in any field of life—whether it is science and technology, arts and literature or sports and adventure—has been possible only through the personal ambition of so many individuals striving to do better than what had been done before.

B. R. Haydon is, therefore, right in saying that "when a man is no longer anxious to do better than well he is done for." Even the gentle poet Robert Browning said "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

And yet great men from time to time have also condemned ambition in no uncertain terms. Robert Burton calls ambition "a

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proud covetousness or a dry thirst of honour, a great torture of mind, composed of envy, pride and covetousness; a gallant madness, one defines it a pleasant poison." Sir William D'Avenant defines it as "the mind's immodesty," and W. S. Lawdor says "ambition is but avarice on stilts and masked."

Shakespeare too calls it "a grievous fault" and says: "the very substance of ambition is merely the shadow of a dream . . . I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow." (*Hamlet*)

What then is the true nature of ambition? Is it the vision that inspires men's mind and imagination to achieve the impossible or is it only the "mind's immodesty" and "the shadow of a dream?"

This apparent contradiction presents a real dilemma to many of us who are placed in the worldly life and yet wish to take the spiritual path. We find that it is necessary for us to have some concrete aims and objectives in life in order to discharge our duties and responsibilities towards our vocation, family and society at large. But at the same time we often find that "ambition has its disappointments to sour us but never the good fortune to satisfy us. Its appetite grows by indulgence and all we can gratify it with at present serves but the more to inflame its insatiable desire."

Essentially, all our ambitions

are motivated by the desire to do better or to get more than what we have and when we are unable to achieve what we desire, we feel often disappointed and unhappy. Does it, therefore, mean that we must give up all desires and ambition if we chose to pursue a spiritual life and wish to achieve self-realisation and peace of mind?

Perhaps the most satisfactory answer to this question has been given in the *Bhagawad Gita* which prescribes a unique and practical guideline to right action:

कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते मा फलेषु कदाचन ।
मा कर्मफलहेतुर्भूर्मा ते सङ्गोऽस्त्वकर्मणि ॥

"Your duty is but to act, never to be concerned with the results. So let not the fruit of action be your motive. Do not let yourself be drawn into the path of non-action."

We should not, therefore, give up the desire for action, but our ambition should only be to do our allotted duty to the best of our ability under any given circumstances, without any desire or expectation for the results of our actions. It will, however, be necessary to know clearly as to what is our duty in any given situation. Our ambition for money, fame or position is aimed at satisfying the needs of our body and ego which are, by the very nature, temporal and ephemeral. On the other hand, our ambition to realise something deeper and more permanent in the creation around us

is in response to a longing of our Inner Being which fails to be satisfied with the achievements of material ambitions. We must, therefore, learn to honestly analyse the motivation behind our desires or actions and pursue only those ambitions which are free from selfishness and are necessary for the fulfilment of our *dharma* without harming any person or society at large. If we have a pure heart and a clear mind, our conscience or 'inner self' will not fail to guide us to choose the right path.

The essence of all this teaching of the *Gita* has been beautifully crystallised in the first verse of the *Ishopanishad*:

ईशावास्यमिदं सर्वं यत्किञ्च जगत्यां जगत् ।
तेन त्यक्तेन भुञ्जीथा मा गृधः

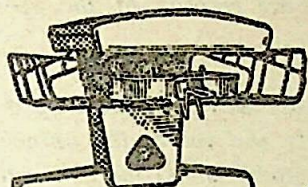
कस्यस्विद्धनम् ॥

What wonderful and profound teaching is contained in this single verse! Firstly, we are asked to realise that "everything in this universe is pervaded by God, the Supreme Creator." Once we realise this, all distinction between 'I' and 'Thou', big and small, rich and poor, vanishes and we feel at peace with ourselves and the vast creation around us. Having realised this, we are asked to "renounce and enjoy." This means we should renounce the desires that arise in our heart and enjoy what God gives us. Lastly, to guide our worldly pursuits in the right direction, we are asked "not

to covet what is possessed by another."

Gandhiji described this *mantra* as "the golden key for the solution of all the difficulties and doubts that may assail one's heart", and said that "if all the Upanishads and all the other scriptures happened all of a sudden to be reduced to ashes, and if only the first verse of *Ishopanishad* were left intact in the memory of Hindus, Hinduism would live for ever."

Elaborating on the meaning of the verse in his simple yet effective manner, he said: "If you believe that God pervades everything that He has created, you must believe that you cannot enjoy anything that is not given by Him. If you think that you are one of His numerous creatures, it behoves you to renounce everything and lay it at His feet. . . . and having renounced, you may enjoy all that He has given you or all that you need. Therefore, renunciation is the condition of enjoyment, renunciation is essential for our very existence, for our soul. And as if this was not enough, the verse closes with this magnificent thought: 'Do not covet anybody's possession.' The moment you carry out these precepts you become a wise citizen of the world living a peace with all that lives. It satisfies one's highest aspirations on this earth and hereafter."



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We have pleasure in publishing an extract from the speech delivered by the Prime Minister, Smt. Indira Gandhi, in New Delhi on June 18, 1976 when she released the records of the speeches of Swami Ranganathananda.

It was most fitting that the release was performed by our Prime Minister. It only shows how deeply she values the immortal heritage and the sustained efforts which the Ramakrishna Mission, particularly Swami Ranganathananda, has been making to revive the fundamental values and create awareness in them among the people not only in our country but even abroad.

Bhavan is doubly happy that the Prime Minister has spared the time to release the records because it is a richly deserved honour. We recollect with gratitude that the Prime Minister was good enough to release in 1971 in New Delhi Swami Ranganathananda's books Message of the Upanishads and Eternal Values for a Changing Society published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and the kind words she said about Bhavan and its activities for the promotion of Indian culture.

Like her illustrious father Shri Jawaharlal Nehru, Smt. Indira Gandhi is a great lover of books and it is pleasing indeed to mention here that the Prime Minister was gracious enough to recommend Bhavan's publications to be sent to the Lusaka Conference for distribution amongst the delegates of other countries to give them a glimpse of the grandeur and majesty of India's immortal heritage.

The Bhavan has had the good fortune to receive assistance and help from the Government of India and the various State Governments. All the Heads of the States since Independence have spoken appreciatively about the activities of the Bhavan. The late Shri Jawaharlal Nehru and Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri and our present redoubtable Prime Minister Smt. Indira Gandhi have all praised us in generous terms for our activities for the revival of Indian culture, particularly our books publication function.—Ed.

INDIA

Tyagabhoomi—Dharmabhoomi

SMT. INDIRA GANDHI

INDIA has been regarded as *tyagabhoomi* (land of renunciation) and *dharmabhoomi* (land of dharma). Dharma is not confined to religion, nor should religion be limited to narrow ritual and superstition. Dharma is an individual's duty to himself, to his fellow humans, to all of creation.

Philosophically, the special virtue of Indian thought is a wider concept of religion. Thus we are able to accept secularism in the sense of *sarva dharma samabhava* (equality of all religions), not irreligion, but equal reverence for all religions. Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa said he lived as a Hindu, as a Muslim and as a Christian, and was able to reach God along all these paths. In his own way, Mahatma Gandhi had similar experience.

Even though theoretically we have had such an all-embracing tolerance, in practice we did become very narrow, and for centuries denied even basic humanity to many segments of our society. The tendency was to seek individual salvation and neglect collective im-

provement. *Karma* was interpreted as fate, not as labour and duty. Ritual was stressed and knowledge neglected. This led to India's decline. But sages and reformers arose from time to time to cleanse our ancient society of dead custom and to revitalise it.

Among the most affirmative and inspiring of such seers was Swami Vivekananda. His message was to seek God among human beings and through service. His religion was a nation-building one. The wisdom propagated by the Ramakrishna Mission is not exclusive, but inclusive. Teaching self-discipline, it has also inculcated the attitude of organised social service. This is what attracted my mother Kamala Nehru to it and gained high respect from my father Jawaharlal Nehru.

In most of today's affluent countries, there seems to be a spiritual void. The young, especially, are rejecting the basis of the present acquisitive society. In a letter received by me recently a Swedish woman says:

"Our strange culture in the West is wrapped up in plastic. People here are terribly afraid of life and they find each day new tricks to escape from it. Even when they go abroad, they are afraid of leaving that plastic bag—afraid of dirt, of sicknesses, of any signs of pain and struggle of life, of difficulty, and awareness of the burdens of others. So they are also quite unaware of the fact that they also remain untouched by true joy and gladness."

Yet, many of our people look to this as the good life, as the progress towards which we ourselves should move. The Ramakrishna Mission and especially Swami Ranganathananda's work has been to help us to see things in a more correct perspective. It is understandable that many should grope for the wisdom of ancient India and the East—to forms of Hinduism, Buddhism and Sufism. It is difficult to judge for us how serious or deep is this quest, and to what extent it is being exploited by some. Hence the necessity for more earnest scholars and *sadhus* (monks) to elucidate the essence and reality of our ancient knowledge.

Technological development exerts its own pressures to conform to the West. Education and mass media draw many of our people towards levels of living reached in Europe and America. If we are true to ourselves, we should know when and where to stop. Technology should be used to provide essentials of food, shelter, clothing, health, education

and culture, not to create new wants or to encourage the accumulation of goods, the possession of which gives pleasure for but a moment, soon breeding discontent and restlessness and making us more dependent on machines and on being looked after, on being entertained, instead of increasing our own inner resources and our own inner strength.

Our freedom will hardly be worthwhile if, along with freeing our people from drudgery, India cannot create her own design of fulfilment, and achieve a distinctive combination of intellectual vigour, emotional responsibility and aesthetic responsiveness, with the ability to awaken spontaneous joy, pride in excellence, *combined with humility at our insignificance in the vastness and beautiful balance of this our universe.*

I have not said anything about Swami Ranganathananda because I think that no one in India and especially in an audience of this kind, needs an introduction to him, to his words, and to the great work which he is doing for all of us and in far off areas of the world. He has just told me that he is soon off on another visit abroad; and I know that wherever he goes he creates a new awareness and a new interest in the truly human and spiritual values for which India—at any rate the India of yesteryears—stood and which deservedly earned for her the title of 'tyagabhoomi' and 'dharmaabhoomi.'

□ □ □

Gandhiji's Humour—I

S. DURAI RAJA SINGAM



*Do you remember, moon
Seventy odd years ago, here at Porbandar,
A lean boy with large ears and a long, high
nose
And eyes melting with love,
Used to wait impatiently, peeping out of the
window, for your appearance,
As you delayed,
You who used to appear smilingly through
the blue forest of the clouds?*

—The Moon of India*

* * * *

*Do you remember, O sea,
The grand law-breaker,
As great-souled as you are?*

—Do you Remember*

1

I have always regarded Gandhiji as the greatest man of our century, which has been called both "The Century of the Common Man" and "The Century of Violence." Gandhiji's life was dedicated to the service of the Common Man and he was, therefore, inevitably opposed to the causes that make for violence.

This was not a negative opposition, since Gandhiji by the example of his own daily life showed how the forces of violence could be successfully confronted and

overcome, and he has left us in his writings a treasure-house of reasoned argument and exposition providing an intellectual and spiritual basis for a way of life freed from the evils of violence.

By awakening men's hearts and minds to the efficiency of non-violence, or *ahimsa*, as a means to an end in India, Gandhiji undoubtedly knocked some of the ancient props away from the phi-

* Two poems on Gandhiji in Malayalam by G. Sankara Kurup—*Gandhi Marg*, Vol. IV, No. 1, p. 78 (Translated by G. Kumara Pillai).

osophy of force on which Western civilisation had rested for several centuries.

Today, when the development of the hydrogen bomb confronts the world with the simple and stark choice between survival or extinction, the most conventionally-minded statesmen, diplomats and soldiers frankly confess that the doctrine of physical force has ceased to have any further validity. Gandhiji's greatness rests on the fact that he foresaw the collapse of this philosophy half a century earlier than its practitioners. He not only foresaw its collapse, but he put into practice on a vast scale the alternative to physical conflict as a means of combating evil: non-violent struggle, passive resistance, first in South Africa, then in his homeland, India.

It is impossible to recognise the unique contribution Gandhiji made to the cause of civilisation without feeling the most intense admiration for him as an individual. Such admiration the humble-minded Gandhiji would have been the first to condemn. It can confidently be predicted, however, that if the world emerges from the second half of the twentieth century unscathed by the fantastic weapons of destruction invented and manufactured by Western science and technology, historians at the dawn of the twenty-first century will be intensely concerned to discover how the final and, to all outward appearances, in-

evitable catastrophe of total war was averted.

What caused a civilisation built on the ultimate sanction of physical force in the governance of relations between States to halt suddenly in its tracks? they will ask. What was the beginning, they will ask, of the world's rejection of violence as the final arbiter of international disputes? There will be various explanations and theories: some will point to the United Nations; others will give weight to the death of Stalin and his succession to the leadership of the U.S.S.R. by Mr. Krushchev, the loquacious exponent of "peaceful co-existence." What the future historian is bound to be impressed by above all else, as he surveys the complex scene of our century, is the remarkable fact that, as the means of violence were reaching their absolute zenith, the ancient philosophy of non-violence was put to its greatest test in India and achieved a victory of colossal dimensions.

On Indian Independence Day (August 15, 1947) that great Kala-Yogi Ananda Coomaraswamy wrote to the writer, "By Gandhiji's advocacy of *Satyagraha*, he reminded India of one of her most ancient ideals and is not only a teacher for India but a *jagat-guru*." Against all odds he used his matchless weapon of Truth and Non-violence of which he is the symbol today throughout the world. He was

essentially a world prophet.

By the beginning of the twenty-first century, a vast amount of myth and legend will have attached itself to the personality and character of the dominant figure in this glorious page of the world's history in general and India's in particular. Already much has been written and said about Gandhiji that distorts and changes the reality of the man.

That is why I have sought, in presenting this composite portrait of Gandhiji by those who knew him in many lands in varying degrees of intimacy, to preserve for all who are interested a picture of Gandhiji as he really was. If this portrait helps anyone in any way to gain a clearer understanding of the great and human Mahatma, the ever-smiling Gandhiji, I shall have fulfilled my purpose. I feel like the court painter when Oliver Cromwell commissioned him to paint his portrait. Cromwell said, "Put in all the warts, young man, or I will not pay you one penny piece."

The first and most arresting aspect of Gandhiji that will strike the future historian, as it strikes us today, is that he was in his daily life a simple man. He was the great symbol of the common man of the twentieth century. The word "common" in this context means poor, hungry, neglected and frustrated. This was the lot of the mass of the people of India, as also, of course, many

other countries still emerging from foreign domination and exploitation in Asia and Africa. Gandhiji identified himself completely with this great dispossessed section of the human race. He lived the frugal life of a peasant, wearing simple home-spun clothes and eating plain simple food.

Yet he was a highly civilised, educated and widely read man, as self-possessed in the presence of monarchs as he was equipped to discourse with philosophers like Romain Rolland and Bertrand Russell, or scientists and economists.

As one writer beautifully put it "a time will come when our children's children will implore their forbears for enlightenment about the Mahatma, a scene so well pictured by the most popular French song writer of his day, Jean Pierre de Beranger, regarding the story of the conquering Emperor, in which grandchildren eagerly asked of old peasant women, 'And did he once speak to you, grandma?'"

The abiding impression left with all who knew Gandhiji was above all the complete sincerity with which he faced life.

Successive Viceroys, from Chelmsford to Mountbatten, bore testimony to this quality. Gandhiji would stick to the truth, Nehru has told us, whatever the consequences—a quality unusual in men whom destiny has called to the helm of national and inter-

national affairs. It can be observed without any moral judgment that the great majority of statesmen and politicians have their minds cast in a Machiavellian mould, to lesser or greater degree.

It was not so with Gandhiji. His whole nature stood in complete opposition to the half-truth, the gloss, the exercise of intimidation, threat or cajolery, a striking example being the Rajkot episode or earlier still in the campaigns of Satyagraha in South Africa.

At first, when he returned to India from South Africa, he was regarded by many respected Indian political leaders as something of a crank. But the masses responded to his policies, since they recognised him as the living embodiment of the frugality, simplicity and iron determination to attain independence to which they aspired. "Gandhi's was the most colossal experiment in world history, and it came within an inch of succeeding." A British Governor of Bombay, Sir George Lloyd, said this after the first World War.

He was, Nehru has told us, "a curious mixture of extreme modesty and simplicity, with an iron will, an iron command, always put across in a soft way." He was, in the true sense of the word, a gentleman. "His voice never rose above a certain timbre" Nehru has recalled, "he never raised his voice, but it was a penetrating voice."

If, as Hallam Tenneyson has recalled, Gandhiji had "reached the summit of human goodness," he combined it with a personal courage and fearlessness of a degree which few men attain. "This great courage," as C. R. (the initials are used more commonly than his full name for India's last Governor-General) or Rajagopalachari (among the leaders discovered and created by Gandhiji for conducting the struggle C. R. was one of the ablest, truest and most gifted) has reminded us, "was one of the many requisites for successful negotiation. Courage is as much necessary for negotiations as for battle. You have to take steps, sometimes, in anticipation, and if you hesitate you cannot be a negotiator, nor can you be a general."

His fearlessness communciated itself to the poor and oppgessed millions of India. As Nehru has said, "The fact that this weak little bundle of bones was so fearless in every way, physically, and mentally—it was a tremendous thing which went to the other people too and made them less afraid." In argument, as Shaw Desmond was to observe when he met him in London, "this soft-hearted, hard-headed sentimentalist was as tough as J. D. Rockefeller or Pierpoint Morgan, but he radiated goodness and gentleness and was incapable of guile or deceit."

Men in whom these saint-like qualities of simplicity, brotherly

love, physical endurance and spiritual beauty are given great expression, invariably need to live cloistered lives away from the tumult and the pressure of modern society. Such a man was Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who turned his back on civilisation to serve the lepers in Lambarene, in the Belgian Congo.

From the turn of the century, however, Gandhiji spent his life grappling with the evils of society, often the focus of intense publicity, eventually in the very centre of the struggle for power. His passion for Truth was so great that he could not be deflected from pursuing it with every fibre of his being. No wonder that Pandit Nehru could say of him that he was "certainly the biggest individual that I have come across in my life."

The fact that stood out about him, Nehru has recalled, was "how he attracted people of completely different kinds, and thereby became a link between different groups, different individuals, from the poorest peasant whom he always sought to represent, to princes and rich industrialists." It was that attraction which made the French Premier M. Leon Blum write in the French journal *Le Populaire*, "I never saw Mr. Gandhi. I do not know his language. I never set foot in his country and yet I feel the same sorrow as I lost one near and dear. The Earth is mourning."

As one of the Scotland Yard

detectives, Mr. W. H. Evans, put it, "He had in his being a charm and a magnetism which I have seen in no other great figure." This charm and magnetism of the cheerful little man in the homespun *dhori* was not conditioned or qualified by time or place.

It was not Gandhiji who was embarrassed when he arrived in London in 1930 for the Round Table Conference, but the Ministers of the Crown. Lord Templewood, who was then, as Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India, noted that it was due to Gandhiji's charm, graciousness and "superb manners" that the British Government was "eased of its embarrassment." Gandhiji could talk to peasants, he could talk to kings. He talked the same language to both, and it was because his heart and mind were stamped with the hallmark of complete sincerity that they heard him with respect and affection.

Most great figures of history have a public and a private visage. With Gandhiji there was only one person. He smiled, he beamed, he chuckled, he laughed, he twinkled with merriment.

It is a remarkable fact that the man who was primarily responsible for the final phase of the ending of three centuries of British rule in India had not the slightest streak of hatred in his make-up. The elimination of hatred and malignity was certainly the result of an effort, an effort started early in his life and

which eventually was so successful that by the time he was in his forties he was no longer conscious of making the effort. Goodness and gentleness flowed from him quite naturally.

In the days when Viceroy ruled more splendidly than Kings, the Crown and the Spinning Wheel met in the person of Lord Irwin and Gandhiji. Hailed as the "two Mahatmas" by Sarojini Naidu the two men took to each other from the first. In the "tall thin Christian" as described by Mohammed Ali, Gandhiji found "one of the noblest of Englishmen." In Gandhiji, the Viceroy found "my dear friend" in spite of the famous onslaught of Winston Churchill—"the half naked fakir." Years later another great Mahatma gave the Mountbatten touch and brought in the consummation of the goal so dear to another great friend of Gandhiji—Dinabandu Andrews who should be living at his hour. When he took the oath as Governor-General, Lord Mountbatten said, "At this historic moment let us never forget all that India owes to Mahatma Gandhi—the architect of her freedom through non-violence."

He was a family man, devoted to his family, as his children have testified. Manilal Gandhi, his second son, has said, "He was a very loving father, and we loved his sense of fun and humour." As Nehru has said, Gandhiji was "very humorous, he was very

fond of children, and almost behaved like a small child with them."

The third of the Gandhian Triumvirate, Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, has recalled that he was "a very companionable man, and he liked human company very much. He was a man who liked to laugh, he liked people who laughed, he liked children, he liked women, he liked good and cheerful company. He liked a joke. He was probably more companionable than anyone else I have known. He was able to relax, he was able to be cheerful in the midst of a lot of trouble. He liked a happy face and he liked people to be happy. He was not morose or a man of sorrows, he was really a man of laughter. At the same time he was an ascetic, but his melancholy was inside him. His body was always indulging in laughter."

The great figures of history, whose lives have changed for better or for worse the destiny of nations, were invariably men of pomp and splendour. Gandhiji has been compared with Jesus, yet there is a big difference which has not, I feel, been sufficiently emphasised. This is that, whereas Jesus never attained power constitutionally, Gandhiji did. Jesus was never the acknowledged leader of a great social-political movement, inspired with certain fixed aims and objectives, whereas Gandhiji was. Jesus never entered into negotiations with the

viceroys and plenipotentiaries of Roman Imperialism. Gandhiji, on the other hand, was recognised by British Imperialism as the authentic representative of the Indian social-political movement for constitutional advance.

There was, of course, no equivalent in the Roman Empire to the Socialist movement in the heart of the British Empire. The history of the world in the past 2,000 years would have been vastly different had there been a Roman equivalent to the British Labour movement. It was only after the crucifixion of Jesus that Christianity began to take a hold in Roman society. Long before Gandhiji's death, the ideals that he stood for, politically, socially and morally, were inspiring the growing Labour movement in Britain.

The political and social ideals that Gandhiji pursued, in fact, had been proclaimed as the inspiration of Western civilisation from the time of the French Revolution—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Gandhiji asked that India should enjoy no more, but no less. He was asking for the same rights that the American nation claimed and fought for in its War of Independence.

Gandhiji, therefore, had two centuries of progressive thought behind him, progressive thought which had been translated into action in various parts of the world. He was not pioneering in the realm of political action, he was merely insisting that what was

right and proper for Europe and America was equally right and proper for India and Asia. The British Raj could not deny the fundamental rightness of his claim on India's behalf without denying at the same time the essence of its own ideals. Therefore it tried to deflect the challenge of history, which Gandhiji embodied, by indulging in legalistic argument and offers of limited constitutional advance designed to prolong its dominion in India for as long as possible.

The problem that Gandhiji faced therefore was this: if India allowed herself to be enmeshed in the legal intricacies and sophistries of the British constitutionalists, she would have to live on the husk of independence, not the kernel, for a long, long time. On the other hand, if she refused to be enmeshed, it was out of the question for her to adopt the same approach as the peoples of the West had adopted in their struggle for liberty, equality and fraternity, since in such a bloody struggle Britain had all the means to crush it.

The futility of physical force, apart from its immorality and unripe fruits even could it be successful, was realised by Gandhiji very early in his career.

In 1908 he had declared, "The English are splendidly armed; that does not frighten me, but it is clear that, to fit ourselves against them in arms, thousands of Indians must be armed. If such a thing be possible, how

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many years will it take? However, to arm India on a large scale is to Europeanise it. Then her condition will be just as pitiable as that of Europe." His analysis of the condition of Europe was profound, for in the next 35 years its inadequacies and frustrations were to engulf the world in two world wars.

No analysis of Gandhiji's supreme role in the attainment of India's independence can be adequate unless it recognises the simple fact that the dominant climate of British opinion in the decisive decades of the struggle regarded the Indian people as racially inferior to the peoples of Western civilisation.

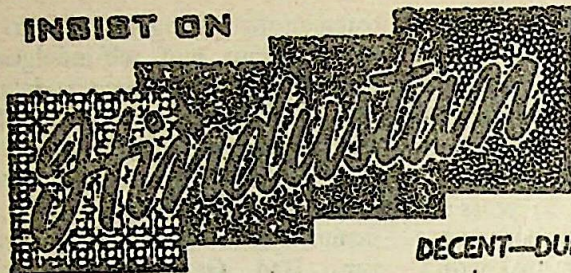
This element of racial arrogance was peculiar to the Indian struggle for independence in particular, and to Asia's struggle in general. The fact that it was based on a myth, on false science and philosophy, does not alter the power that it exercised throughout the struggle. It affected the very relations between the leaders of the British Raj and the leaders of Congress. It provided the leaders of British political life with a basis, spurious though it was, of moral justification for their domination and repression.

This was the backcloth of history against which Gandhiji was to play his unique and stupendous role as the principal architect of Indian freedom and independence. Had he played that role surrounded by pomp and

ostentation, living in conditions of splendour and self-indulgence, he would still have been acclaimed as a giant among men. The Indian people would have rallied to a colourful and domineering leader, hurling harsh and icy denunciations at British Imperialism. Had Gandhiji worn rich silken clothes, lived in a palace, travelled among the people in a Rolls Royce or on the back of a splendidly caparisoned elephant, the Indian people would still have responded to him, I have no doubt. There is no reason why non-violence and the simple, austere life should not have had such a setting of richness and power. India has some of the finest temples in the world, whose priests are dedicated to the things of the spirit. Gandhiji could well have undertaken his fasts in a palace specially built for his comfort, as in a simple hut in an *ashram*. The money was not lacking for such a sophisticated and conventional setting. The rupees of India's great industrialists and financiers were there in plenty, as well as the annas of the millions of the poor.

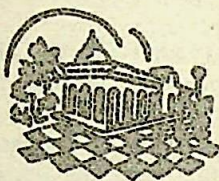
Why was the course of history moulded from such a different setting? The reason is simple and very important: Gandhiji, although at the centre of political power, had no ambitions for the exercise of power for power's sake. He never at any time thought of himself in terms of the impact he was making on the

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course of history, the place he would hold in history. It has been said that all power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Gandhiji was the exception to this law, and the greatest exception in history.

The historian of the future, as he examines the vast literature that has grown up already about the life of Gandhiji, will be in danger of finding himself baffled by the apparent paradox of how a simple, frail, gentle, puny-looking soul became the "Architect of India's Freedom" unless he keeps in mind always that Gandhiji's power was based on his essential simplicity.

He had an innate optimism that people would be emancipated from the bondage and drudgery of poverty and repression. External events seldom seemed to justify such optimism, such faith in the future. But Gandhiji was a visionary, as well as a saint, and, as we can see now, he was privileged to apprehend, beyond any shadow of doubt, the broad sweep of the future. He knew that the trials and tribulations of the present, the humiliations and set-backs, were but the growing pains to India's fulfilment.

He had no deep-seated anxieties on what the outcome of the struggle would be. Therefore he enjoyed a calm, a serenity, an inner peace, against the background of the struggle, which was denied to his contemporaries, although often they were inspired

and encouraged by his profound inner conviction.

Because he had foreseen with certainty the ultimate outcome, he had time to smile, to crack jokes, to laugh—while others may have been morose and depressed. That is why my vision of him has always been of "The Smiling One." The little children in the streets and the villages had an affection for the little man with the beaming face. His appeal was universal, as was illustrated during his visit to Britain, when the Cockney urchins were drawn to him as he made his early morning walks in the capital. All his movements, and gestures, together with his broad smile, radiated a love for humanity and communicated to all and sundry a confidence in their future which often they themselves could not feel.

Was Gandhiji really the figure portrayed by the cartoonists, the man with the toothless grin and a bony body partly covered with home-spun cloth? Did this dhoti-clad man have a cavernous mouth, jutting ears and a scrawny neck?

No, it was not so. Even in his old age this was only superficially true. There was a beauty about him which made him more lovable as age took its toll. His smile was gentle and irresistible. There was a glow in his face from two dark brown small eyes above a crisply clipped moustache fringing the upper lips of a mouth naturally large but almost toothless.

The qualities that endeared him to all whom he met still come through any photo, whether it was posed or taken at random.

What was the secret of his smile? In what situations did Gandhiji make himself most endearing to those who saw him? On each of the occasions I met him and heard the echo of his laughter there was a strange feeling caused by his unaffected bearing and personal charm. Gandhiji's charm and personality when exerted were proverbial.

It is said that the Secretary of State for India, Sir Samuel Hoare, the late Lord Templewood, once ordered a new Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, not to see Gandhiji on any account. "He is sure to wind you round his finger," predicted Sir Samuel. "You'll succumb to his Indian blarney like everyone else." It was believed that Gandhiji's contact and talk were as persuasive as his smile was contagious. Stories illustrating his personal magnetism, or even mesmerism are numerous.

(To be continued)

As I believe that silent prayer is often a mightier force than any overt act, in my helplessness I continuously pray in the faith that the prayer of a pure heart never goes unanswered.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

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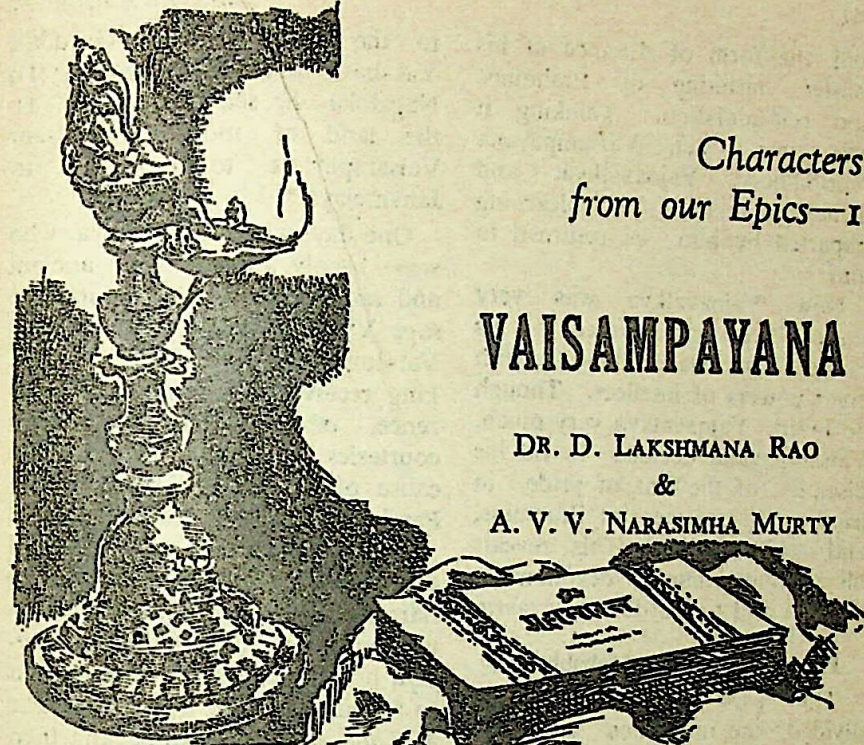
Characters
from our Epics—I

VAISAMPAYANA

DR. D. LAKSHMANA RAO

&

A. V. V. NARASIMHA MURTY



VAISAMPAYANA was the son of a Rishi. As a boy, he was taken by his father to the sage Vyasa and entrusted to him. The sage took this humble, yet learned and wise boy under his wing and taught him the *Yajurveda* when he reached the proper age. Vyasa wanted to propagate Vedic learning. To this end, he ordained Paila, who had learned the *Rigveda* under him, to propagate it. His other disciples Vaisampayana, Jaimini, and Sumanta were appointed to propagate *Yajurveda*, *Sama-veda* and *Atharvaveda* respectively.

Vaisampayana divided the *Yajurveda* into 27 branches and propa-

gated these in the universe through his disciples. Several disciples came to Vaisampayana in quest of learning. He lived as a celibate in a beautiful *ashram*, teaching Vedas to his disciples and shining as an embodiment of virtues.

Yajnavalkya, one of his disciples, won his heart by his Vedic learning. But in course of time, Yajnavalkya developed pride in his mental agility and his extensive faculties.

Vaisampayana noticed this, but displayed patience, hoping that the aberration would pass. Instead, however, his pupil's arrogance proceeded from bad to worse, and

took the form of defiance of his master, insulting of Brahmins, and self-adulation. Thinking it was time to act, Vaisampayana reprimanded Yajnavalkya, and demanded that the Vedic learning imparted by him be returned to him.

Now Yajnavalkya was very sharp-witted and devoted to his master, and was endowed with great powers of intellect. Though he loved Yajnavalkya very much, Vaisampayana decided to rid his disciple of the sins of pride in learning, ill-treatment of Brahmins, and self-adulation. This reveals his non-attachment, devotion to dharma and to his duty as a *guru*.

Propagation of the Mahabharata

The sage Krishnadvaipayana divided the until then undivided Vedas. His disciples enunciated them as the four Vedas and propagated them. Then Vedavyasa, by the force of his penance, obtained the grace of Brahman and wrote the 18 Puranas, ethics, commentaries on the four Vedas, the histories of the sage-kings through the ages, and finally, the *Mahabharata*. The populace in this world look upon *Mahabharata* as a compendium of laws, ethics, commentaries on the four Vedas and an epic. Krishnadvaipayana wrote this epic for the benefit of the world in three years and sent Narada to recite it in *devaloka*. He sent Devala to recite it in the land of the forefathers, and Suka

to the land of the Garudas, Yakshas, and Rakshasas. To Nagaloka he sent Sumanta. To the land of mortals, he sent Vaisampayana to teach it to Janamejaya.*

One day, while Janamejaya, who was keenly interested in ancient and sacred lore was in court, the sage Vyasa with his disciples like Vaisampayana came there. The king received him with due reverence, offered him the usual courtesies, and asked him for the cause of the enmity between the Pandavas and the Kauravas.

Vyasa was pleased with him, and after instructing Vaisampayana to narrate to the king the *Mahabharata* epic he departed. Janamejaya humbly begged Vaisampayana to favour him with the story of the *Mahabharata*. Vaisampayana then offered obeisance to his master, and with the permission of the scholars present, began his narration of the great epic. This great work is a means to the realization of lofty goals, fulfils the wishes of the listeners, and absolves them of the sins committed in several generations. It is replete with profound truths and verses, and is written by the great Vyasa.

At the end of the narration Janamejaya said to Vaisampayana: "O Divine One! Thanks to you, I have heard the *Bharata*. But a few doubts linger in my mind. Be kind enough to resolve them. Let

* The Bhagavata, XII Skandha.

me know, Holy One, how and where in Heaven are my forefathers, the Pandavas and the Kauravas?"

Vaisampayana was profoundly learned, very kind and wise due to the teachings of his great master.

He said to Janamejaya: "O King, Dharmaja, like you, made the same request to Indra. Indra appointed Yama to show Dharmaja his dear ones. Dharmaja, Narada and others followed the God of Death.

"At one place, they saw Duryodhana sitting on a high throne surrounded by *apsaras*, resplendent in his valour. Dharmaja was bitter at this injustice, but Narada restrained his anger, telling him that Duryodhana was enjoying the fruits of his dying in heroic combat. Dharmaja was far from pleased to hear this; yet, he wanted to see Draupadi, Karna, and his brothers.

"The divine messengers then took him past heaps of hair and bones, through intolerably foul-smelling dens, and a wood of trees with sword-like leaves. They ferried him over the Vaitarini, and showed him the places where sinners were being punished. Some of the suffering souls cried out: O Exalted and Holy One! The fragrance wafted from your body dispels our misery and comforts us, though only for a moment. Tarry here awhile. Dharmaja asked them who they were, and they replied, I am Karna, I am

Bhima and so on. He found his brothers and the beloved Draupadi here.

"Dharmaja was horrified at this, and wondered: How is it that a sinner like Duryodhana is so comfortable, while these who have led exemplary lives, are tortured thus? Are Indra and the other gods blind?

"Hearing this, Indra came to Dharmaja with his retinue, and said to him: O Noble One! By virtue of your noble qualities, you have attained salvation, perennial happiness and peace. Renounce envy and anger and listen to the truth. Sojourn in Hell is inescapable for one who has been a king. Man commits both virtuous and sinful deeds. The former bring him heavenly bliss, while the latter bring him torment in hell. He who enjoys heavenly bliss first, suffers in hell later, and he who suffers in hell first, enjoys heavenly bliss later. The man of meagre virtue first enjoys a moment of heavenly bliss, only to suffer endlessly in hell later. The man of little sin suffers first, and attains everlasting bliss in heaven afterwards. It is only to give you heavenly bliss that I have sent you here first. I have had to explain all this to dispel your misapprehensions. Karna, Bhima, and the others, having first suffered for their minor moral transgressions, are now enjoying everlasting bliss in heaven, where you can see them. You too have suffered, though

briefly, and in accordance with your deeds, the torment of hell. The portals of heaven are now open to you. The heavenly beings around you are complimenting you. The heavenly stream (Akashganga) is flowing toward you, and Yama-dharmaraja regards you kindly.

"Thereupon Yama greeted Dharmaja, and made him bathe in the heavenly river, to free himself from the bonds of kinship and sorrow. Thereupon Dharmaja relinquished enmity, jealousy, affection, pride, sorrow, and I-consciousness along with his human body, and stood clad in glory. He then followed Narada and other divine sages and observed with elation Arjuna sitting beside Vishnu. Elsewhere he saw Karna shining as the thirteenth sun beside the first twelve. Bhima was among the Maruts. Nakula and Sahadeva became the Asvinis. Dharmaja also saw Draupadi and her children, Dhritarashtra, Satyaki and others, Abhimanyu and Drona, and several other warriors of the Kaurava and Pandava factions enjoying eternal bliss."

Janamejaya listened to the great sage and asked him: "Holy One! Do the Kaurava warriors like Duryodhana, and the others like Karna and Ghatotkacha enjoy eternal bliss in heaven, or are they born into the world again as mortals?"

The sage answered: "This is hidden from our eyes. But I shall tell you what I have heard from

Vedavyasa. Pradyumna joined Sanatkumara, Dhritarashtra passed into the land of Kubera; Pandu and his spouses remained in the citadel of Indra; Abhimanyu became one with Chandra; Duryodhana suffered in hell and ultimately became one with Kali, while Drona became one with Brihaspati. His brothers became *rakshasas*. Karna became one with his father Surya, and Bhishma with the Vasus. The various other warriors attained fates in accordance with their deeds in this world. The 16,000 spouses of Sri Krishna vanished in the river Saraswati, became *apsaras* and are at the feet of Narayana.

Thus Vaisampayana at the behest of his master Vyasa narrated to Janamejaya the story of the *Mahabharata*. The king showed him all due reverence, and requested him to enlighten him with the stories of the *Harivamsa*.

Thereupon Vaisampayana expounded to Janamejaya the creation of the universe, the story of the Emperor Prithu, the details of the *manvantaras*, the history of Kuvalayasva, of Trisanku, of Brahmadatta, of Nrisimha and Parasurama, of Jarasandha, the history of Kalayama, the story of the wedding of Rukmini, the history of Satyabhama, and finally of the great Vamana. He narrated to Janamejaya all these stories of the *Harivamsa*.

Janamejaya then prayed Vaisampayana to make known to him the

easy way to salvation. Then the sage said to him: "O King! Just saying नान्तमुत्तिष्ठते without the will to act gives no earthly comfort. Nor does the ignorant man attain salvation by just repeating *Jnanat Mokshah*. Actions, which give self-knowledge are indeed very difficult. In the *Kaliyuga*, they are much more so. There is yet one way to your goal. Listening to the Bharata, reciting the stories of the Harivamsa, the stories of the ten *avatars* of Vishnu—these constitute the easy way to salvation in the Kaliyuga."

The sage was then honoured by the monarch and he departed.

From the work *Nitiprakasika*, it is evident that Vaisampayana taught Janamejaya the rules and ethics of war. It has been said that this work is a *kavya* with eight sections. The instruction in this science started with Brahma, and was propagated by 12 masters. The work tells us that with the passage of time, the human mind has lost much of its capacity for storing information, and that therefore it has become necessary to condense elaborate works into compact ones. The first five chapters contain descriptions of various arms and potent charms. The last three contain elaborations of the strategy of war, manoeuvres, and the duties of officers. This book is remarkable for its several interesting and detailed descriptions of the ancient arms and charms

of our land. There are descriptions of about 136 varieties of weapons in this.

The *Nitiprakasika* avers that Dhanurveda was first expounded to the emperor Prithu by Brahma, and that he was the first archer. It has also been said here that both arms (or ordinary weapons) and charms (occult forces directed against the enemy) were brought into being by Bhريسaswa, born of Brahman's mind. The differences between just and unjust wars have been detailed in the fifth chapter, which says that in Kaliyuga, the Huns and some other tribes are adepts at this kind of warfare.

The sixth chapter deals with the co-ordination of the four branches of the military forces, and describes military manoeuvres and equipment. It also contains a wealth of information about martial music, espionage, the King's Guard, the vanguard, and ambulance services. Much information may also be gleaned from this work on such subjects as military terminology, methods of retreat in case of defeat, as well as rewards for meritorious service, funds for war, and pensions for the families of those killed on the battlefield.

The seventh chapter of this work tells us about the nine types of forces. An "Akshauhini" (a military unit) comprises 21,870 chariots, ten times as many elephants, a hundred times as many horses, and a hundred times as many foot-soldiers. It also prescribes the

proper remuneration for various ranks in the army. An atiratha is to be paid 2,000 gold pieces, a rathika a thousand gold pieces, and so on. It thus prescribes the salaries appropriate to various levels of army personnel. This chapter also contains several interesting facts about the ethics of war prevailing at that time. Poisonous and burning arrows, and engines scattering missiles like stones are prohibited. Unarmed

or sleeping soldiers, and others of some twenty types should not be killed. At the end, it also prescribes the punishment for traitors, deserters and conspirators.

The eighth chapter tells us about the routine of the king, about luminaries of political and constitutional learning, the king's officers, officers of the court, and those who know the strategy of war, and the duties to be allotted to them.

□ □ □

There is work for all of us. And there is special work for each, work which I cannot do in a crowd, or as one of a mass, but as one man, acting singly according to my own gifts, and under a sense of my personal responsibilities... I have a special work to do, as one individual, who, by God's plan and appointment, have a separate position, separate responsibilities, and a separate work; a work which, if I do not do it, must be left undone.

—Ruskin

EVEREST

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YOU

ANUPAM BHATTACHARJEE

YOU pick up the receiver,
"Hallow!"

"This is Inspector Das. Good morning, Sir, your car..."

Your heart has just missed a beat.

"Just a moment please," you hear your own voice, precise and metallic as it exactly sounds during phone-calls when you leaf through

a file, or wish to consult a subordinate, and out of the corner of your eyes you see your right hand doodling across the scribbling pad on your desk, but this time you are not leafing through any file, nor is there any reason for you to keep the Inspector waiting at the other end. Are you sure? There is no reason? Let me point out then.

Look at those few innocent alphabets your fingers have formed on the scribbling pad, "Babu," prompted no doubt by a tiny cell of your brain and transmitted to the fingers by a process, of which you are not aware, because except that tiny cell which is doing its duty and possibly some other cells too who are awaiting suitable channels, your mind, marshalling

its reflexes, has in the meantime, released the most appropriate one, triggered by the word "car." Yes, you have to depend on your reflexes. You know they are good. But still that tiny doubt raises its ugly head. The papers are in order. The old car of the Company has been sold for the depreciated book value in the books of account and the buyer was co-operative enough to give a cheque for the right amount and the balance in cash, a small amount, only a couple of thousands, nothing to speak of, which you pocketed with the hand which is now holding the receiver"...

Well, it just turned out to be a routine enquiry about a minor car accident. Thank God! You wipe your forehead. You are irritated at yourself. "Why must I jump at the image of an Inspector?" you ask yourself, "we are not under foreign rule any longer. Why....?"

Why? Why then do you pick up the receiver and ask for your residence? And even now when you are put through, you have no idea why you have asked for the line. But your brain, compartmentalised and conditioned by years of training, is functioning methodically and that tiny cell has now taken over and you ask automatically, "Any news about Babu?"

"No," the voice of Kamala is faint with apprehension. She is about to say something more, but you have slapped the receiver

down and are staring at the card which the bearer has put down on your desk and who is now standing respectfully before you. You suddenly realise that he has been standing there for a long time and is thoroughly frozen in the process of making a momentous decision, whether to retreat or maintain the status quo.

"Idiot." Yes. Babu, your erstwhile servant, an old and trusted man, has run away with some cash and jewellery, a pretty big amount, nearly a hundred thousand rupees. It is not the money you are worried about. Obviously you could not afford to inform the police. On the contrary, you are wishing fervently that he may go free and hide in his particular hole with the ill-gotten gains, never to be heard of again. Yes, you are not worried about the money. You can lay your hands on much more—neat and tidy caches, here and there, with relations and trusted friends, in far-away places and huts where none would suspect any hoard. And all those share scrips and bonds. Your heart misses another beat. Babu too was trusted! Oh, where is the world going? One cannot trust anybody any more. Whom can one trust? Suppose they too become fickle, or the temptation becomes too strong for them?

Suddenly you remember a friend of yours and your mouth feels bitter at the unpleasant memory. He was a god-fearing man and being honest himself, he put

too much trust upon others as if everybody was honest like himself. Well, most of his shares in his companies were in the name of one of his relations, an old and honest man whom he employed as his cashier. Suddenly the old cashier died in an accident and his sons, whom he also employed, took over the shares themselves. They knew fully well that the shares did not belong to their father and that their family owed its very existence to the old man. But gratitude is an unknown commodity these days. They usurped control of the companies and bought the old man out for a pittance. He had to go back to his native place, a broken-hearted man and a pauper with only about two hundred thousand rupees, to be exact. Well, no provision can be made for death, you console yourself.

You shudder at the thought of death, ingratitude and dishonesty and stare at the card before you. "Who's that?" you ask yourself. An old friend of yours from schooldays. He seems to have blown in like a whiff of fresh wind in a stale and danky atmosphere.

"Sitaram!"

The petrified figure before you gives a violent start. He did not know that you remembered his name.

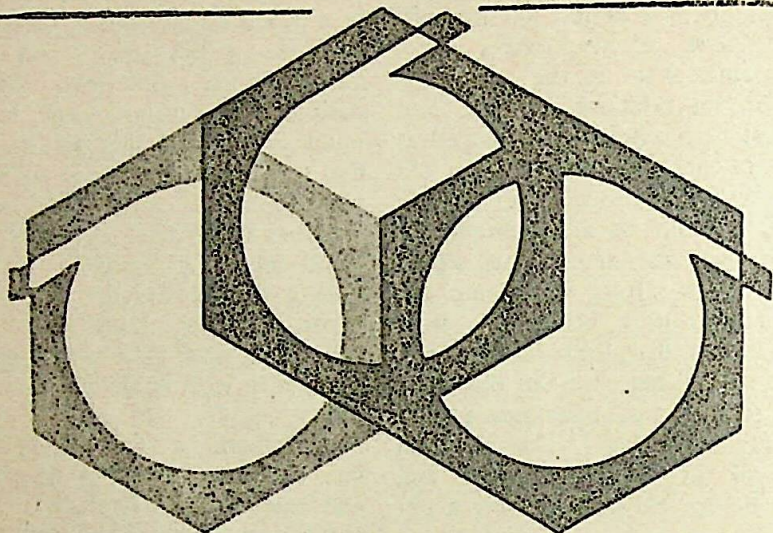
"Send the man in," you say, not unkindly and manage the ghost of a smile.

You have not seen each other for a long time. Gently you

loosen your tie and wait for him in a mood of pleasant expectation. You are a busy man and can hardly afford the time. Signals flash in your mind trying to remind you of pressing affairs, but the sudden storm seems to have played havoc with the wires and they flutter out. Vaguely you recall the dank smell of earth after a shower and the pranks of paper boats in muddy pools and feel like a small boy with a guilty conscience who is already late for school.

And there he is bursting into the chamber, shouting greetings and extending his hand, but your enthusiasm dampens as you note that he is obviously dressed up for the occasion. His coat does not fit very well and the knot of his tie and the knot in his throat are fighting a tug-of-war with his adam's apple. You also realise that he has not been doing very well, is secretly jealous and at the same time, somewhat awed by your set-up. You wish that he would not try to impress you just to neutralise the atmosphere. But there he goes—telling you about his business and hinting at pirate's treasures hidden judiciously.

Suddenly you feel tired and listen to him with boredom although your automatic pilot has taken over and is functioning efficiently—looking impressed, chuckling at his stories of ruses and bypassing of authorities which are supposed to be classic, his vice-presidency in an obscure Chamber



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of Commerce—while inwardly you feel sorry for him, for the contrived stories and misadventures including the present one because you are pretty sure by now that he has come for some help, but in order to stand before you man-to-man, he is putting blocks under him to equal your height.

"Poor fool..." you mutter inwardly, "as if it matters," and wonder how long this will continue before he musters enough courage to make the approach for the touch, putting it as a business proposition of course since the word "charity" is somewhat outdated unless it is sponsored in a banquet.

"What happened to those days," you wonder, "when we borrowed from each other freely never caring to balance the books to find out who was the debtor?" Now everything is coloured by money and there are those subtle barriers, invisible, never admitted, but making their presence felt, complicating relations and making cowards.

As you see him to the door and watch the pathetic figure which could not muster sufficient courage to ask for whatever it wanted to ask and open that fat portfolio which, with your intuition you know contained long statements of facts and figures which he wanted to present to you with a flourish backed by a rehearsed speech implying that in fact he was doing you a favour considering the good old days and

hoping that you would not care to probe too deeply considering the same good old days. You regret the death of a beautiful friendship which could have been revived and realise that your intercourse with other people is always affected by the consideration how much one is worth.

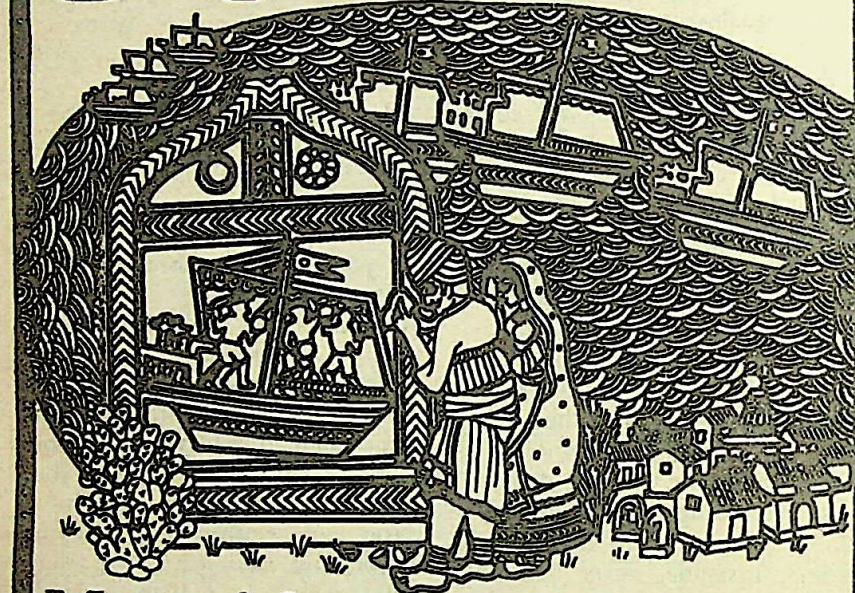
The telephone buzzes softly. "Yes?"

Angry signals flash through your mind and small globulets of yellow flame burst into thousands of fragments as those cells momentarily breeze into inertia. You ought to get your pressure checked before it is too late. The voice at the other end from the Calcutta Corporation is impatient.

Your fist crashes down on the table. "Fools, utter fools! I told them not to release any more barrels," you hiss through your teeth, "carried away by enthusiasm, not realising the risks involved and having an unflinching faith in papa to pull them out of whatever scraps they choose to create for themselves."

It is however your Architect who is conveying the happy news to you from the Calcutta Corporation. The plans for your new office building have just been approved. You put down the receiver slowly, leaving the hard-working and resourceful Architect stranded at the other end, halting his revelations of certain ingenuous steps which he was proposing for procurement of cement and steel. You are not interested in

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AS-60

cement or new office building, not at this moment when an all-pervading sense of relief floods your mind. The telephone operator! How often you told her not to put you through before informing you the identity of the caller.

"Operator!" you bark at the receiver. Suddenly the office seems to be deathly still as her frightened "Yes-Sir" comes across the wire. The typewriters have become silent and you hear the soft purring of your cooler. The voice evokes the image of a frightened girl crouched over a merciless switchboard in her stuffy cubby-hole.

"Never mind," you answer gruffly and gently put down the receiver on the cradle.

You close your eyes for a moment and try to relax. You did not use to be like this. A telephone-call sets off alarms in your mind which is supposed to be rational. You need a drink badly and gathering your coat you leave the chamber. Everybody is gone and Sitaram jumps to attention. Half an hour later, in the 'home' of a Mrs. X, with a bottle of the best imported stuff which is worth more than what your Sitaram earns in a month, you wet the word 'home' with a sip, "where pretty gnomes gnaw at your purse." Returning home much later, you catch the glimpse of a man sitting stiff on the comfortable divan. You stand still on the steps, "what does he want,"

you ask yourself, "why don't they leave me alone?"

The man jumps and apologises profusely for disturbing you at such a late hour, but he has been waiting for you for a long time. The face seems to be familiar and again those signals race across your mind. He was sent to Hyderabad with an ungodly amount in hard cash to administer a little influence. And now he is back, of course messing up the whole thing. He is still explaining his mission with solemnity, how he was planning to tell you in the office but seeing how busy you were, he could not find the time. You realise with amusement that the long speech was obviously rehearsed in course of more than two agonising hours while he had been waiting for you. And through your haze which is clearing now, you also recognise him to be your personal stenographer and not the Hyderabad contact; and if suddenly the tables were to be turned, you could have delivered the rest of the speech yourself—his wife is sick, his sister was to be married off next month, what with a big family to maintain and growing expenses and so on. They usually deliver the first part creditably, but are apt to be a bit mixed up in the middle and finish lamely when confronted with a vacant stare or two, unless they lose the thread altogether and again start from the beginning.

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automatic channels switched on to the subject before you. You ask him politely to take a seat and give him the usual treatment and pep talks, how you have been wanting to tell him all these days about your plan where he would fit in exactly, but did not like to commit yourself before it took a more concrete shape, and all those vague assurances, promising nothing and knowing that for the next couple of months he would somehow muster some extra ounces of energy in his work before falling back to his usual phlegmatic self and planning for another nocturnal interview, while all the time you are really thinking about the Hyderabad affair and wondering how it will turn out. But suddenly your concentration snaps at the mention of the amount.

He wants an increment of Rs. 300/- immediately. There is no embarrassment or uncertainty about him and your brain almost rebels at the introduction of a new element. New circuits are opened and a signal flashes instantaneously, "How much does he know?" Although you have destroyed the copy of the note sent to Signor Ferrini this morning, you wonder if he has kept a copy. What about the other notes and confidential correspondence which passed through his hand all these years and those invoices, cleverly-worded cables and the endless array of documents? "How much does he know," you ask yourself again. "Does he know the whole

picture, or only fragments?" The fog closes in again. "I must have some sleep," you mutter and close your eyes wearily.

* * *

You have been awake for a long time. You know that Kamala, your wife has come into the room, but you are afraid to look into her eyes clouded with shadows of troubled suspicion. Daughter of a small-town trader, she wraps herself dutifully in expensive silks and brocades without any excitement or emotion, sleeping a lot and growing a bit flabby, signing her name obediently on various papers which you put down before her. She has come a long way from those days when you planned and schemed with her and you suddenly remember that particular day when she went into ecstasies over the small radio which you could not quite afford, but purchased after saving some money over a couple of months, and when the other tenants of the shabby building came to appreciate the instrument, she inflated the price generously, not forgetting to add the sales tax and licence-fee. Now she steps into brand new cars as a matter of course. You know that of all things, she is haunted by insecurity. She cannot understand the vast complex into which your business has grown. She could understand the hardware store, which you had in the beginning, very like a young tree for which she cared, keeping count of every twig and each bud-

ding* leaf. It has now assumed gigantic proportions harbouring, who knows what, strange spectres in its shadows and shooting roots into deep crevices which she cannot fathom.

At last Kamala is gone and you want to rest for a little while, but you are too tired to sleep and fall into an uneasy slumber feeling all the wrinkles of the bed-sheet and the folds of your dress which seem to be on fire. In wondering dully when you will be able to sleep a little, you are in a world of your own creation where you speak in whispers, move stealthily and are stalked by shadows of subtle blackmail and intimidation—where the air is charged with tension and heavy with the potent of fatality. □

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PUTRA SAMOVADI

Like Unto a Son—II

FIFTEEN years pass by. Driven by Devayani, Yayati has waged incessant war against the gods. In these unending campaigns, his only comfort has been Sharmishta, whose little home was a nest of peace and love for him, where, unknown to Devayani, he often steals his way. He loves Sharmishta.

Yayati (to Sharmishta): Dear, you are the sole refuge of my restless soul. Here, in this hut, with you by my side, I am no longer a warrior struggling perpetually to capture Indra's throne. I love this humble but peaceful home. Here waiting for me, are my beloved. Here also is my universe of peace, tiny though it is, and of that universe you are the presiding goddess.

Yayati, a mortal, is tired of continuous struggling. One day, searching for her husband, Devayani stumbles upon this spot and finds him in the company of the

hated Sharmishta and her sons. She is furious and bitterly upbraids both him and Sharmishta and sends for Shukracharya. Sharmishta throws herself at the sage's feet and begs for Yayati's life.

Sharmishta (piteously). Merciful one! Have pity on me. Do not do anything to him. If you must punish, I am here, willing to suffer for him. Reduce my children to ashes, if you like, Gurudeva, but spare him. Oh Devayani, I have taken nothing from you that was yours. Let him go free, let him not die. I shall be your debtor all my life.

Devayani wants her father to curse Sharmishta, but the wise sage does not listen to her.

Shukracharya (proudly): I am not surprised that the hot-blooded Yayati prefers the healing love of Sharmishta to your fierce, all-consuming company.

The sage, however, lays upon



**Devayani, her father Asura Guru Shukracharya
and Kacha**

the curse that he be an old man for the rest of his life. Yayati, shocked at the terrible prospect of endless old age, becomes dumb with despair.

Shukracharya (to the broken-hearted Devayani): You are an ascetic, and you have yet to reach your goal. You are still full of fight. And if mental conflicts seize you, who would be there to help me? And who would help me to destroy the foundations of Indra's power?

Yayati, now a very old man, trembling in every limb, wants his youth back. Humbly, he asks the sage to make him young again.

Yayati: Give me back my youth. Give me back my strength, my powers, my warm blood, my iron muscles. The zest of life has not yet left me. My desires have not had their fill. How can I bear the burden of old age?

He piteously appeals to the sage who ultimately relents. He modifies his curse: if any of his sons is prepared to take over the weight of age which he has imposed, Yayati would be young again. Devayani feels humiliated to see the depths to which her husband can sink. Sharmishta, whose love for Yayati is unbounded, however, persuades her son Puru to take upon himself the curse of age. As a result, Puru is transformed into an old man while Yayati becomes young again.

Once Yayati has regained his

youth, Devayani becomes even more relentless.

Devayani: King, you who have conquered this world must conquer the other two worlds.

Yayati (timidly): Again you ask from me the same thing. No sooner have I become young again than I must go about conquering!

Devayani (sternly): Come. The towers of heaven invite me and our army awaits your return.

Yayati: Devayani! Elemental spirit! I am tired, very tired. You never rest, and allow no one else to rest.

However, he bows to her wishes.

The danavas and men, led by Yayati, Devayani and Vrishaparan, storm the abode of the gods. Yayati is now anxious to ascend the throne of Indra, the king of the gods, and leads the attack. He is in ecstasies at the prospect of occupying the heavenly throne. Devayani comes and tells him Shukracharya's wishes.

Devayani: Shatter Indra's throne and give every hero a piece of it. Grind his thunderbolt into dust and mix it with the earth. Make one world out of heaven, the earth and the nether regions. Let gods, danavas, and men be equal and free, walking hand in hand.

Yayati, now full of ambition, is angry. He has not conquered Indra in order to destroy the dignity which the gods enjoyed. He thinks the Master has grown too

old to appreciate his ambition, and declines to obey the sage's advice.

Devayani attempts to appease him.

Devayani: Son of man, have patience. Do not find fault with Master, grey with the experience of ages. Do you think this triumph has been achieved by your valour?

Vrishaparvan is also anxious to wreak his vengeance on the gods and Yayati is impatient to seat himself on Indra's throne.

Yayati: If we smash the throne where shall we sit?

Devayani: On plain level ground, where there is no difference between high and low.

Yayati: Shall we not sit on this throne?

Devayani: No, king, no. From the throne have flowed streams of cruelty and oppression. Age after age, those who sat on it have offered favours and spread corruption, insisted on subversion and increased helplessness, spread terror and caused fear.

But Yayati's vanity is unbounded.

Yayati: I have won Indra's throne by my valour, and I shall sit on it. I wish to wield the thunderbolt. The three worlds shall worship me, so I will sit. If you do not wish to share my glory with me, so I shall invite Sharmishta to do so. And, of course, there is always Indra's queen, wedded to the heavenly throne.

Devayani laughs at Yayati in contempt.

Vrishaparvan also wants to occupy the land of the gods but Yayati, the conqueror, wants Vrishaparvan to go back and live in the nether world, his proper home. A quarrel ensues between the erstwhile allies and Yayati hurls Vrishaparvan into the nether world.

Yayati then seats himself on the eternal throne of the gods.

Yayati (to himself): To rule the world as I wish, to shape life as I desire, to receive the devotion of millions—these privileges only such as I can enjoy. Ancestors mine! Look down from your abode on high. My fame shall immortalise your exploits.

Then Indra was brought before Yayati as a prisoner.

Yayati (proudly): Go, and, with your gods, live in the nether world. Vrishaparvan is dead, and his throne is vacant there. I shall protect you and, in return, you will serve me.

Indra (sternly): We seek no protection by service. We accept no help from anyone but ourselves.

Naturally, Yayati is angry and threatened to destroy Indra.

Indra (proudly): You cannot kill me.

Yayati (in a threatening tone): This throne is now mine.

Indra (proudly): The throne belongs to him who is strong enough to sit on it.

Yayati: This thunderbolt is mine.

Indra: The weapon is for him who is fearless.

Yayati (Angrily): Am I afraid?

Indra wrenches the thunderbolt from Yayati's hands. Yayati, frightened, conceals himself behind the throne. Indra threatens to destroy him.

Indra: Vain man, do you think that we were vanquished by you and your armies? Fool! We were subdued by the mighty will power of Shukracharya—his will to conquer.

Indra hurls Yayati down to earth.

Vrishaparvan lies in a valley of the nether world, among the rotting corpses of men and demons. Yayati is also there, lying on the ground unconscious. Devayani is moving about on the battle-field, cursing the cowardice which would not accept the strength of Shukracharya.

Yayati (slowly opens his eyes and looks round): Devayani is there! Am I dreaming? Yes, yes, I am dreaming. That terrible woman, my wife, went away with her father. She could not have returned here. Indra, have mercy on me!

Devayani: I have not come to you. Indra flung you down from heaven and cast you at my feet. What can I do? (*Sorrowfully*): O, King! Even the memory of a brave struggle puts you in this

ignoble fright. Let me tell you: I will not ask you to fight again, to regain your manhood, to preserve your independence. Go back to your earth. Begin to prostrate yourself before the gods. Invoke Indra's name ceaselessly with upraised hands. And with tearful eyes beseech the favour of the gods in heaven. Destroy yourself till not even the spirit of a worm is left in you. Once you had hopes to occupy Indra's throne, but now as you pray to him, wretch, you will receive his gracious favours. Then your god will give enough food to live, enough strength to serve him, enough happiness to keep you from committing suicide. And when he gives you what is already yours, accept it with folded hands; bless his name, for he has made you no more miserable than you are.

Yayati (meekly): I am a meek being, a servant of my God. His mercy is my only strength. His will be done.

In the meantime, Indra arrives and wishes to embrace his granddaughter Devayani. She resists.

Devayani: Stand aside. You are the lord and master of the subservient. Embrace me only when you come as my grandfather, not now. At this moment, when we are laying the foundations of freedom for the oppressed you shall not touch the daughter of Shukracharya.

Shukracharya appears from behind a rock. Indra invites Shu-

kracharya to his festival of victory.

Shukracharya (laughs, and tells Indra): Indra, if you think I will join you, you are mistaken.

Indra (prostrating himself): The son of the great Bhrigu may be pleased.

Shukracharya: My son, shall I give you a blessing—that your throne will exist no more and that your thunderbolt be broken to bits? But you will not like to be blessed thus.

Indra tosses his head proudly and asserts that no one in the three worlds can resist his might. Shukracharya remains unmoved by Indra's triumph.

Shukracharya: I know that in the three worlds no one dares to face you. So I shall not come with you. I shall come to you only when you are no longer on your throne, no longer in possession of your thunderbolt. Till then I shall not be with you. Indra, the worlds which are yours today shall be mine tomorrow. You have conquered everything else but I am unconquerable. Wherever I tread, power is born. Wherever my voice is heard, there resounds the voice of freedom.

Indra (surprised): But you are alone!

Devayani: Lord of Gods, there is but one Lord of Light, one source of the mighty which inspires and uplifts.

Indra tries to persuade Shukracharya to let his granddaughter,

Devayani, at least, come with him.

Devayani: I shall only serve the Master, the noblest fighter of them all. I shall stand by his side, the side of him who breaks the bonds of the subservient. I shall inspire the slaves to revolt, the cowards to fight and the lowly to take the place of their masters.

Indra persists. He says that it is no use Devayani following her father. She is the wife of Yayati, and after she is dead, she will go to the abode of Yayati's ancestors. She will not be able to be with her father after death.

Shukracharya: You are right.

Devayani (anxiously): What does my mother's father say?

Shukracharya: Child, your grandfather is right. I cannot tie you down to me. When you die, you will have to go to your husband's ancestors, not mine.

Devayani (shocked): Father, shall I not be with you and your fathers?

Indra (beseechingly): Master, leave her behind.

Shukracharya: Devayani, what is your wish?

Indra: It is not a matter of her wish.

Devayani (proudly raising her head): Wait, Grandfather (*with touch of anger*) I shall see how my husband's ancestors can separate me from my father. Father, I shall be with you in this world and in the next. (*With a visionary look*): Before me I see the world's freedom and joy. Let us harvest

these while there is time.

She places her hand on Shukracharya's shoulder.

Shukracharya: Come, then my child, let us begin our pilgrimage. How can the ancestors fetter us when even the powers of the three worlds cannot hold us in thrall? And, child, if need be, we shall create a new heaven for ourselves and for the workers of the world freedom.

The father, and the daughter who was like unto a son to him, begin their pilgrimage together. The shadows disappear in the moonlight and the four quarters of the world are filled with earth's joyous song.

(Concluded)

Chastity is not a hot-house growth. It cannot be super-imposed. It must grow from within, and, to be worth anything, it must be capable of withstanding every unsought temptation. It must be as defiant as Sita's.

Rama would be nowhere without Sita, free and independent, even as he was himself. But, for robust independence, Draupadi is, perhaps, a better example. Sita was gentleness incarnate. She was a delicate flower. Draupadi was a giant oak. She bent mighty Bhima himself to her imperious will. Bhima was terrible to everyone, but he was a lamb before Draupadi. She stood in no need of protection from any of the Pandavas.

—Mahatma Gandhi

परमात्मा की झरवाणी : आपका अपना धर्मग्रन्थ

“चारों वेदों का हिन्दी भाष्य”

मंत्र-अर्थ-भावार्थ सहित २,२०० पृष्ठों में २५×३८ से. मी. साईज-वजन लगभग ९ कि. चार सुनहरी जिल्दों में।

लागत मूल्य २८४ रु. किन्तु प्रचार के लिए केवल २१५ रु. में।

२ जिल्दों में : रियायती मूल्य २०१ रु.

सर्वश्रेष्ठ आर्ट पेपर पर : मूल्य ५०१ रु.

साथ में ५१ रु. का साहित्य मुक्त-आदेश के साथ १/४ घन अग्रिम भेजें। रेल्वे स्टेशन लिखें।

पंडिता राकेशरानी -

अध्यक्ष

दयानन्द संस्थान

वेद मंदिर-१५९७ हरध्यानसिंह मार्ग, करौलबाग-नयी दिल्ली-५

अजमेर में :- प्रो. धर्मवीर-२४/६९ चाल्वावाड़ी रोड केसरगंज।

जयपुर में :- रावत मिष्ठान मण्डार-स्टेशन रोड से श्री इसी रेट पर मिलते हैं।

DAM/76

Prof. M. P. Gandhi

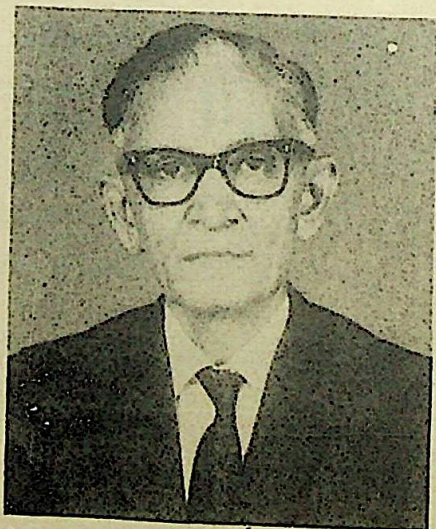
A Life of Joy

S. RAMAKRISHNAN

SEVENTYFIVE years is time enough to reduce ordinary human beings to a bundle of bones, ailments, regrets and cynicism. But this is precisely what has *not* happened in the case of Prof. M. P. Gandhi who on this November 5 will be 75.

Is not this proof enough that he does not belong to the class of the common run of people but to that uncommon class, with some secret reserves of inner strength to lessen if not considerably stave off the ravages of time?

What then is the secret of his youthful ebullience—a secret that can be shared with profit by all those keen on performing the



time-defying feat of keeping one's faculties undimmed by ageing?

In Prof. Gandhi's case the

answer is not far to seek. The secret fount is to be found in his active involvement in diverse fields of human endeavour—trade, commerce and industry, association with Government and corporate bodies, journalism, university teaching and management, and last but not the least, love of poetry. In addition to all these, even at this age he daily plays tennis with relish!

Born in Junagadh, Prof. Gandhi passed his M.A. from the Banaras Hindu University in 1925, standing first in all subjects. For a time he served as the Secretary of the Indian Chamber of Commerce, Calcutta and later as Secretary of the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry.

Now, to list only a few of his present activities: he is a Director of the Indian Link Chain Manufacturers, Zenith Steel Pipes and Industries, Bombay Oilseeds and Oils Exchange; Member of the National FAO Liaison Committee, Advisory Council on Trade, and Standing Committee of Ancillary Industries. A Rotarian, he is also an Honorary Metropolitan Magistrate, Bombay.

Despite his being in the matter-of-fact world of trade and commerce, Prof. Gandhi has kept alive his love of poetry.

Since long, he has been given to composing poems to the point of even making speeches in impromptu poems, a feat that has won for him accolades from such

distinguished men as Kulapati Munshiiji and Dr. C. D. Deshmukh.

Poetic fancy can thrive only in one who is endowed with fertile imagination and sensitive to finer feelings; certainly not in those whose sole concern is money-making and creature comforts.

Alan Price, a celebrated English writer, mentions in the preface to a collection of delightful poems that love of poetry has a lot to do with the working efficiency of even factory workers. And it is well-known that the drudgery of farm labour is relieved by group singing. All these only show that even in the age of science and technology, we can ill-afford to neglect the humanities.

Prof. Gandhi's circle of friends being quite wide, he has also infected many with his passion for poetry.

Responding to one of Prof. Gandhi's letters couched in poetry, Kulapati Munshiiji once answered partly in poem and partly in poetic prose:

*Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay-400 007,
June 17, 1968*

Oh Thou Poet Laureate,

*May your rhymes increase in
volume*

*May they contain the message
of the Gods.*

*I am not a poet, nor a rhyme-
maker*

*Will not therefore venture
into the domain of poetry.*

I could never imagine that a poet can turn an official function into a poetic theme.

Your irrepressible verse-making reminded me of the boy Pope when his father thrashed him for writing poetry. While appealing to his father, he said: 'Father, Father, pity take, I will never poetry make.' On that the father, disgusted, threw his stick away and Pope went into more and more poetic verses!

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

Similarly, Dr. C. D. Deshmukh was also once tempted to express himself in poetry in response to a poetic correspondence from Prof. Gandhi.

As one who have known Prof. Gandhi for long years, I should say that the quality that has impressed me most about him is that he has no complaint against life or fate. On the contrary, he is a very contented man and exudes that spirit from every pore of his being.

He has often confided in me how he has managed to cultivate that rare virtue, humility.

"Whenever I feel that my ego is getting bloated, I just stand on the balcony of my building which commands an excellent view of the road below. Within minutes, I

see an almost endless stream of cars driving past with very important people, and instantly my own insignificance in this world dawns on me. If this exercise fails, I just go to a theatre. It does not take me long to realise that I, who think myself to be so important, have not even a nodding acquaintance with more than ninety per cent of the people who come to the theatre. My egoism certainly cannot survive these two exercises."

This November, Prof. Gandhi will be blessed with triple joy—that of stepping on to his Platinum Jubilee year, of entering the Golden Jubilee year of his wedding with Rambhabeen, and also of completing 50 years of pleasant working life of a fairly versatile character.

Incidentally, Smt. Rambhabeen Gandhi is a well-known Gujarati writer with several plays and short stories to her credit. A noted humorist, a gifted speaker and one who is connected with many women's organisations, she is a popular radio broadcaster, too. The blessing of having such a distinguished life partner should have also contributed not a little to making Prof. Gandhi's life full and enjoyable.

May Prof. Manmohan Purushottam Gandhi live the Vedic span of a hundred years is our humble and sincere prayer to the Almighty.

The Evolution of Jasoda's Life-2

SMT. LILAVATI MUNSHI •

THE impression created by those guests remained on Jasu's mind for a long time. She started improving her speech, going to school regularly and even imitating their walking style when none was watching her. The village women were surprised to see that one day she had changed her hair style. She was disgusted with her clothes. She felt that the people of her village were uncouth. If she stayed in a city like Bombay and went to school with better clothes she felt, she would look as nice as those two ladies, Dolar and Pankhadi, did.

Suraj noticed the change in her. She had great love for Jasu. She had saved nearly Rs. 15/- so far, and with that she went to the vil-

lage tailor, Prema, and ordered a pair each of blouses, petty-coats, odhanis (half-saris) for Jasu without telling anybody. She did not feel any compunction in spending all her savings for Jasu but was only happy with the idea as to how joyous would Jasu be when she saw those clothes.

On the Janmashtami day Jasu began to adorn herself since morning. She tried to do her hair like those Bombay women. In the forehead she made a small dot of kumkum and she looked at herself in a dim looking glass. She thought that she was as good looking as those women and she smiled at herself, but when she saw her old petticoat and chund-

ali her face languished considerably.

"Jasu, I have put some clothes on that wooden box for you to wear today", she heard the voice of her Bhabhi.

What clothes would be on that box? She had taken out the best what she had. Jasu's face showed little enthusiasm at Suraj's words as those clothes would at best be like villagers'. She half-heartedly went near the box and she screamed with pleasant surprise, "Bhabhi! whose clothes are these?" She came running out to her. "Are they for me? When did you buy them?" Suraj was very happy when she saw the happiness of Jasu and she felt that her money was well-spent. But, outside Ramlal was sitting and he came running and shouting. He took away the clothes from Jasu's hands and lost his temper.

"Who bought these clothes? I spoiled my health drudging for you and this witch does not think of it. Bought the clothes! Do you want us to go bankrupt, yourself looking like those rich women of Bombay?" With the avalanche of Ramlal's speech Jasu and Suraj both lost their joy. Suraj spoke inaudibly. "I have not spent any money from the house. I bought the clothes from the money which I have saved myself." Ramlal was more furious when he heard that Suraj had spent the money from her personal savings. "Women cheat their hus-

bands and collect money. Look at this Kaliyuga Pativrata!"

When Ramlal lost his temper nobody had the courage to speak to or stand before him. What would the two poor women do? Ramlal went on abusing both and incessant tears rolled from the eyes of both Suraj and Jasu. But for the good fortune of both of them somebody came near the house asking for Ramlal.

"Brother, which is the house of Ramlal teacher?"

"I myself am Ramlal. What is it?" Ramlal forgot the quarrel and came out.

"Sir, I come from Bombay from Shri Gangaprasad Sheth. He is the father of Bhagvat Prasad who enjoyed your hospitality a few days back." The new-comer who spoke appeared to be a subordinate. "Come, come, Sir, inside the house" As soon as he heard the name of the Bombay gentleman, Ramlal began to be polite. He asked the new-comer to sit on the wooden seat. "Jasoda, bring betel-nut and cardamom." After some time the formalities were over and Ramlal asked, "Tell me, sir, what is your purpose in coming here." He asked, so swiftly which nobody else would do. The visitor looked all round in the house and looked very attentively at Jasu who had brought betel-nut and cardamom. He thought that the girl was all right, but the house not so good. He had seen Ramlal shouting before coming into the

house. He was now wearing a small dhoti which came only up to his knees. He thought him to be very uncouth. "What a choice!" Dinnath wondered with regard to this alliance with his master's family. What a sorry figure will this girl cut in my master's house! However, what can be done when eligible girls are so scarce in the caste?"

"Sir," he said aloud. "I have brought very good news for you. My master has sent me to ask for your sister's hand for Bhagvat-prasad. The future of your sister is very bright."

Ramlal was aghast. He did not know whether this was a joke. "What? What did you say?" He opened his eyes very wide and spoke in a blurred voice.

Dinnath smiled a little. Again he told him the purpose of his visit. Suraj and Jasu who were sitting in the interior stopped crying. Tears dried up on Suraj and Jasu's eyes and they began to listen carefully. "Did you hear. That gentlemen who had taken food at our place, has now sent a proposal for our Jasu's hands. This gentleman has brought the offer. Bring a little jaggery; let us sweeten our mouths with such good news," Ramlal told Suraj.

"Sir, the marriage is to be performed during the course of this winter in February because the young master is going to foreign countries in March and the master does not want to send him with-

out getting him married." Dinnath concluded.

"It is the duty of the in-laws to accommodate each other." Ramlal took himself to be an in-law already and spoke aloud. "Do you hear? Prepare sweets today," he ordered Suraj.

Suraj was very happy with Jasu whom she had brought up and who has now got such a good offer for her marriage. Somehow, the whole village came to know about the news in a very short time and people who seldom visited came to their house to meet them. "See the girl, Oh,, we knew that must be a girl from the heavens in her last birth. It is so very evident from her looks." Such comments were heard. Suraj welcomed everybody with joy.

As the day of marriage came nearer, Jasu was afraid in her mind. They may think of the village relations when the marriage party comes from Bombay. She began to worry on that. Why, her brother and his wife were looking so uncouth! She was ashamed to think of her siter-in-law who brought her up in this way.

Once the would-be mother-in-law came to see Jasu. She stayed in the village Dharmashala and when she came into the house she looked contemptuously and spoke to Suraj like a big man's wife from Bombay. Suraj welcomed her as the future mother-in-law of

Jasoda. To show her riches she had worn a sari of Chinese Silk and blouse of Benares silk. She was looking very impressive with these clothes. She saw Jasu who was coming out of the room with graveness. She liked the girl, but did not like her clothes, etc. She was somewhat happy that she would be able to rule over this daughter-in-law. Jasu's heart was thumping and her cheeks were red with blood. She saw the difference between the would-be-mother-in-law and her sister-in-law's behaviour. She was ashamed to have such a sister-in-law and such a house as if she herself was responsible for it and she could hardly believe that she was going to be a daughter-in-law of this mother-in-law. The mother-in-law gave clothes, ornaments and money. She gave nominal replies to Suraj's welcome. She had no use of the daughter-in-law's relations. Suraj felt that this must be the behaviour of Bombay people.

The day of marriage came. The day before the marriage the husband came with two of his friends at the appointed time and the marriage was performed with going round the fire four times. The whole village came to witness the marriage at Ramlal's place. Everybody enjoyed the ceremony and admired the good looks of Jasu, and seeing the kind looks and riches of her husband everybody felt very happy.

On the third day they began

their preparation for going and taking Jasu with them. The Bombay people had become very tired staying among the villagers. Ramlal pressed them to stay for a day more, but they were bent upon going.

Suraj had brought up Jasu as her own daughter, and while she was going she felt that some important part of her life was going away. She felt like crying, but she thought it would be inauspicious and she kept back her tears. "Jasu, be a good girl and bring us a good name." While swallowing tears she spoke with a choked voice. Jasu only shed two drops of tears in reply.

"Son-in-law, please look after my Jasu. I have never allowed her to go out of my sight." Her voice quivered.

Ramlal's eyes shed some tears. He shook a little and his body showed sign of suppressed cry. He embraced Jasu with affection which he had never done so far.

"Don't worry, Jasu will be as happy as a queen." Dinnath who had come with the son-in-law replied. "Let us start the boat," he ordered the boatman and the boat was released on the waters of Narmada. Suraj and Ramlal stood near the edge of the water so long as they could see the boat.

The heart of the new wife was full of new hopes. In her child-like heart she did not know the love of a husband. She imagined that her new life would be a very

happy one. She thought Bombay was an Alkapuri—like a heaven. The human beings there were semi-gods, and women were ap-saras. She herself was going to be one of them. She was very happy with these thoughts. She did not feel sorry for leaving her childhood village and her friends, because luck designed it so. For a 12-year-old child, Jasu went with a happy heart from the known to the unknown.

They reached the end of the river-bed and Ramlal and Suraj appeared dimmer and dimmer. When she came to the end she looked at her sister-in-law and the village for the last time. Though she was feeling happy one way, yet, the unparalleled affection of her sister-in-law and her 12-year contact with the home at Shuklatirth, brought tears to her eyes, and the boat proceeded.

II

When Jasu came to her in-law's house many people came to see the new wife. Her mother-in-law changed her name in the presence of everybody and simple Jasu became Yasodhara Kunvar. She gave this name, because she thought that it was the name which was more appropriate for their house. She felt that her son would be pleased and the daughter-in-law would be respected, and to some extent, she succeeded in her belief. Jasu.....Jasu As she had dreamt of Bombay

everything was new and different here. She did not know this new world and its etiquette and its laws. For a few days she was like an animal which had lost its way in a forest. But she was clever even though a little uncouth. She was always under the influence of her mother-in-law. She was strict and exacting. She was afraid that she would be mocked at. She hardly spoke, did not know what to say because of fear of being mocked at.

Her one dream was realised here. Her personality was changed with new clothes and ornaments and in doing so, mother-in-law's aim was just to make her befit the family and that she should look more beautiful. There was nobody like Suraj Rhabhi who could look at her with admiration and love. The mother-in-law quietly mocked at her as and when she found uncouthness in Jasu's behaviour. Bhagvat Prasad looked at her with amusement. The servants in the house tried to find out some mistake or the other and tried to get into the good books of Manikuvar by reporting it to her and tried to find out something wanting in the new mistress. There was nobody among all these people in whom she could confide and with whom she could exchange a word, and she became lonely. Jasu's enthusiasm began to dry up. Two years passed like this. During all this time, she had not gone to Shuklatirth once. Her

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone. 'She never knew how I loved her!' 'He never knew what he was to me!' 'I always meant to make more of our friendship!' 'I did not know what he was to me till he was gone!'—such words are the poisoned arrows which cruel death shoots backwards at us from the door of the sepulchre.

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! There are words, and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulnesses, watchful little attentions, which make it manifest, and there is scarce a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.

—Mrs. H. B. Stowe

brother and sister-in-law asked her to spend some time with them a few days, but her mother-in-law rejected it. She had conferred enough obligation by taking a girl from such a low family. Now she did not want to cultivate any more relationship with them.

When she attained the age of 14 she was given a separate room with her husband. Though she was not cultured in the sense of the new world in which she found herself, Jasoda had imagined many things in her husband. But after her coming here, Bhagvat Prasad did not cultivate any inti-

macy with her except sometimes he would smile at her as if he was obliging her. There was nobody like Suraj Bhabhi to admire her or encourage her. The mother-in-law coldly made fun of her. The servants as already said tried to find out some fault or deficiency in her and report it to her mother-in-law.

Hiding herself behind a door, Jashoda was looking at her husband's well-built body. Many times she was hoping to have one look or a word from him. She was making good dishes for him, but Bhagvat Prasad seldom asked who cooked it. Slowly she made many efforts to win her mother-in-law and father-in-law. Manikumar was lighting the lamp with ghee for worship and adorning

herself with a silken cloth with such poise. Jasoda looked at her well-fed and impressive body with reverence. She prepared *pan* for her father-in-law without anybody noticing it. In all small or big things with regard to the house, she followed her mother-in-law only without showing herself that she had used any intelligence. She was always joyous and full of enthusiasm. She never looked miserable because she never had seen misery or known it. She did not feel discontented because she had never dreamt of anything more than this.

The Unavoidable Guest

KUM. BHAGIRATHY SUBBIAH

"Which is the greatest wonder on this earth?"

"Every day, men see creatures depart to Yama's abode and yet those who remain seek to live for ever."

AN eternal truth from Yaksha Prasna which almost everyone knows.

The application of this open secret in the wake of a calamity is so rare in practical life. Worse still, we shudder at the very thought of death, and make childish attempts to get away from its haunting memory.

Vinoba Bhave expresses this universal human weakness in his *Talks on the Gita*: "The Professor of logic begins deduction at college: 'Man is mortal. Socrates is a man. Therefore Socrates is mortal.' But why bring

in Socrates; why not cite his own example?..... He passes on to Socrates the liability to die, for Socrates luckily is already dead. He is not likely now to stand up and protest. So the teacher and the pupils establish the mortality of Socrates, and as for themselves, enter into a conspiracy of silence. They fancy that they have wardded off danger thus."

The utterance of the word death is deemed to be inauspicious, say, at an entertainment party, and casts a deep gloom in an otherwise gay atmosphere. We human beings, who are rational animals do not reflect over this fact of life. The more pitiful is that we try to run away from its thought.

Pascal puts in his *Pensees* (Thoughts): "As men are not able to fight against death, misery,

ignorance, they have taken it into their heads in order to be happy not to think of them at all. To be happy he would have to make himself immortal, but not being able to do so, it has occurred to him to prevent himself from thinking of death!"

How, when, where, no one knows. No prior intimation. No one can bribe, flatter or buy him—that is the god of death Yama. Is he not cruel and selfish, one may ask.

There is an interesting episode which is relevant here. The story goes that when God created this universe with its living beings, He also endowed it with an administrative machinery. To Yama was assigned the portfolio of death. When Yama came to know of this, he was perturbed beyond repair even at the thought that he would be taking away the lives of the creatures created by Him.

Naturally, he was reluctant to accept the thankless task whereby he would incur the wrath and curse of humanity. Noticing Yama's unenviable plight, God forthwith came to his rescue and ordained that as death-lord he would never come in for any blame, criticism or trouble in the performance of his duty. Yama's fears having been allayed thus and fortified by His assurance, it is said, Yama accepted his office.

To this day, we see that the divine immunity is at work. Do

we blame Yama? Certainly not. The cause of death (an illness or accident as pronounced by the doctor) takes full credit for the final act in the drama of life. No one thinks of Yama! In fact, with the advance of medical science this illusion has assumed such a hold that many even believe that the person would have survived had he received better medical attention and so on. The doctor dresses the wounds but God heals them. Evidently the healing or otherwise is in His hands.

The wise say, "Like corn the mortal ripens and falls, and like corn is born again." No one, however accomplished, knows yet the secret of overcoming death. Only Nachiketas asked Yama "Tell me how to conquer death" and Yama, the knower of both sides, is said to have imparted the highest teaching of Vedanta to him as he was found to be "untainted by the desires of the world and filled with the fervour of faith."

Fear of death knows no bounds. But instead of running away from the thought of it, it can be utilised to focus our attention on the uncertainty of life so that we may not allow our mind to ramble but keep it steady and lead a sin-free life. Any moment the sword of death might cut us off our earthly existence.

There is a story about Saint Eknath. A man asked him: "Maharaj, your life is so simple

and sinless. Why is our life utterly different? You are angry with none, you quarrel with none, you hate none. How calm, how loving, how pure you are!"

Eknath replied: "Never mind me. I have found out something about you. In seven days from now you will die."

Oh, what an impending calamity! The man ran back home in great haste. Nothing seemed clear to him. He was talking of disposing of his personal affairs and preparing for the end. Then he fell ill. One the seventh day, Eknath came to see him.

The Saint asked the man: "In these six days, how many sins did you commit? And how many sin-

ful thoughts came into your mind?"

And the man said: "Lord, where was the time to think of evil? Death stood ever before my eyes."

Eknath said: "Now you know the reason why our lives are absolutely sinless? When death, the Lion, stands before us, how can evil thoughts appear? Even to sin, one needs freedom from anxiety. Constantly thinking of death is a means of avoiding sin. If death is always staring him in the face with what strength can man commit sin?"

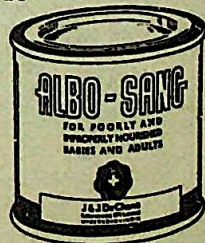
The realisation that our span of life is so uncertain should goad us to lead a sin-free and virtuous life.

□ □ □



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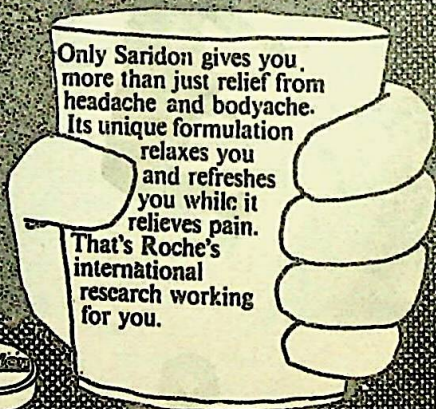
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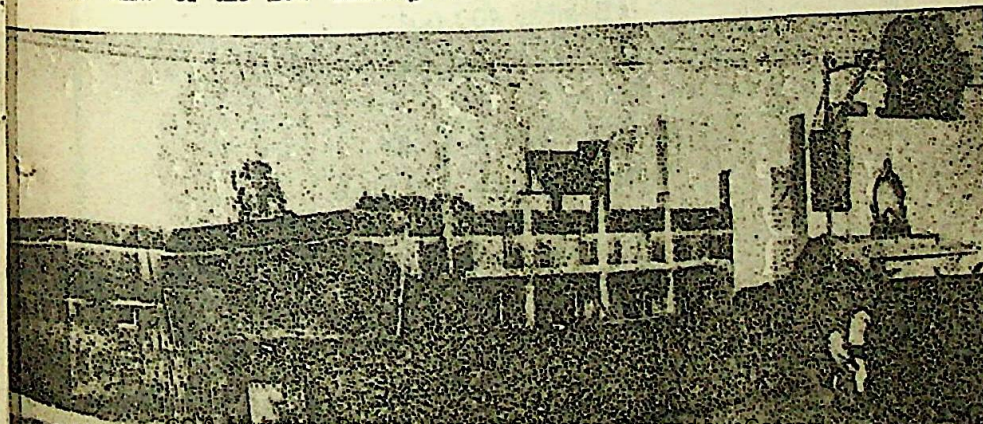


PHOTO FEATURE

Milling crowds at the Madras Central Station gave a heart-warming send off to Shri K. K. Shah on his relinquishing the office of the Governor of Tamil Nadu.

Shri Shah, now in Bombay, will preside over a reception in honour of Swami Dayananda of Chinmaya Mission at the Bhavan's auditorium on Friday, October 8, 1976 at 6.30 p.m. Shri Shah is a member of the Bhavan's Council and a well-wisher of the Bhavan from its inception.

A view of the new building of the Guntur Kendra.



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BOOK REVIEW

PHILOSOPHICAL TRENDS IN MODERN MAHARASHTRA—by Dr. M. R. Lederle. Published by Popular Prakashan, Bombay-34. Pp. 467. Price Rs. 76/-.

MAHARASHTRA has been an active part of the vast Indian sub-continent and its presence has been felt all along because of its heroism, its spiritual literature, its political and patriotic activity and its contribution to the main stream of national thinking. Confining his studious attention to century and a half of the immediate past, Dr. Lederle focuses his searching light on 22 important thinkers. The first in the list, of course, is Bal Gangadhar Jambhekar and the last Acharya Vinoba Bhave.

Although writings and speeches of some of the leaders are available in English, a student of Dr. Lederle's type would not be satisfied with them. He has been true to his German reputation of thoroughness and has ransacked writings, sometimes unpublished, in original Marathi. To gain a proper perspective, he has drawn on oral sources by contacting the close associates and followers of some of the thinkers and substantially added to his knowledge about the teachings and preachings of the leaders about whom he has chosen to write. The result in consequence has been a satisfying narration of the philosophy of some of the modern thinkers of Maharashtra. There have been similar attempts in Maharashtra to study the development of political and social thought; but this by an apparent outsider, is more thorough mainly because of his fresh and unprejudiced, free approach,

and of a deep, penetrating study of the material.

To the usual list of thinkers, Dr. Lederle has cleverly added new names and brought out their respective contribution to the thought current of Maharashtra. Tarkhadkar (1814-82), Goreh (1825-71), Gole (1858-1907), S. R. Rajawade (1879-1952), Dargari (1882-1943) and S. D. Javadekar (1894-1955) are the additional names about whom Dr. Lederle writes at length.

In doing so, Dr. Lederle has kept up a broad outlook, to include in his grasp the other forces that influenced the mind of Maharashtra. Therefore, Theosophy, Brahmo Samaj, Arya Samaj, J. Krishnamurti, M. N. Roy, Mahatma Gandhi and others who from time to time had considerable following in Maharashtra have been X-rayed for the purpose. That is what makes the book more interesting.

Another striking feature of the book is the light thrown on the new thought that came to be introduced with the advent of the British rule in India viz. that of the Christian missionaries. The inclusion of N. N. Goreh, who was Nilkantha Shastri Gore in fact before his conversion, in the list of thinkers, marked the departure from the routine. Reference to Baba Padamanji and his books indicates the same coverage of the new Christian thought that became current in Maharashtra.

Far more important than the tracing of the thought currents are the mature judgments passed on the thinkers, after a systematic exposition of their line of thought. For instance, here is a passage about S. R. Rajawade: "Rejecting the special intuition as the basis of his philosophy, he said: 'I am a rationalist... I have to understand the mystery of nature and the Vedas with the help of reason! Not through feel-

ing.' On this our Author comments: "Rajawade lacked a philosophical methodology and a properly founded rational foundation for his philosophy." (p. 302-03).

For a sound argument after critical observation, Dr. Lederle will hardly be equalled by any of the modern students. Here is what he has to say about the line of thinking of Lakshman Shastri Joshi of Wai. His two books were analysed, and the conclusion drawn is: A shift from a predominantly Marxist trend to a predominantly Royist one is visible in them (p. 362).

Here is Dr. Lederle's appraisal of Mahatma Jyotiba Phule: 'In Phule ideas of enlightenment and liberalism were joined with a deep sensibility about injustice, an urge for social service, a practical, active attitude of mind. He was inspired by a universal humanism, seeing the down-trodden Shudras and outcastes as members of one human family, endowed with equal rights by the one greater of all, and destined to live as brothers in equality, liberty and happiness..... So radical was Phule that he stood in opposition not only to the Brahmanic class but also to the 96 Marathas, who formed the aristocracy' (pp. 130-31).

In commenting on Tilak and his *Gita Rahasya* our author has enumerated many commentaries for and against the song celestial. In such a

list Satavalekar with his *Purushartha Bodhini* which is one of the longest commentaries on *Gita* (even as the Mahatma's *Anasaktiyoga* is the shortest) should have found mention. *Gita* being a philosophy of life, was to be thought of and experienced in actual life. Dr. Lederle rightly complains that Khare's 'youthful enthusiasm' (p. 273) was responsible for some of the conclusions which required revision later. Could not the same charge be levelled against D. D. Vadekar (p. 276), who criticised Tilak for opposing Sankaracharya the great?

In considering the philosophy of Javadekar, Dr. Lederle has ignored the two other forces that made Javadekar the vehicle of thought. Acharya Bhagwat and Shankarrao Deo were the two concurrent streams that made Javadekar's flow of thought full and complete. In fact, the three produced a book *Gandhi, Tilak and Gita* conceived and executed by the three together to prove that Gandhi's spiritual interpretation of the *Gita* was superior to Tilak's. We expected a reference to this highly controversial production.

The bibliography is an indication of the hard work that has gone into the making of the study. The index too is copious and bespeaks of the consideration showed to students. The foot-notes are more illuminating at places and they are well worth a close study.

It is remarkable that Dr. Lederle could master a foreign tongue like Marathi so well as to read the vast material in that language and the proof of that reading is available on almost every page.

Maharashtra will for ever remain grateful to Dr. Lederle and students of India will consider the book as a model to follow.

—S. R. Tikekar

Note:

"Srimad Bhagavatam" translated by Shri N. Raghunathan is priced Rs. 90/-, postage extra, and published by Vigneswara Publishing House, Madras-1 and Bangalore-55. A review of this book by Shri T. R. Rajagopala Iyer appeared in the "Bhavan's Journal" issue dated Sept. 12, 1976.



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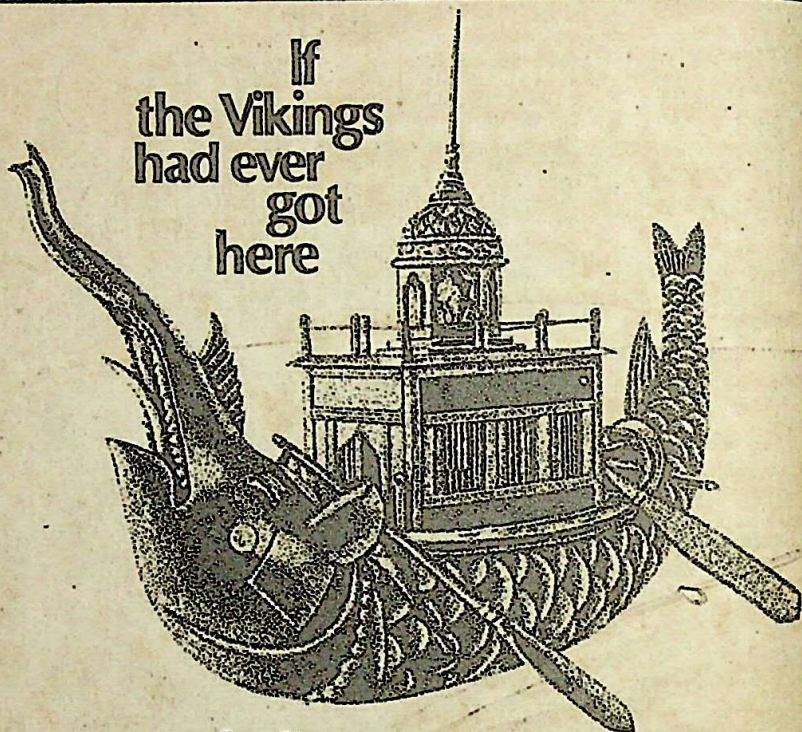
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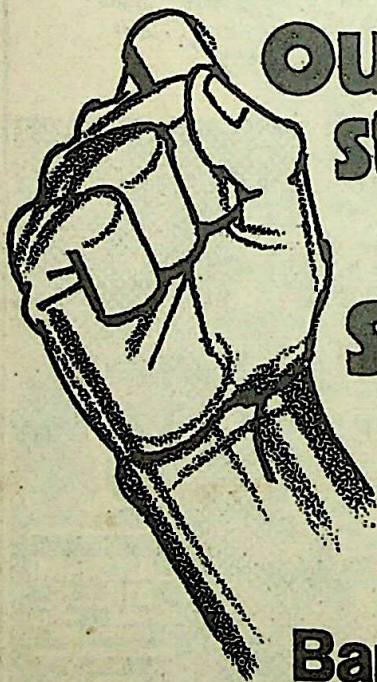
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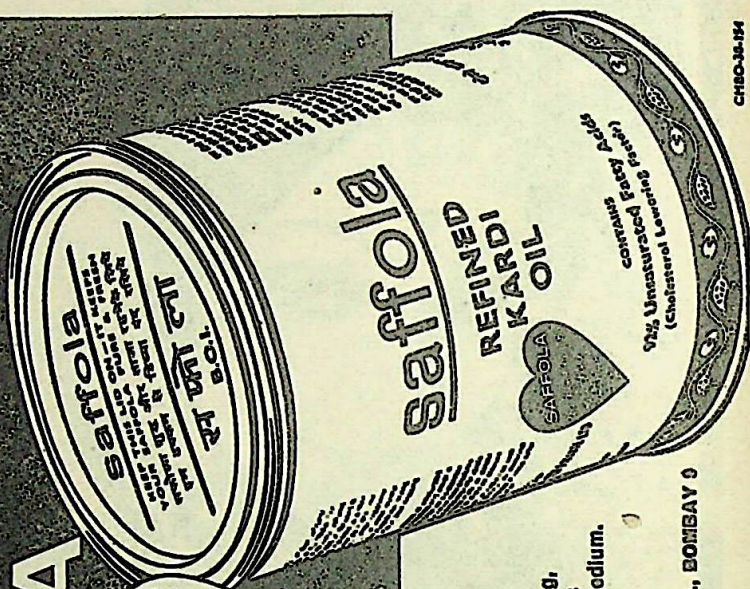
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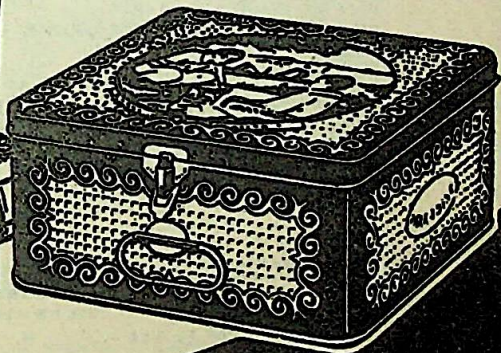
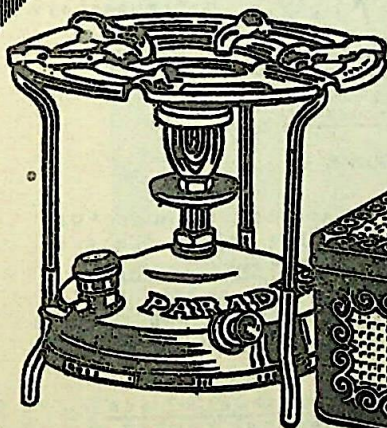
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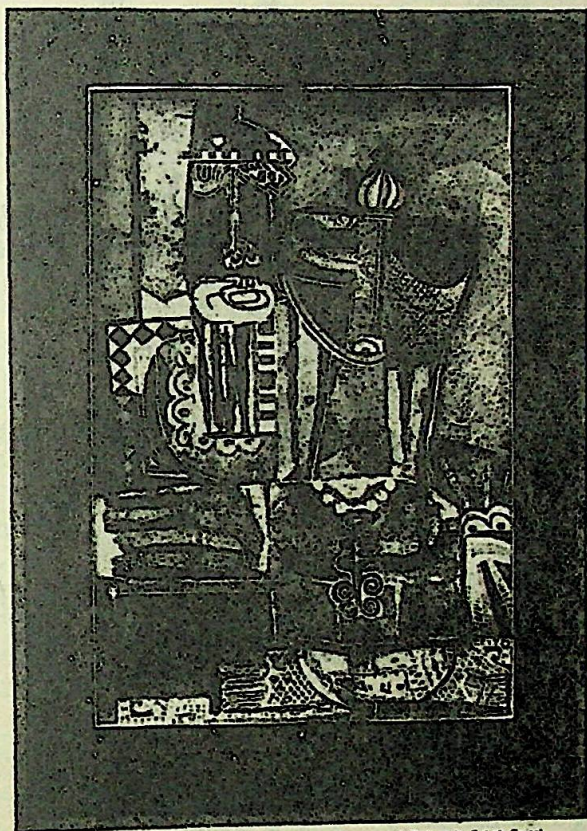
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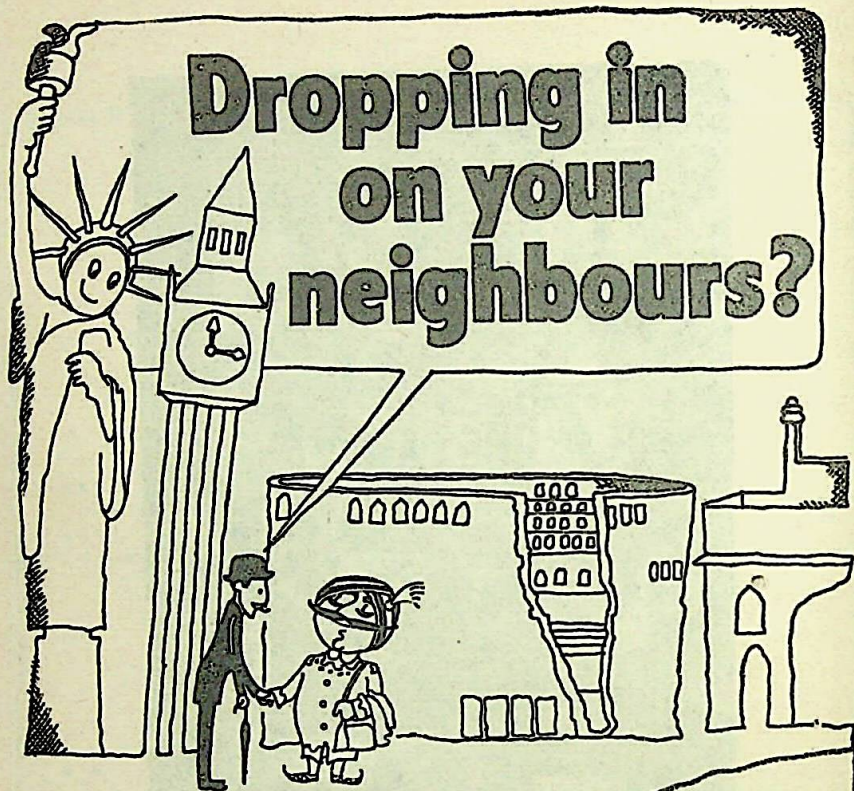
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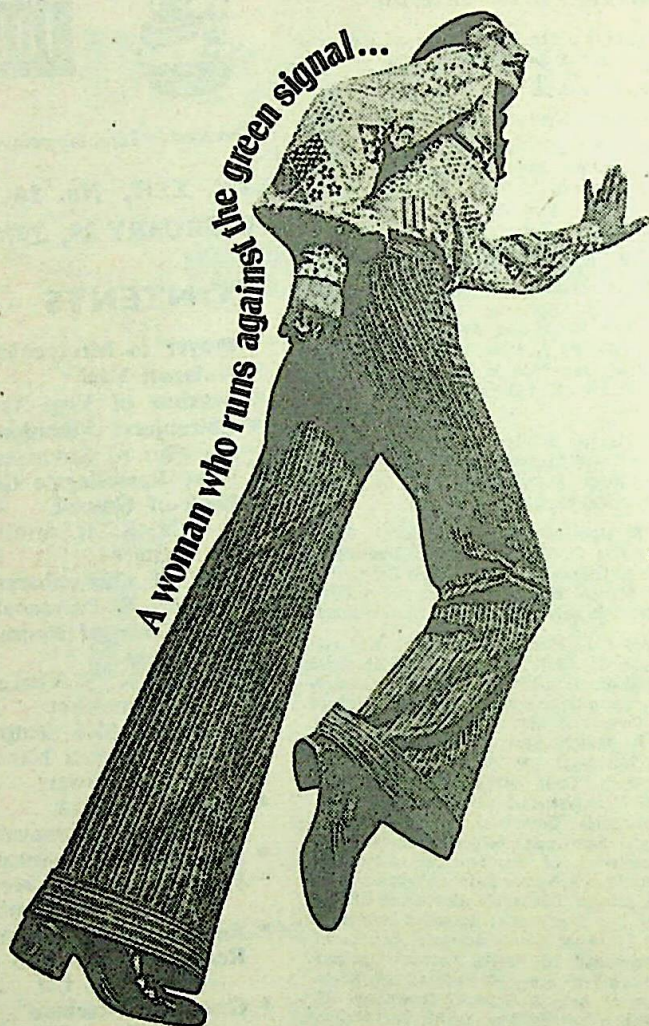
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मृत्युञ्जय की माला

PRAYER TO MRUTYUNJAYA

ॐ त्वय्यं बकं यजामहे सुगन्धिं पुष्टिवर्धनम् ।

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merely as one who is attracted to his country.

India to me is the Mother. I hold every inch of our land in affection.

Whenever I visit a spot, a river, a mountain, with which heroic or sacred memories are associated, my heart glows with pride. The beauty of every scene and sight in our towns or our countryside has an irresistible lure for me. Every folk-song or dance moves me.

Behind our way of life I see a special destiny working. And my heart goes out to my people not in the way of a philanthropist, but in the way of an ardent lover.

The hope, devotion and faith which millions have offered at the shrine for centuries become mine for the moment, and the memory of our forefathers who found solace and strength by worshipping at a shrine, gives me some inspiration.



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★ ★

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★ ★

If there is one virtuous man in a community, the entire community becomes illustrious on account of him, even as a forest becomes known because of one sandalwood tree in it.

★ ★

If the iron breaks, the smith knows how to weld the broken parts together by heating them twice or thrice; but when once the heart is broken, who can mend it?

★ ★

The Goddess of Fortune does not choose to remain but quits the houses of those who indulge ever in falsehood, even as water in a broken vessel never remains therein but comes out.

Affection increases by constant and infinite fellowship. The bitterness of a margosa is not felt by constant eating of it. In the same wise, constant practice makes deeds perfect.

★ ★

It is only the bee that knows the whereabouts of the honeycomb; it is the black bee that knows where the honey is found. So it is the devotee that knows the whereabouts of the Yogi.

★ ★

Wealth accumulated without being enjoyed or given in charity, goes the same way as the honey accumulated by the bee is robbed away by the passer-by.

★ ★

Though cattle are of different colours, the milk yielded by them all is of the same colour. In the same wise, though the flowers are of different varieties, yet, their worship is only of one Lord. Though the scriptures differ, they propound and establish the oneness of God.

★ ★

Though gold is one, it is made into manifold jewellery. Though the soul is one, the bodies enveloping the same are different and many. Similarly, hunger is the same, though it is appeased by varieties of dishes.

★ ★

Whoever claims the earth as his own, he is laughed at by mother Earth. Riches laugh at him who hoards it, without giving in charity; and Yama laughs at the coward who runs away from the battle-field.

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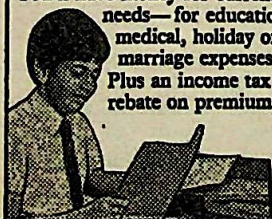


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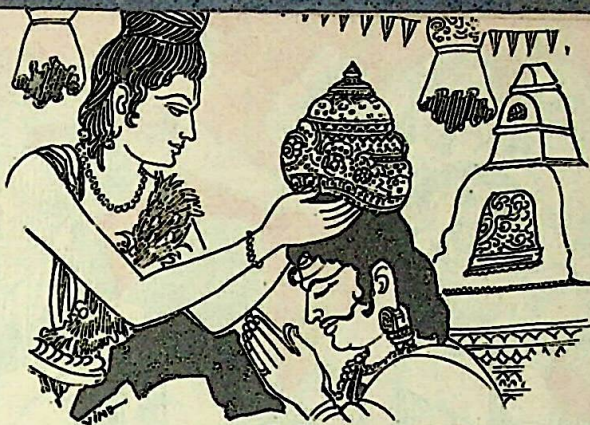


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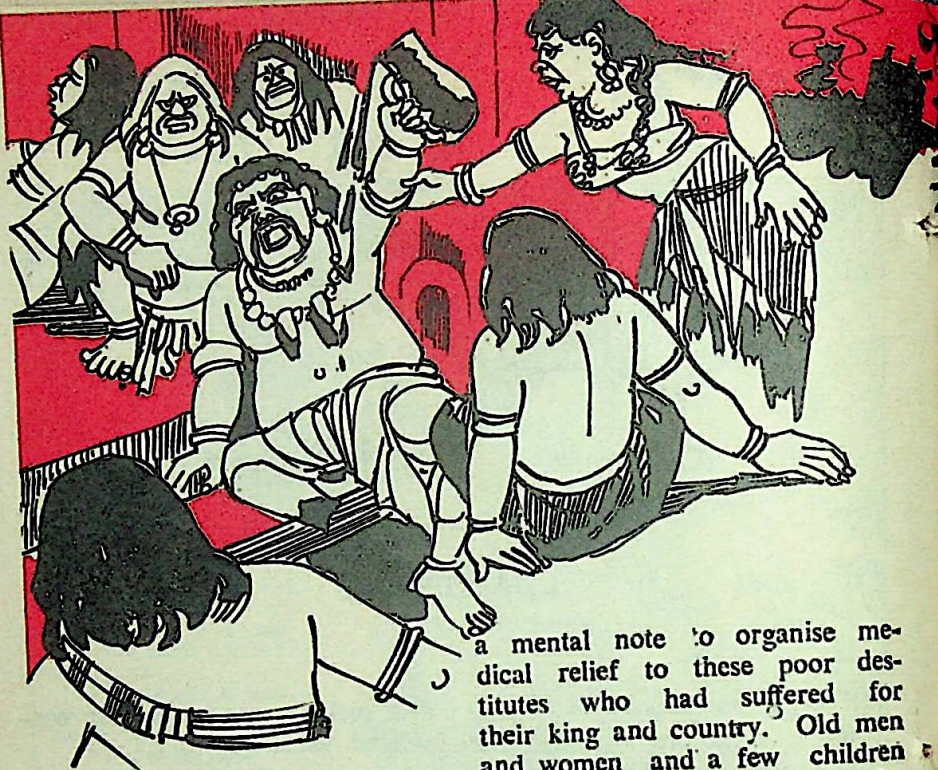
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THERE was desolation everywhere. The fire, started by the Vanara army had left its trail of destruction. Marble mansions, proudly rising to the clouds, now stood like grey skeletons thrusting from the earth. Twisted beams and molten metal were lying about. Humbler homes had been reduced to rubble and cinders. Stray dogs wandered in the streets looking ematiated, rooting in the gutters in search of something to eat and snarling at each other. The prosperous city that was once the pride and glory of Lanka and the envy of all, had a forlorn appearance. Even those palaces and mansions that had escaped the fury of the fire were gloomy and deserted. The occupants had either been killed, or had gone away. And the Vanara soldiers were going round, singing,

and picking up things they considered valuable.

I suppose all conquering armies are the same—maybe a little better or a little worse. They all take your wealth and sport with your women. Often, the commanders are powerless to stop their own soldiers—at least during the first few days. The Vanara army was no exception. The Rakshasa maidens, used to a somewhat permissive life in their own society, did not find it strange that the Vanaras should solicit their favours or that they should oblige them. But what they did not understand was that the Vanaras' own code forbade such behaviour and they ought to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves. I decided to speak to Hanuman about it the next morning.

We Rakshasas are a pleasure-



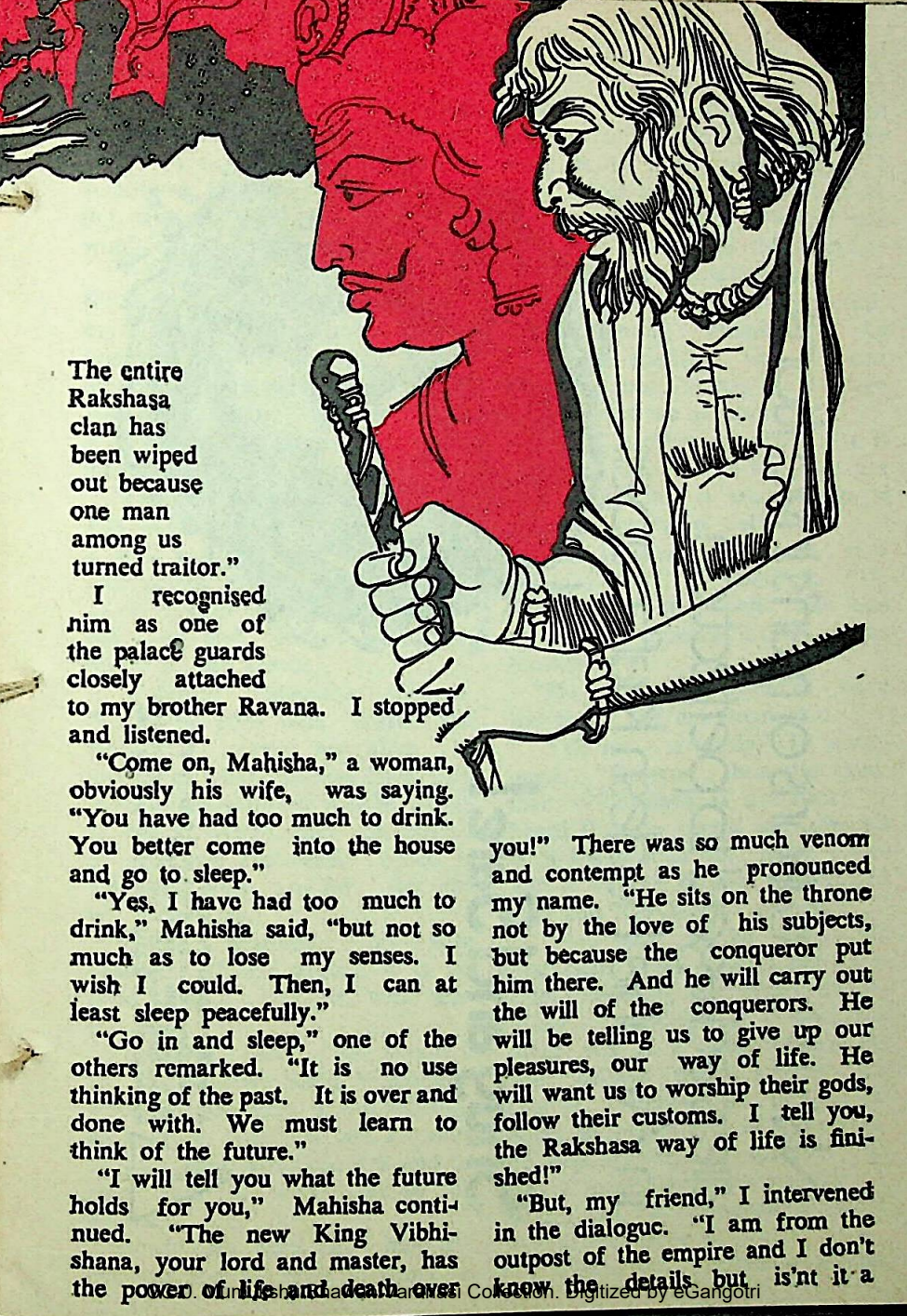
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loving people. We like wine, women and song and indulge in all of them with a freedom unknown to others. The coronation day is a day of celebration, and I thought, hoped—in spite of my own personal aversion—that people would be celebrating my coronation in the usual manner. But what I saw surprised and pained me beyond measure.

There were very few young people since most of them had perished in the recent war. Those that were left were maimed. Men hobbled about on crutches. Many were blind and quite a few were lying in corners, alone, untended and uncared for. Some moaned and cried out in pain. My heart bled for them and I made

a mental note to organise medical relief to these poor destitutes who had suffered for their king and country. Old men and women and a few children sat about in groups, silent for the most part or talking occasionally in whispers. They were all drinking, but they were drinking not hilariously as they used to do, but merely to drown their sorrows. I went from group to group, but no one noticed me or bothered to speak to me. After wandering for quite a while, I came across one group larger than the others, where there was some noise. A Rakshasa, sitting on the stone steps of the building, was holding forth.

"I tell you we were not defeated" he was shouting. He had a jug of wine in his hands and I noticed one of his legs was missing. We were not beaten by valour or superior might. We were destroyed by treachery.



The entire Rakshasa clan has been wiped out because one man among us turned traitor."

I recognised him as one of the palace guards closely attached to my brother Ravana. I stopped and listened.

"Come on, Mahisha," a woman, obviously his wife, was saying. "You have had too much to drink. You better come into the house and go to sleep."

"Yes, I have had too much to drink," Mahisha said, "but not so much as to lose my senses. I wish I could. Then, I can at least sleep peacefully."

"Go in and sleep," one of the others remarked. "It is no use thinking of the past. It is over and done with. We must learn to think of the future."

"I will tell you what the future holds for you," Mahisha continued. "The new King Vibhishana, your lord and master, has the power of life and death over

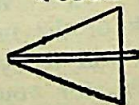
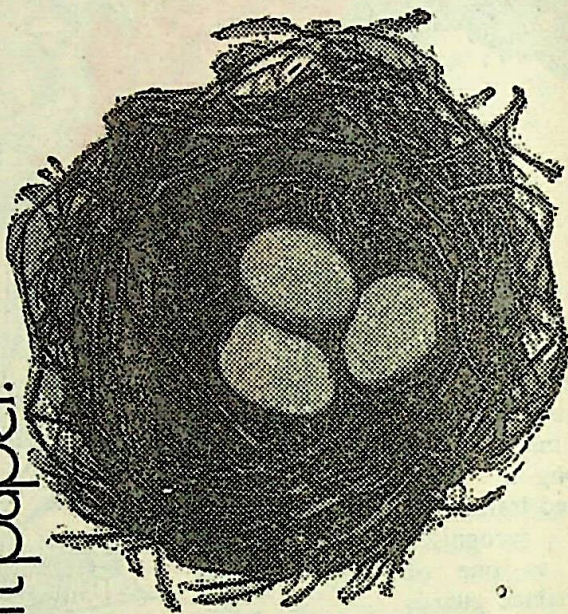
you!" There was so much venom and contempt as he pronounced my name. "He sits on the throne not by the love of his subjects, but because the conqueror put him there. And he will carry out the will of the conquerors. He will be telling us to give up our pleasures, our way of life. He will want us to worship their gods, follow their customs. I tell you, the Rakshasa way of life is finished!"

"But, my friend," I intervened in the dialoguc. "I am from the outpost of the empire and I don't know the details, but isn't it a

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fact that our king imprisoned another man's unwilling wife and tried to make her his own?" According to the Rakshasa thinking, if she had been willing, it would have been quite proper.

"What is wrong with that?" Mahisha shouted. "It happens every day. The women always pretend they are unwilling just to make us desire them all the more. And these pigmy men mutilated our princess Surpanaka. Don't they deserve to be punished?"

"I have heard it said Rama and Lakshmana are not mere men," I said. "They say Rama is an incarnation of Vishnu who had taken human form just to destroy our king and restore the supremacy of the Devas."

"Rubbish!" Mahisha shouted. "Even the gods were scared stiff when our master was alive. In any case, what business have they to interfere with our way of living. If we do wrong, they can punish us after we are dead, which is what the gods are for. But our life is our own."

"Come, Mahisha," his wife pleaded. "Don't argue; it is no good and it will get you into trouble."

"I don't care," he shouted. "If His Majesty King Vibhishana were to come here, I will tell him to his face, 'Sire, you are a traitor to your king, your country and to your clan.' I would like to see his face then."

Slowly, his wife lifted him up. He was too far gone in drink to

resist. Hanging on to her, he hobbled into the house. As he went in, he kept mumbling. "I wish I had lost my life instead of only my leg. Then, I would not have had to witness the humiliation that has overtaken us."

The crowd slowly dispersed, talking among themselves. As they were leaving, one of them said, "At least, he has the courage to say what we all think."

"Yes," another replied. "It is easy to be brave when you are successful. But it takes a lot to be courageous in defeat."

"But I hear Vibhishana is a good man," I ventured. "He surely will not punish any one merely for being loyal to his brother."

"He probably would'nt have the guts," the first man said.

"Tell me seriously," I continued. "Do you honestly think that Vibhishana is a traitor? I heard that he begged and pleaded with his brother to make peace and it was his brother who kicked him and told him to go away."

"That may all be true," the first man spoke slowly and carefully, choosing his words deliberately. "But he went over to the other side at a critical moment and helped them against his brother. Whatever his motives in doing so, in the eyes of the world, he would always be suspect." It was a most significant remark. I would not be condemned but I would always be suspect.

I walked on, to other areas and

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to other groups. Conversation was much the same. They were either silent or critical of the new king. There was no one either to understand his ideals or sympathise with his motives.

In one or two groups, they were discussing my proclamation.

"Vibhishana wants us to gain the love of the entire human race," one man remarked with a tinge of sarcasm. "I wonder how one does that?" "And dear ones," another explained in the same tone.

"It is totally against our character and tradition," a third Rakshasa said seriously.

"We^o can best love them by

eating them," another referred to their habit of eating human flesh. "After all, love of food is the greatest love there is." But no one laughed at his attempt at humour.

In another group, one man asked, "What is this 'new destiny' that Vibhishana is talking about?"

"He will expect us to grow crops instead of looking to other people's granaries," another replied. "He will want us to raise cattle instead of carrying off others' animals. He will make us hold a plough instead of a sword. He will then be able to give alms to Brahmins so that we can all go to heaven when we die. That is our 'new destiny.'"

° "Can anything be done unless everybody exerts himself to his utmost? 'It is the man of action, the lion-heart, that the Goddess of Wealth resorts to.' No need of looking behind. FORWARD! We want infinite energy, infinite zeal, infinite courage, and infinite patience, then only will great things be achieved".

—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

MADRAS REFINERIES

MADRAS - 68.

Selections from Saint Ramalinga's Golden Book of Grace

I

DR. K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Beginning with this issue of the "Bhavan's Journal" we bring to our readers selections from Saint Ramalinga Swamigal's celebrated Tamil Work "Tiru-Arutpa" in the form of a free English rendering by the noted litterateur, Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar.

Born on October 5, 1823 in Marudhur, a small village near Chidambaram in Tamil Nadu, Ramalinga Swamigal had in his early childhood a vision of Lord Siva in the sacred temple of Chidambaram, marking the beginning of an intensely spiritual life which came to a close on January 30, 1874.

Swamigal who came to be known as "Arutpragasava Vallalar" has left behind a rich legacy of spiritual literature in his mother tongue, Tamil, the most well-known of which is "Tiru-Arutpa".

A saint in the line of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa and Ramana Maharshi, Ramalinga Swamigal too did not have any formal education but his hymns, came as they did from the intuitive depths of his inner realisation, have rightly earned their place among the immortal mystic literature of the world.

One who had conquered death while living by becoming the beloved of the "Deathless One", Saint Ramalinga felt that he was commissioned by Lord Nataraja to spread the message that God can be realised by man "here and now."



Apart from singing the glory of the Lord in his spontaneous hymns which have become the source of solace for myriads of spiritually-hungry souls, Saint Ramalinga, with the descent of God's Grace on him, became an embodiment of compassion. Though the Saint never-cared for money, it came to him unsought and in 1867 he established in Vadalur what is known as "Satya Dharma Salai," an institution for feeding the poor without any distinction of caste, creed, sex or religion, an institution that continues to serve the needy and the indigent even today. Saint Ramalinga stood for universal brotherhood and preached the divinity of man and unity of god-head.

The English rendering of selected hymns of the Saint by Dr. Srinivasa Iyengar will enable the English-reading public to get an idea of the spiritual eminence of Saint Ramalinga, aptly described as the "Bard of Sweetness and Light."

Dr. Iyengar who is presently Vice-President of the Sahitya Akademi (National Academy of Letters) and Honorary Professor of English, Andhra University, is a well-known literary figure with more than 10 books in English to his credit, including Indo-Anglian Literature, Sri Aurobindo and The Mind and Heart of Britain. Shri Iyengar, now 67, stays at Matri Bhavan, Mylapore, Madras—Ed.

1

*Thinking of the great Sun's diurnal course
and the dreaded run of Time,
Grieve not worried about the god of death
and his angry attention.
Remember Markandeya's victory,
and chant Na-ma-si-va-ya:
The Name of the Lord is the sure refuge
of all those that haste to Him.*

(991)

2

*Faster and faster I mounted the steps,
I sipped nectar in amaze.
My mind softened and melted, tears flowed free,
and thoughts simmered in delight.
Then illuminative wisdom welled up,
and I saw the saffron Lord;
And instead of my usual skin-and-bone,
I had a golden body.*

(5482).

3

*In the middle passage of the night one day
You half-stepped into my room
And deigned to place in my reluctant hand
what is now my key to bliss.
How do I deserve this? Did I perform
any rare austerities?*

(3063)

4

*O Lord, You are gold, jewel, adornment,
purity within, without:
You are entire earth and sea and mountain,
and moon, sun and the heavens.
You are beginning, end and realm between:
from the cloud-burst of your Grace
Issue forth the full resonant thunder,
the flash, and the flooding bliss.*

(2082)

5

*You are indeed my life, O Lord, the life :
 of my life, and my Soul's mate;
 You are my own mother and father both,
 my rare treasure, my heart's love;
 O my Lord Protector, you're all my kith
 and my whole Code of Dharma;
 My Guru-elect and bliss of union,
 and my complete existence.*

(2138)

6

*O Lord! You are seed and sprout and seedling,
 the pith and marrow of all;
 Foliage, fruit and their beneficiary,
 segment and the fulfilled whole;
 The essence and experience and bliss,
 poise of cosmic witness self:
 You are the precious ruby and the pearl,
 • sole immortal Diamond!*

(2073)

7

*O my mind! feel not perturbed by disease
 or diseased self-deception.
 A sure remedy is here in my hand,
 the shining-white holy ash.
 As for the terrible disease of lust,
 Namasivaya's the cure,
 The flame-like Name of the generous Lord,
 Shiva of the matted locks.*

(992)

8

*In the mind's sanctuary lies the Real:
 Grace Abounding, verily:
 The heart of Veda; like woman, fair-formed;
 ineffable; fiery-eyed:
 Without beginning or definition,
 and beyond extinction too.
 Lodged in the heart, and seated with Mother,
 and one with those one with Him.*

(1383, 1384)

9

O Mother, *Vadivudai Maanikkam!*
 sea's nectar! red sugar-cane!
 Fruit of the Tree of Plenty and of Grace!
 soul and quintessence within!
 Infallible cure! consort of the Lord
 of Otri riding the Bull!
 The bud is opening, O Efflorescence
 of Illumination!

(1386)

10

You're the mountain within the grasp of Love,
 sovereign Power in Love's hut;
 You're the omnipresence caught in Love's net,
 O nectar held in Love's hand;
 You're the ocean contained in Love's pitcher,
 Light of Knowledge that is Love;
 O Effulgence packed in atomic Love,
 O Lord incarnate as Love!

(3269)

11

High heavens pouring down nectar of Grace:
 great unitive Effulgence:
 Shiva of hundred-petalled feet stationed
 on my hundred-petalled heart:
 Spouse who won me over when young in years,
 and I was all innocence:
 Power of transcendence that can raise men
 to the level of the gods:
 Bliss ineffable, beyond argument,
 attainable here and now:
 Fullness and wholeness inexpressible
 doubled with self-exceeding:
 Retriever who embraced me and ended
 my slumber of ignorance:
 O dweller in immaculate ether,
 my Guru Nataraja!

(3684)

The numbers within brackets indicate the numbering of the original Tamil hymns as in Ooran Adigal's definitive two-volume edition of *Tiru-Arutpa*, published in 1972.



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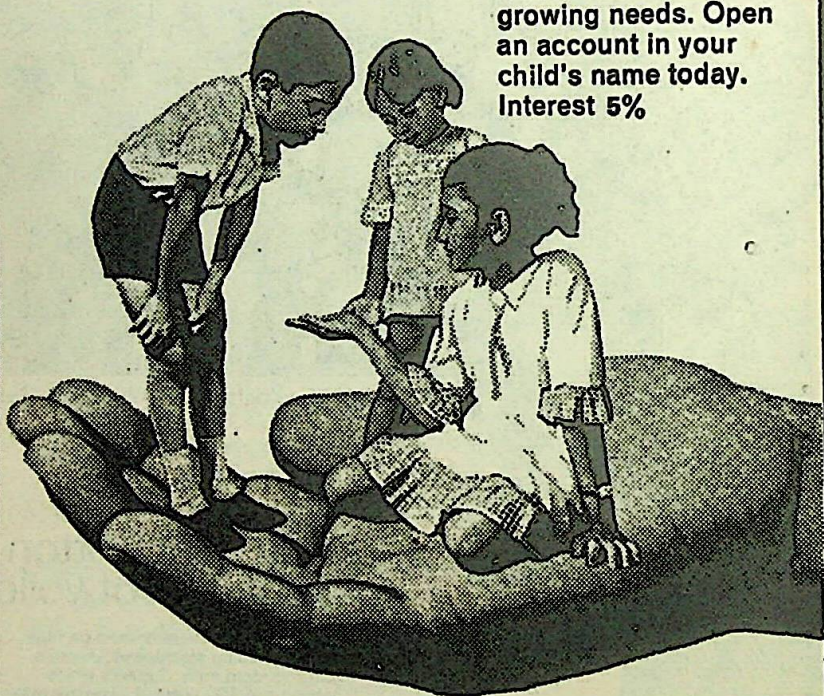
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THE SAGA OF CHIDAMBARAM

S. PADMANABHAN

THE image of Nataraja, the dancing form of Lord Siva, is a synthesis of science, religion and art. According to the modern scientists, atom is nothing but a microscopic, indivisible particle in perpetual motion within a circle. If there is such a motion there must be a mover. If the mover is immanent he must be in motion too. •

In the figure of Nataraja, both the mover and the moved are depicted in life-like shape. Here science is personified in art combined with religion. The conception of Nataraja is a fine example of the artistic genius of the South. It can be considered as the greatest work of religious art in the modern scientific world.

The dance of Siva represents the rhythm and movements of the world spirit. You can witness the dance of Siva in the rising Sun, in the waves of the ocean, in the rotation of the planets, in lightning and thunder and in cosmic *pralaya*. The whole cosmic play or activity or *leela* is the dance of Siva. All the movements within the cosmos are His dance. Without Him no one moves. He dances quite gently. If he dances vehemently, the



The Cosmic Dance of Lord Siva

whole earth will sink down at once. He dances with his eyes closed, because the sparks from His eyes will consume the entire universe.

The mystic dance of Siva is given a very profound interpretation in verse 36 of *Unmai Vilakkam*. Nataraja has four hands which signifies that He dances in all the four directions of the universe. His loose and whirl-

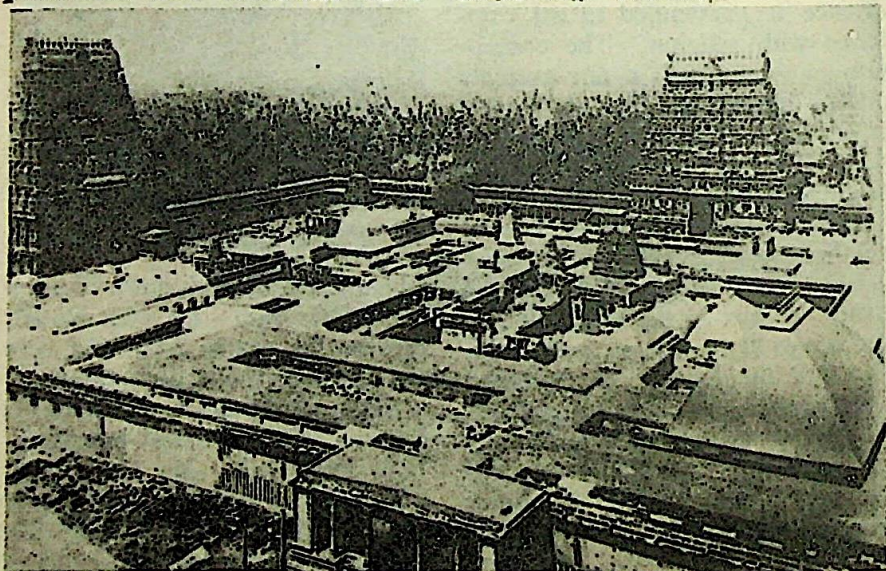
ing matted lock and the oscillating belt around his waist show that He always dances without any rest. His upper right hand holds a small drum. It indicates that God is the source of sound. In philosophical language He is said to be *Nada-Brahmam*. "The word is in God and the word is God." The sounds of all the alphabets have come out of the play of the drum. It represents *OM* from which all languages are formed. The very figure of Nataraja also stands for the *pranava, OM*.

The upper left hand in *ardha-chandra mudra* carries a blazing fire, the element of final destruction of the universe. We know that fire is the only element that destroys matter. The lower right hand in *abhaya mudra* bestows protection. The lower left hand

in *gaja hasta* posture which points to the lifted foot shows that His feet are the sole refuge of the individual souls. The lifted foot stands for the release from Maya.

The dance of Siva is for the welfare of the world. The object of His dance is to free the souls from the fetters of Maya. At His dance, the evil forces and darkness quiver and vanish. He is dancing over the body of Muyalaka who is the embodiment of ignorance, the destruction of which is prerequisite to enlightenment, true wisdom and release from bondage of existence. The *prabha-mandala* round the figure of Nataraja symbolises the dance of Nature (*Prakriti*), the never-ending life struggle of creatures in the universe.

Number Five is closely associated with Nataraja. The dance



General View of the Temple at Chidambaram

is also identified with *Panchakshara*. *Panchakshara* is a *maha mantra* which is composed of five letters NA-MA-SI-VA-YA which denote the *Panchakriyas* or the five actions of the Lord namely *Srishti* (creation), *Sthiti* (preservation), *Samhara* (destruction), *Tirobhava* (veiling or illusion) and *Anugraha* (blessing).

All the creations evolve from the combination of the five elements—earth, water, fire, wind and ether. Tradition says that in the South there are five Sivalingas corresponding to the five elements. Lord Siva is worshipped as *Prithvi* or earth at Kanchipuram, as *Ap* or water at Jambukesapuram, as *Tejas* or fire at Tiruvannamalai, as *Vayu* or wind at Kalahasti, and as *Akasa* or ether at Chidambaram.

Our ancient scholars classified the dance of Siva into five categories such as *Arputha Tandava* (wonderful), *Ananda Tandava* (blissful), *Anavaratha Tandava* (incessant), *Samhara Tandava* (destruction) and finally *Pralaya Tandava* (deluge). They believed that the eternal dances take place in Courtalam, Chidambaram, Madurai, Tirunelveli and Tiruvalankadu respectively for the welfare of mankind. They are also called Chitra Sabha (Hall of painting), Ponnambalam (Hall of gold), Velliambalam (Hall of silver), Tamra Sabha (Hall of copper) and Ratna Sabha (Hall of gem).

Chidambaram Temple

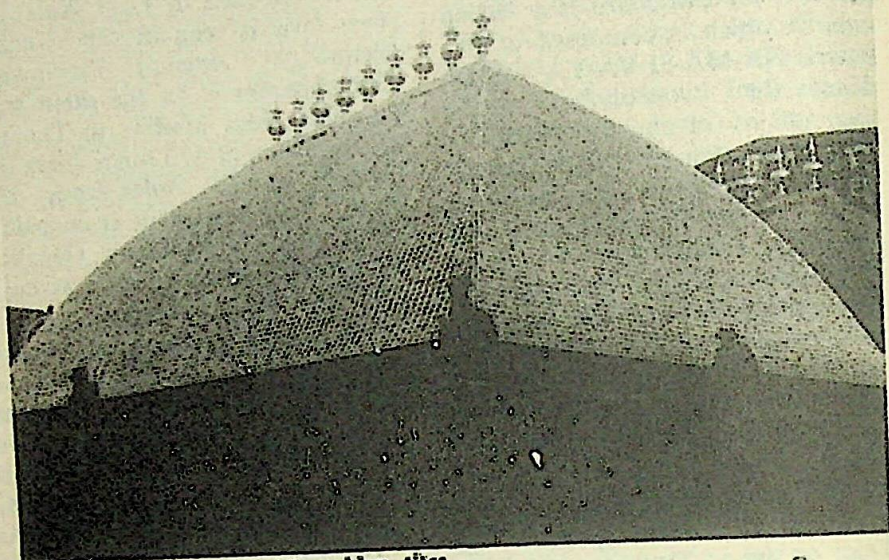
The temple at Chidambaram is

entirely devoted to Lord Nataraja. Here Siva is seen in the dancing posture of *Ananda Tandavam*. Chidambaram is on the main railway line from Madras to Tanjore at a distance of 132 miles from the former and 65 miles from the latter. This holy place is considered as Bhuloka Kailasam (Heaven on earth) and the temple is called "Koil" by Saivites.

The temple of Nataraja is one of the oldest in South India and its architecture is a fine specimen of Dravidian style. There are five Sabhas in the temple—the Chit Sabha, Kanaka Sabha, Deva Sabha, Nritta Sabha and Raja Sabha.

The Chit Sabha is the sanctum sanctorum of the temple. At this sacred place the Lord is said to have danced in the presence of his two devotees Vyaghrapada (tiger-footed) and Patanjali (snake-bodied). Tradition says that Vyaghrapada obtained tiger's feet so that he could easily climb up the trees and pluck plenty of flowers for worship. Patanjali is considered to be an incarnation of Adishesha. To the right side of the image of Nataraja is a veil or curtain which is removed on specific occasions when *Pooja* is performed. It is known as Chidambara Rahasyam (the secret of Chidambaram). Here Lord Siva is worshipped as *Akasa*. A garland of golden Bilva leaves can be seen here. According to tradition Nataraja dances here in the sacred space.

Kanaka Sabha is the hall in front of the Chit Sabha. The hall



The Vimana covered with golden tiles

has a golden roof. Hence it is called Ponnambalam. "Pon" means gold and "Ambalam" means temple. The five steps leading to the golden-pillared and canopied hall are plated with silver and are said to signify the five letters of the *Panchakshara Mantra*. The Kanaka Sabha is in the centre of the temple in the same position in which the heart is located in the human body. The nine *Kalasa*s on the roof represent the nine powers (Nava Saktis). The 64 rafters signify the 64 kinds of art.

Deva Sabha in the second *prakara* is the meeting place of the *Dikshitar*s for administrative purposes. The *utsava* idols are placed here and valuable ornaments are preserved in the underground room. Among the ornaments it is said that one pendent presented by

the Emperor Nala and the other three presented by Tippu Sultan are most important.

The Nritta Sabbha consists of a *mandapa*—adorned with wheels and prancing horses on either side to represent a celestial vehicle, supported by 56 pillars, about eight feet high, most delicately carved from top to bottom. Fergusson describes it as being "more graceful and more elegantly executed than any other of their class, so far as I know, in South India."

Raja Sabha contains the famous thousand-pillared hall of 350 × 250 feet, from which a good view of the inner shrine can be obtained.

Apart from the Sabhas there are many small shrines inside the temple. The shrine of Subramanya abounds in beautiful carvings. On the south-west of the inner *prakara*

is the shrine of Govindarajaperumal (Vishnu) who is said to have witnessed the dance of the Lord. From a particular point, one can have *darshan* of Nataraja and Govindarajaperumal at the same time. In the south-west corner of the second *prakara* is the shrine of Vinayaka and it is said that there is no other image of Vinayaka in India as big as this. The temple of Sivakami Amman has a remarkable porch. In the western side of the Raja Sabha is a tank called Sivaganga which is 175 × 100 feet with a colonnade around it. It is said that Simha Varman, a Pallava King (550-575 A.D.) got his chronic disease cured after taking a bath in the tank.

There are four *gopurams* in four directions, the northern and the southern ones being 160 feet high. The *gopuram* on the east and south have perfect sculptural representations of 108 postures of the Hindu classical art of dance, listed in the well-known *Natyasastra* of Bharata. The *gopuram* on the northern entrance to the temple was built by Krishna Deva Raya of Vijayanagar in commemoration of his victory over the Kings of Orissa in 1520 A.D.

Its Role

Chidambaram has played a great part in the lives of several leading Tamil saints, bards and philosophers. All the four great Saiva Samayacharyas are closely connected with this holy place. Appar met Sambandar at Chidambaram

and the two became close associates. Legend says that Sundarar renounced the world and came to Chidambaram where he had a divine message to go to Tiruvavur. Manickavasakar, the author of *Tiruvachakam* performed several miracles at this place. The dancing God of Chidambaram has been depicted as the hero in his other work *Tirukkoviya*. The story of Nanda, a celebrated Harijan devotee of Siva, centres round this shrine and its deity, and Nanda's image can be seen even today in a corner near Nritta Sabha. Adi Sankara is said to have presented a *spatika linga* and a *Chakra* to this temple. Sekkilar, the chief minister of Kulothunga II (Anabaya Chola) who ruled the land from 1133 to 1150 A.D., composed *Periyapuranam* and expounded his work in the thousand pillared hall as desired by the King. Sri Ramalinga Swami, the author of *Tiru Arutpa*, and Umapathi Sivacharya, the author of *Koil Puranam*, also belong to Chidambaram.

The inscriptions of the temple have been copied by the Madras Epigraphical Department during the years from 1888 to 1918 A.D. It is remarkable that while the history of the place goes to the age of *Thevaram* i.e., the Pallava period (7th century A.D.), no record even of the early Cholas are to be found in its walls, the earliest being Rajendra Chola I (985-1014 A.D.), and Kulothunga I (1070-1136 A.D.)

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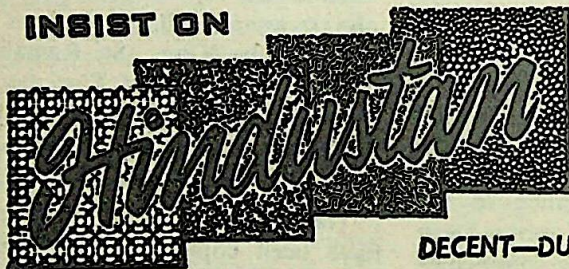
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Among the festivals of the temple, the *abhisheka* during the Tamil month of Ani (July) known as *Ani Tirumanjanam* and *Ardraa Darsanam* during the month of Markali (December) are most important. A large number of pilgrims not only from all parts of Tamil Nadu but also from Ceylon gather here during these days.

Tirumular in his *Tirumandiram* writes that "Chidambaram is everywhere, everywhere is His dance. The dance of the Lord takes place in the heart and the Self of every individual." That is why Manickavasakar praised Chidambaram as a holy place revered by the whole world.

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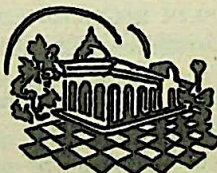
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**HIND**

Maha Sivaratri which falls this year on February 28 is a very sacred day for the worship of Siva. Thousands of devotees of the three-eyed God will on this day be reciting "Rudram," the significance of which is explained in this article by the author who is the "Nirvakasthar" of the Hindu Dharma Paripalana Sabha, Madras, which conducts a Veda Pathasala for teaching Rig, Yajur and Sama Vedas.

The article will conclude with the next issue.

—Ed.

Significance of Rudra Parayanam

K. S. VENKATASUBRAMANIAM

1

THE *Rudradhyaya* which is selected as a prayer hymn by the Rigvedins, as a sacrificial chant by the Yajurvedins, and is sung with delight by the Samavedins, is part and parcel of the fifth chapter of the *Yajurveda*.

The ancient sages have discussed at full length the significance as also the import of the prayers contained in this *Adhyaya*, which forms part of the daily services.

There have been several interpretations of the term *Rudra*.

Bhatta Bhaskara in his Commentary on the *Rudradhyaya* has given the different derivations. Rudra is one who melts away all miseries connected with life (*Rudram. Samsaradukham drava-*

yatiti). Rudra is one who dispels all that is inauspicious (*asubha dravako Rudrah*). Rudra is always associated with Tejas and in turn he ignites the fire of knowledge (*Rudrastejasviti*).

It is only Rudra who could console those who are in bondage and afflicted with the ties of Samsara. It is Rudra who can liberate those who struggle in the eddies and brambles of existence and thus save them from torpitude. It is Rudra who in the form of *pranava* makes himself known to all the mortals. (*Tridha baddho vrshabhororaviti mahadevo martyam avivesa*). Assuming the form of the Vedas, he reviews Dharma etc. It is Rudra who flows at the end

of every sound (*Nadantedravati*).

The *Svarupa* of Rudra as described in the *Mahabharata* is as follows: Holding in his hand the bow of Omkara, strung with the thread of Savitri, Rudra drives the four horses (in the form of Vedas) tied to the chariot which represents all the gods (*Sarvadevamaya*).

The Pauraniks state that the bow of this Rudra is Kanakasaila or Mount Meru itself. While narrating the exploits of Siva which are mysterious and enigmatic, the disciples of Siva exclaim "O Sankara, (Sankara is the foremost among the 11 Rudras), You cannot be easily understood even by Brahma and other gods." *Charitani vichitrani guhyani gahanani cha: Brahmadinanam cha sarvesham durvigneyo 'si Sankara.*)

The disciples of the Sage Yagnavalkya enquired as to whether one could attain immortality by mere *Japa*. The sage replied that this could be achieved only by chanting *Satarudriya*.

According to *Kaivalya Upnishad*, the person who recites *Satarudriya* attains purity. He will be freed from all sins.

Sage Satatapa says "He who recites the *Rudradhyaya* will extricate himself from all sins." Atri and Angirasa opine that 11 readings of *Rudradhyaya* (*Rudraikadasini*) with the meditation of the form of Maheshwara will, without any doubt, liberate one from all sins.

While describing the merits that

would accrue by the offering of prayers to Lord Siva, the *Vayu Purana* states as follows: "He who conducts the worship of Lord Siva by meditation will, without any doubt, acquire greater merit than what is gained by the gift of extensive land (up to the limit of the oceans), abounding wealth in the shape of precious stones and minerals, covered by mountain ranges, forests etc."

According to the *Smritis*, he who conducts prayers by reciting the *Chamaka*, *Namaka* and *Purusha Suktas* will certainly rise up to the Brahma region. Just as the owner enters his house, the reciter of these hymns will have access to Mahadeva. One who has smeared his body with the holy ashes, leads a life of restraint and conducts the *Rudra Japa* constantly will not only attain immunity from sins and disease but also reach the highest goal.

Sage Sankha says: "To him who has committed sins secretly, the *Satarudriya* will serve as a *prayaschitta* (Penitentiary psalm).

In view of several gods having been described in *Rudradhyaya*, it is otherwise called *Satarudriya*. The first and foremost of all these gods is Rudra who is the seer of all activities—past, present and future. The person who chants this *Mahamantra* in any form (*Japa*, *Homa*, *Abhisheka*) will undoubtedly be freed from anxieties (fear) and live in a peaceful state (*Yachchata Rudriyam juhotiyai vaasya ghoratanustantena*

sannayati).

Now coming to the different acquisitions that one could attain by the conduct of worship with these hymns, the prayer styled *Yata isuhu Sivata* will certainly drive away famine from the country and the seeker of food (*Annar-shi*) will realise his desired object.

The prayers *Yate Rudra Sivatanuraghoran* and *Mrdanorudrotano* bring happiness to cattle. Lord Pasupati will be pleased and liberate his devotees from all miseries and keep them happy. *Yamisum girisantahaste* is the prayer to avert danger to trees etc. The hymn, *Sivena vachasatva* will avert danger to life. The king who recites *Adhyavo cha dadhi-vakta* will live long.

One who desires progeny begets children by the recital of *Namo astu nilagrivaya* and *Pathino Rudrasya hetirvrnaktum*, near the banks of a river or in a shrine. The person who aspires for kingdom (*Rajyakama*) has to conduct prayer with the hymn *Pramuncha dhanvanohyeti*. When enemies besiege the country, the hymn *Parite dhanvano hetirasman vrnaktu visvatah*, if chanted, will make the enemies run away.

The fourth *Anuvaka* of the *Rudradhyaya* will serve as a cure against deadly diseases like *Rajyakshma*. The persons who aspire for wealth, health, intelligence etc. will easily get their desires fulfilled by the recital of the seventh *Anuvaka*. Rudra will be pleased with the

reading of the ninth *Anuvaka* and will confer His blessings on the devotees. By constant meditation, the neophyte will not only realise his *istārtha* but also attain *mano-javitva* (volition). Enteric and other types of fever could be cured by the recital of *Drape andhasaspate daridrannila lohita*, and the aspirant will also attain longevity. The Mantra *Yate Rudra Sivatanu* will act as a talisman for the embryo (*Garbha rakshana Kavacha*). The Mantra *Imam Rudraya tavase kapardine* serves as *manasika-Puja*.

The *Rudradhyaya* has to be recited with the double aim of *Karma* and *Jnana* (*Karma* for the purpose of getting one's duties performed, and *Jnana* for the realisation of knowledge and in the end the attainment of the highest goal). One can attain all his desires by a thorough knowledge of truths that are latent in *Rudradhyaya*.

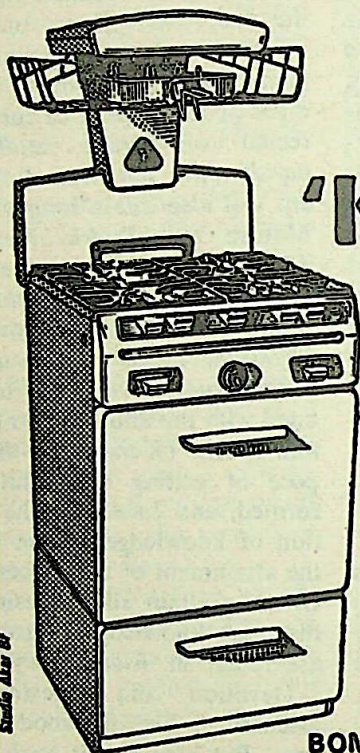
Devotion and earnestness are essential. The firewood may be dry. But how can it burn without fire? The *Smritis* emphatically say that constant *Japa* or *Anushtana* alone will tend to the attainment of bliss.

The place (village or town) where one conducts service to Rudra with the aid of this hymn will always be free from hunger, thirst, famine and pestilence:

*Rudradhyayi vasedyattra grame
va nagare pi va*

*Na tatra kshutpipasadyadur
bhiksha vyadhayo pi cha.*

(To be continued)



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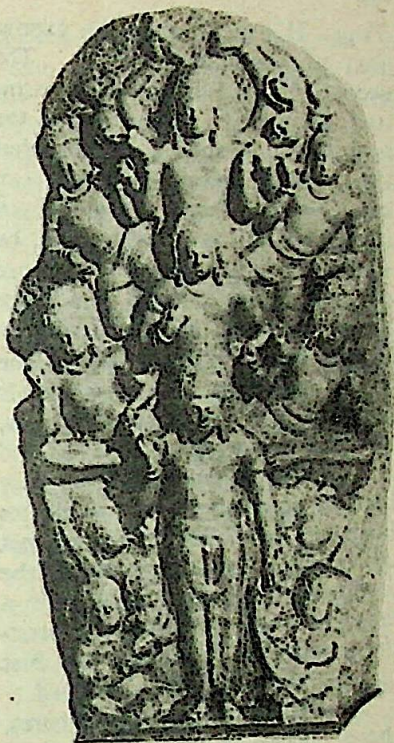
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A COLOSSAL and monolithic image, measuring 13½ feet in height, was unearthed during the course of a road construction at Parel, in the vicinity of Bombay, and is now exhibited in the Prince of Wales Museum, Bombay.

The beautifully executed image, representing the majestic concept of Great Lord Siva in its most sensitive and liveliest form, is hewn out of a block of white granite. The sculpture, generally assigned to a period between 6th-7th century, is a unique find of ancient art treasure with no parallel in regard to the representation of the different aspects of Siva together.

The entire representation comprises a group of seven male figures, three of them standing in the centre as emanating from each other in a vertical row. The central figures are flanked, on either side, by two figures in hovering pose and emerging from the central ones. The first figure in the centre, from below, is standing in the *Samapadsthānaka-mudra* (standing erect). The two-armed deity, bare from the waist upwards and wearing a folded *dhoti* extended down to the ankles, is showing the *vyakhyana-mudra* (gesture of teaching) with a rosary held in two fingers in right hand, while the symbol borne in the hanging left is perhaps a conch. The figure decked with bracelets, armlets, and necklace wears *Jata-mukta* (matted head dress) with small lateral *jata* hanging over shoulders, and appears in guise similar to that of a great Hindu



A UNIQUE SIVA SCULPTURE FROM PAREL

MARUTI NANDAN PRASAD TIWARI

Yogi. His face evinces an expression of tranquil austerity. The second figure, possessing two arms and appearing from behind the first figure in such a manner that the portion upwards his hips can only be seen, bears a water-vessel in left hand, and with right he shows the *dhyana-mudra* (gesture of meditation). From this figure again emerges a third one similarly seen from the hips upwards. The figure possessing ten arms holds a sword, a noose, a shield, a bow, two discs, a water-vessel (?) and the *vyakhyana-mudra* with a rosary held in two fingers. The attributes borne in two other hands are not discernible. Saiva character of the sculpture is unquestionable, for a crescent mark, adorning the head-dresses of the third and the first figures, can easily be discerned.

Besides three central figures, there occur four other lateral figures, two on each side, issuing from the shoulders of the central ones. These four figures, possessing two arms, are more or less analogous to the central figures in regard to their countenance, build and attire. The flanking figures, each wearing short *dhoti*, earrings, necklace, armlets, bracelets, show with the right hand, in three cases, the *abhaya-mudra* (may be *vyakhyana-mudra* even); while remaining one is hanging. The left hand, on the other hand, bears, in three cases, a water-vessel, while in one it is fruit (*matulinga*). The legs of these figures are carved in the attitude of

flight. The three central, motionless figures are completely in a state of harmony; while the flanking figures are sculptured in action. The outstanding feature of this sculpture is the tendency to incarnate all the seven figures with a view to their unification. The other significant feature of the sculpture is the representation of similar *jata-mukta* with hanging lateral strands on the heads of all the figures, which evidences that all the seven figures are the manifestation of different aspects of one and the same divinity, which, of course, is Siva, as is certain by reason of the representations of both the crescent and the *jata-mukta*.

On the lowermost level of the sculpture is sculptured a group of six dwarfish musicians, probably meant for representing *ganas* associated with Siva, holding tambour and flute in their hands. Of the six figures, only two are complete and lucid. The massiveness of the sculpture is intended to represent the strength and vigour of the great Lord Siva, which also is reflected in depiction of the lion-like chests and broad shoulders of these figures. In this bold and monumental work the artist, instead of paying much attention to the ornamentation, has concentrated more on the inner visualization.

The problem of identifying the image in question has been a very intricate and controversial one since the time of its discovery; and the scholars making efforts in this

direction have not yet unanimously arrived at any definite conclusion. We now propose to say about the stand-points of different scholars with a view to finding plausible identification. Dr. Aiyangar thinks that the third or the top figure of the central row possibly represents Sadasiva or the highest Siva in the fifth stage of karmic enterprise; while the second and the first figures of the triad form two sets of Trimurtis together with the four lateral emanating figures. But this view is easily refutable on the basis that the representation of two sets of Trimurtis together does not find mention in any of the Saiva scriptures, and also because no such other instance is known to us.

Some scholars hold that the central figures signify the concept of Siva linga, from which other subsidiary forms of Siva are being emanated. The same can be inferred from the study of a sculpture representing Siva linga and coming as it does from Gudimallam in South India, where Siva in human form is portrayed standing in front of the linga. As against the Gudimallam example showing single figure of Siva, our instance contains seven figures and the representation of the linga itself is absent here. We may, on the basis of above two reasons, easily nullify the above identification.

Prof. V.S. Agrawal opines that the Parel image represents the Ashtamurti form of Siva and in support of his notion, he alluded

to the descriptions to be found in such Gupta period literature, as the *Malavikagnimitra* and the *Abhijnanasakuntal*, making explicit mention of the following forms of Siva, namely, Earth (Sadyojata), water (Vamadeva), Fire (Aghora), Air (Tatpurusha), Space (Ishana), Sun (Prana), Moon (Apana), Yajamana (Manastattva). According to those works, Siva upholds the whole creation by means of aforesaid eight forms. In the sculpture, according to him, seven figures are arranged in superimposed register and the eighth or the Ugra Murti is not represented at all. But this identification, too, is to be discarded for the following reasons. First, in sculptures generally, Ishana (Space), being inconceivable and invisible, is not carved. Second, in the representation of Ashtamurti there should be some basic differences in regard to the attributes, guise and other features of all the eight figures. Lastly, such references to the Ashtamurti, absent in the earlier scriptures, occur only in the Gupta and the Post-Gupta literatures.

According to Prof. Banerjee, the sculpture may stand for the Mantresvara or the lords of Saiva Mantras described in Saiva Agamas. The five formulas or Mantras, mentioned in the Taittiriya Aranyaka (X, 43-7) and Mahanarayaniya Upanishad (17), are associated by the commentator with the five aspects of Siva, i.e., Sadyojata, Vamadeva, Aghora, Tatpurusha

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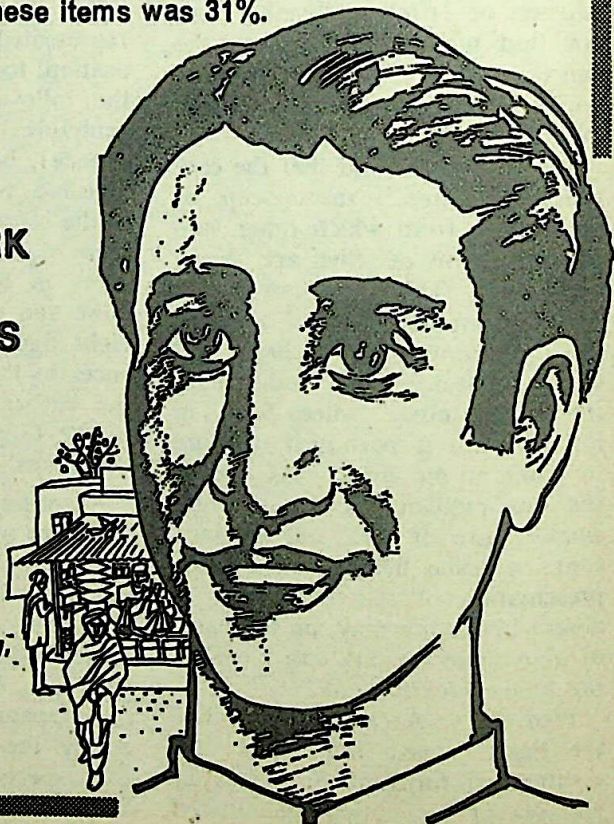
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and Ishana. Thus five only of the emanating figures may be connected with these five forms, and the main figure then may represent Siva Mantresvara, and the remaining one at the top (multi-armed) may represent Mahesvara aspect of the god. His notion regarding the identification of the flanking figures as the representation of five aspects of Siva seems to me to be correct, where Ishana has not been carved due to the earlier noted reasons.

But with regard to the central figures his identification is not acceptable. The figures in the centre actually represent the triad concept of Siva as Mahesa, in which he becomes the cause of creation, protection and destruction of the universe, which are the works allotted to three principal gods of the Hindu pantheon, namely, Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesa. Prof. Heras rightly identifies these figures with the full manifestation of Siva, as Mahesa Murti, but at the same time he has mistaken in identifying the flanking figures as heavenly beings. In the Puranas, like *Lingapurana*, *Sivapurana*, *Vayaviya-samhita*, *Saurapurana*, Siva is said to be Vishnu in his *sattvika* aspect, Brahma in his *rajasa*, and Kalarudra in his *tamasa* aspect, whereas in his aspect beyond the *gunas* he becomes Mahesvara.

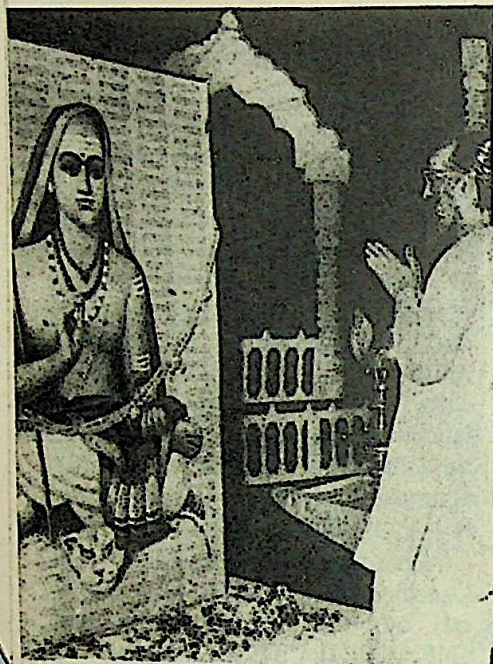
Multi-armed Kalarudra Siva, with the destructive weapons in his hands, can easily be recognized in our sculpture, while the water-jar in the hand of the second figure

undoubtedly signifies the representation of Brahma, and the lower one may be taken to represent Vishnu, though representation of conch is very much doubtful.

As regards the flanking figures A. Zieseniss thinks that they must be taken together with the central figures as depiction of four secondary manifestations of Panchamurti, i.e. Sadyojata, Vama-deva, Aghora, Tatpuruṣa, and Ishana. The central figure would be Ishana who at the same time appears in the guise of four manifestations flanking on two sides.

According to Zieseniss, this identification can easily be explained by the tendency towards unification during the period to which this unique representation belongs. Its subject would, thus, be a combination of the Panchamurti and Mahesvara aspect of Siva. Another scholar, Heinrich Zimmer, speaking in favour of the same recognition, holds that the trinity of the central column is one and the same essence in three attitudes; the secondary figures are emanation of this essence into five elements and the forms of the world. Zimmer has considered the question of its identification with a view to establishing its philosophical value.

It would, thus, be appropriate, in conclusion, to suggest tentatively that the Parel sculpture is the combined representation of Panchamurti and Mahesvara aspects of the Great Lord Siva.



11

Vaakya Vritti

Of Adi Sankaracharya

SWAMI

CHINMAYANANDA

*Ghata-Drashtaa Ghataad-Bhin-
nah Sarvathaa Na-Ghato
Yathaa*

*Deha-Drashtaa Thathaa Deho
Na - Aham - Ithya - Avadhaa-
raya*

THE teacher says:

"Just as a perceiver of a pot is
ever distinct from it, and never
can be himself the pot—so too,

you, the Seer of the body is dis-
tinct from the body and can never
be the body....this you firmly
ascertain in yourself."

The demand of the student was
for the direct experience of the
Self. In the world, for direct ex-
perience, it is inevitable that there
must be the subject experiencing
the given object through his sense-
organs and mind. Such a subject-
object-relationship cannot exist
and function in the One Infinite
Self. Therefore, direct experience
of the Self is not gained through
the senses and the mind, nor
through the intellect—the Self
transcends them all. Hence, the
teacher steadily lifts the student's
perception away from the matter-
equipments and turns his attention
to a steady state of meditative-
poise.

When you see an object, cer-
tainly you, the Seer, are definitely
distinct from the object seen—
"the perceiver of a pot is himself
separate from the pot" (*Ghata-
Drashtaa Ghataad-Bhinna*). The
body is perceived by you: it is the
seen. Therefore, you, the seer-of-
the-body, must certainly be sepa-
rate from your body. This fact,
first of all, you ascertain firmly in
your own understanding.

Again, you claim that your
body is *yours*. You can never be
that which is *yours*; the body is
the 'possessed', and you are the
'possessor'. I can never be *my*
cow; the cow belongs to me; I
am her owner, the proprietor.
Thus, the body is not you—the
body is *yours*. You are the pos-
sessor, the master, the proprietor,

the Swamin of your body. Again and again assert this attitude and end the stupid idea that you are the body.

When by this process the body identification ends, the very spiritual ignorance (*Avidya*) also gets eliminated. 'I-am-the-body' idea is the expression of 'ignorance (*Avidya*)'. This false sense brings all the storms of thoughts—desires, passions, worries, anxieties, joys, sorrows—into your mind. This noisy state of the choppy mind in surge is that which veils the Self from our direct experience.

After having proved that the gross-body is not-Self, in order to demonstrate that the subtle-body also is not-Self, the following verse is given.

It is a fatal delusion with men to think that life is detached from the momentary thought and act, and not to understand that the passing thought and deed is the foundation and substance of life. When this is fully understood all things are seen as sacred, and every act becomes religious. Truth is wrapped in infinitesimal details. Thoroughness is genius.

. . .

You do not live your life in the mass; you live it in fragments, and from these the mass emerges.

You can will to live each fragment nobly if you choose, and, this being done, there can be no particle of baseness in the finished whole.

—James Allen

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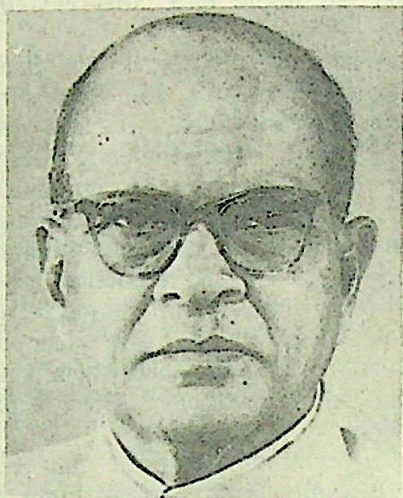
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Shri P. Narasimhayya, whose thought-provoking answers to our questionnaire on Hinduism will appear in three instalments beginning with this issue, is a scholar with a passion for unobtrusive work and quiet efficiency.



Soft-spoken and non-assertive by nature, he was awarded Padma Shri in 1970 in recognition of his work in the field of education.

Shri Narasimhayya who passed his M.A. in first class, first rank, winning the University Gold Medal, has the distinction of being the first Ph.D. in South India.

He did foundational work for the University Grants Commission—he was its sole executive officer for several years—and also for the National Academies of Sahitya and Arts. He also assisted substantially in the development of the Central Universities—Delhi, Aligarh and Banaras—and the initiation of Shanti Niketan and Saugor Universities.

A life-long devotee of Indian culture, he was for a time adviser to the (Radhakrishnan) University Education Commission to which post he was appointed by the Union Ministry of Education.

He has contributed much to popular cultural education, particularly of youth, and his picture-biography of Adi Sankara won a top place in an all-India poll of youth classics.

Shri Narasimhayya, a frequent contributor to several widely-read periodicals, including the "Bhavan's Journal," is at present staying at 216, Indiranagar, Bangalore-38.

HINDUISM

in Retrospect & Prospect-6

AS I SEE IT

I

P. NARASIMHAYYA

Q. Is the influence of religion over the masses on the wane? If not, how can corruption and such other pointers to widespread deterioration in ethical and moral values be accounted for?

A. Broadly speaking, there is a waning of religious faith and moral conscience, and even of primary social courtesies, among the rural masses as well as the urban classes

whatever their outward expressions of piety or lip-homage to the great ideals or verities of Hinduism.

But this is a world-wide phenomenon of the present age,—the time-spirit created by two terrible world wars, awful racial persecutions, and amoral materialistic and sensuous ideologies.

Secondly, our education of the

masses in religion is still in terms of different mythologies and sectarian theisms rather than of the common core, the essential and integrative values of our religion. The efforts of a few organizations in this regard, like the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, or Sri Ramakrishna Mission are highly commendable, but need great expansion and support to cope with the immense problem.

Thirdly, merely political values and amoral electioneering ways of life have taken the place of ethical values, of personal and national duty, both in rural and urban areas.

To remedy this deteriorating situation, there has to be a many-pronged effort to counteract all those sceptical ideologies and build up a better account of religion and

understanding of the saving and fulfilling Truths of Hinduism.

It requires as much of continuous effort as that of Sisyphus who rolls up a huge boulder to the top of a hill and finds it rolling down again and again. Progress is a never-ending and ever-vigilant race between a forward movement and the backward pulls of evil, lack of faith, ignorance, corruption.

Every agency of mass-communication, and constructive and re-interpretative thought must be mobilised against the erosion of true religion and morality, on an earnest, so-called "war basis," with a sense of emergency.

Plato prescribed a supreme Brains Trust, as we would say now, a "Council of Elders" for each city-state. One modern equivalent of this would be a large number of sincere and well-supported organizations,—Bhavans, Samajs, Missions, Academies, Intellectuals, Writers.

Q. The traditional charge against Hinduism is that it is fatalistic, that it inhibits progress by making people slaves to the belief in the inevitability of whatever is to happen. How far is this charge true? If false, how can the stigma be removed? What is the basis for such an accusation which is being advanced even today by well-meaning, highly educated people?

A. Hinduism does not teach fatalism. It does not say that all events and actions in human lives and evolution and history are super-humanly, externally fixed,

and that man has no abilities, freedom or responsibility to change them for better or worse.

On the other hand, we are repeatedly exhorted to fight against all evils and limitations, subjective and objective, and change them by all means, *saadhanaas*.

The popular epics urge courageous and persistent actions. In the *Bhagavad Gita*, in the very beginning Sri Krishna condemns in strongest terms, faint-heartedness (*hridaya daurbalyam*) as *filthy* (*kasmalam*), and unworthy (*anaaryam*) and exhorts Arjuna to get up and fight to a successful finish (*utthishta paranthapa*).

The doctrine of Karma refers to the fact that our results are conditioned by our own character and work, our own past habits and activities.

Nor does Indian history show a fatalistic attitude, a spirit of defeatism and ineptness. There have been great periods of Hindu empires, expansion beyond the seas (in South-East-Asia), national movements against tremendous and ruthless military rules.

Fatalism is not bidding one's time to make a strong effort. It is despairing inaction.

Moods of depression or of stagnation and exhaustion can come to every nation, even in the natural course of what historians have called senescence, or aging, in a cycle of "rise and fall" of national energy. But (as Jawaharlal Nehru also notes in his *Discovery of India*) the Indian mind did not go

down, under suicidal fatalism, but rose above it "with an amazing staying power despite all that happened."

It is significant of the teaching of Hinduism that leaders like Gandhi, Tilak and many others, used the great activist ideals of Hindu scriptures, *Gita* and others.

Some critics have traced, to the sub-conscious fatalism of the Karma doctrine, even the slow tempo of our national progress and personal activities. Our pace of work could be quicker, but it cannot be blamed on any religious idea.

Q. It is said that the greatest strength of Hinduism is its catholicity, breadth of outlook, but that this is also its greatest weakness in that there is very little common prescribed religious observances, obligatory for all, as in other religions. Is it necessary and possible to outline certain basic minimum observances for all Hindus?

A. In Hinduism, it is true all sects do not worship the same name and form of Divinity. But all Hindu sects realize two principles of Hindu theism—the infinity—(*Sarvantara*) and the Oneness of Divinity (*Ekam Sat*).

The greatest of the *Mahavaakyas* of Hinduism is *Ekam Sat*. This is the basic teaching, also of modern philosophy, of religion and comparative religion.

It is a sacrilege, an act of impiety, in Hinduism, not to recognise the all-reaching and all-em-

bracing Infinity of Divinity. Whatever the name and form of worship, the object of Hindu theism, in all its sects, is the Infinite which is above all limits of names and forms and times.

So, Hindu catholicity allows different suitable names and forms of worship, without breaking up rooted traditions and temperamental needs. But Hinduism gives them one common root and foundation, in the One Infinite.

So, Hindu religion, in all its sects, uses the sublime term, *Paramaatma*, *Paramesvara*, and Hindu philosophy uses the term *Para Brahma* or *Brahman*. This is what Bhagavan Adi Sankara and Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa and others emphasised in Hinduism, and Guru Nanak, Kabir and others emphasised in regard to other religions as well.

This is the foundational, integrating base of Hinduism.

Regarding common forms of worship, almost all Hindus of all communities and castes, (the *Smaarthas*, to use an old out-of-date term) use more or less the same rituals of worship, and go to all temples and all places of pilgrimage. The small minority of rigid Veera Saiva, Vaishnava and Madhwa followers join the majority in their pilgrim visits to national centres of worship, like Kaasi, Badri, Rameswaram and others.

All are united again in the common observance of Pujas and festivals like Sree Ganapati Puja

and Deepaavali.

A simplified form of worship and rituals has been worked out by Arya Samajists, and seems to be worthy of adoption in some form by all sects.

The Heads of Mutts (Mathadhipathis) have, of course, the spiritual leadership, for indicating the minimum common code of rituals and prayers for all Hindus the world over.

Knowing the tenacity of forms of religious worship and other observances in the history of all religions, it is better to take the line of least resistance and enlarge the areas of common agreement among all sects.

There is also a natural process at work in this field, a process, so to speak, of "natural selection." Intermarriages are superseding the differences of sectarian rituals and other observances. There is also the wider process at work,—that of a general neglect of all religious forms, with occasional observances of whatever rituals an individual or group in all the four or five castes can afford, or regards as beneficial in any situation. This process of "natural" or pragmatic selection is bringing up a common set of rituals and observances under the pressures of modern life, professional work and economic means.

Q. Even a well-read, widely travelled and enlightened Editor like the late Shri Frank Moraes equated Hindu ethos with casteism. Will the fundamental values

of Hinduism be in any way affected by the eradication of casteism towards which a concerted effort is being made now at all levels? If Harijans who constitute a sizeable population among Hindus are made to feel that their very religion exposes them to ridicule, how are they to love that religion? In other words, how can all sections of Hindus be made to take equal interest and have the same sense of belonging to Hindu religion?

A. Caste is the hereditary classification of priest-scholars; ruling, military groups; landed aristocracy, merchant princes, captains of industry, unskilled labourers and hill tribals.

Hinduism, (the philosophy, ethic and religion) does not teach inequality or gradation of souls before God. It notes that men and women find their places in society according to their work and ability, *Karma* and *Guna*.

A petrified and divided social system is not part of Hindu philosophy, theism or ethic.

Caste was a vocational system, and this aspect of it has been washed away. All engage in all occupations now.

But the social divisions continue, and have acquired now a strange, new role, viz., separate reservations of seats, and representations in political, governmental and other posts. This is not a part of Hinduism.

Within the religious fold of Hinduism, again and again, Harijans and Girijans, non-caste sages

and saints have been honoured as its spiritual masters and teachers. Bhagavan Veda Vyasa, and the supreme poet, Valmiki, are among the founding fathers of Hinduism. In his "*Maneesha Panchakam*," Adi Sankara declared that "any man of spiritual vision is my Guru, whatever his caste," after his encounter with the learned Harijan on the streets of Kasi.

In later times, a farm-labourer Harijan, Nandanaar, a hunter, Kannappa, Kanakadaasa and others have been venerated in orthodox Hinduism, and their songs sung in temples and religious processions.

They can very well be proud of belonging to Hinduism, and of their contribution to Hinduism, its religious hymns, scriptures and literature.

Hinduism is the common heritage of all classes and groups of Indian society,—the priests, scholars, sages, martial and ruling classes, land-lords, merchants, labourers, hunters, weavers.

All efforts are now in full force, to give the Harijans and others, all economic support to help them participate in the general progress and rehabilitation.

Q. Swami Vivekananda has given a positive suggestion that one of the best ways for Harijans to command respect among all sections of people is to learn Sanskrit, the study of which is being neglected even by Brahmins today. What incentives can be given to Harijans to learn Sans-

krit, the repository of Indian culture and religion?

A. All facilities should be given to all communities including Harijans and Girijans for learning Sanskrit.

But Sanskrit would at best be a cultural study for a few among the Harijans, and the urgent need now is for professional and technical studies.

However, every Hindu should learn the classical mother-tongue, and be able to read, not only its literature and epics but also the scriptures.

Facilities for these studies must be provided for all Hindus.

Further, a widespread knowledge of Sanskrit among all communities all over the country would develop national solidarity, and also an easy Sanskritised form of Hindi as a popular national language, with its roots in the past.

Q. It is said that while the "Srutis" embody the eternal truths of Hinduism, the "Smritis" which embody rules of conduct need to be revised according to the dictates of the changing times. Will such a stand be acceptable to all sections of Hindus? If so, how can new "Smritis" come into being and who will give them sanction and sanctity?

A. The Srutis contain the Hindu view of life, the Eternal Truths and ideals, while the Smritis give the Hindu ways of life, reflecting the Srutis and also making changes to meet the de-

mands of the times.

The Smritis are thus in a difficult middle position, between the ideal principles on one side, and the practical adaptations to changing times.

All sects have to accept these demands of the changing times. Otherwise, the ideals of Hinduism will be a creed of recluses and hermits with no entry into the actual life of the vast working majority.

The Smritis deal with various spheres of life, social customs, systems of laws, daily and occasional rituals, etc.

These have been continuously adjusted through the ages to suit the needs or the conscience of the times. Social customs are now less rigid, many new social laws have been passed, rituals have been abbreviated, etc.

Thus, now working Smritis have come into being, and are in force, though not actually written in all cases.

But whatever the pragmatic adaptations of the Smritis, they should follow the perennial truths of Hindu philosophy, theism and ethic.

Q. Hinduism has always renewed or revitalised itself according to the needs of times. In

today's context, are any correctives called for? If so, who will bring them about and how can they be brought about and made acceptable to the masses?

A. 'The vitality of any religion (or culture) depends on two broad factors—a return to its old springs of inspiration in its scriptures and great traditions, and making right changes to meet the challenges of the times, without losing its great and sustaining ideals.

Some modern movements in Hinduism have done both these—Sri Ramakrishna's teachings, Arya Samaj, Aurobindo, Guru Nanak, etc. This was also the method of the classical Acharyas—to draw on the light and inspiration of the classics and emphasise those parts of it which were specially needed by their times.

At present, correctives are needed in our attitudes to both—the classics and the right modern emphases. Sceptical forces are breaking down faith both in the classical Hinduism, and also in the current needs of right spiritual values and teachers. These sceptical, subversive, permissive and licentious forces have to be countered by all means possible.

Wasted is a feast given without affection ; equally wasted are flowers when offered without devotion. In the same wise, an indiscriminate and unworthy charity is all a waste of wealth.

—Yogi Vemana

Religion in the Light of Reason and Science

15

The Task Before Us

R. B. LAL

WE have seen that the methods of science are of great help in evaluating the beliefs and teachings of religion; in separating the essential from the non-essential, the rational from the irrational, the useful from the useless or harmful, the true from the false, and the universal truth from the partial or half-truth. Only by rational husking can the religious rice be made eatable.

Thus science supports the view that all existence has evolved out of one Reality and all living things are inter-knit and inter-dependent as if they were the cells of a vast super-organism; that the physical universe is ruled by Law and System without interference by supernatural beings; that prayer and worship are necessary but ethically neutral, like food and water, and a man may use them to make himself pure and noble

or otherwise, depending on his own desires and conduct.

The Second Law of thermodynamics, or the Law of Disorder, requires religions to review their principles and practices from time to time in order to bring them in line with present needs and the growing knowledge and experience of mankind.

In pursuance of these ideas, each of the major religions should prepare new, abridged and simplified editions of its holy books: one for children and adolescents, another for adults and elderly persons, and a third, a deluxe or export edition for the use of scientists, thinkers, non-believers and the intelligentsia all over the world. These new editions will not put forward all the dogmas and doctrines of a religion but only the best, selected with care and discrimination, only the con-

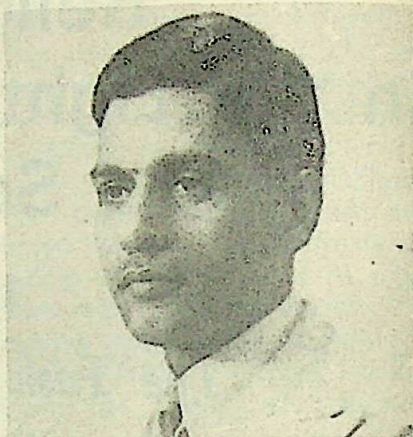
Shri Rajendra Behari Lal's popular series, "Religion in the Light of Reason and Science," comes to a close with this instalment in which he exhorts the religions of the world to come together in a spirit of cooperation, a la science, to launch a massive programme of moral education.

Shri Lal, born in 1907, even today maintains his youthful spirit and is a living example of the philosophy of "superexcellence" which he vigorously advocates.

As a student he never missed his first class and in 1929 passed M.Sc. (Physics) from Allahabad University under Prof. M. N. Saha.

Standing first in an all-India competitive examination, he joined Indian Government Railways as Assistant Transportation Officer in 1930. He was awarded the title of Rai Bahadur on January 1, 1947 by the then British Government of India.

In the Railways he held various posts such as those of Divisional Superintendent and Chief Operating Superintendent and retired in 1963 as Additional Member, Transportation, Railway Board. In 1969-70 he worked as the One-man Expert Committee on Rail-



way Compensation Claims with the Ministry of Railways, Government of India.

He has several books to his credit such as "The Gita in the Light of Modern Science," Somaiya Publications, Bombay, "The Art of Working," Asia Publishing House, Bombay, "Human Engineering or the Art of Administration," (in two volumes), Book Centre, Ranade Road, Bombay and "Mansika Dakshata," (Hindi), Gita Press, Gorakhpur.

His hobbies include trekking in the hills and reading and writing, his special study being integration of religion with science.

cepts which have stood the test of time and can bear scrutiny by the thinking, enquiring and critical mind of the educated man of today.

Condensation is very necessary in order to highlight the important principles and bring the holy books within the already overtaxed reading capacity of the average person.

These modernized versions of

the teachings of various religions will be found to differ in respect of prophets and scriptures as well as matters of detail, like rituals and modes of worship. Such variety adds to the beauty of the world and is also necessary to cater for the infinite variations in the tastes, temperaments and requirements of mankind. But the new books will reveal a remarkable degree of unanimity in regard

to fundamentals, particularly the need for right conduct, proper performance of all duties and the basic qualifications of the ideal man. And it will be seen that the points on which all religions agree are enough to build a new heaven and a new earth.

Morality, the Key to Spirituality

There is a popular notion that spirituality is not ethics but something of a much higher dimension. This may be true, but the question is whether there is any connection between the two. Obviously, there must be, since we cannot think of a man being holy without being good.

The real problem is to ascertain the relation between goodness and godliness. Because they are related but not identical, we have to accept that one leads to the other by a natural process. In other words, the relation between morality and spirituality is the same as between the means and the end, a seed and its fruit.

Godliness is the daughter of goodness, the finest flowering of the tree of morality. "The person of disciplined life," declares the *Bhagavata*, "gradually qualifies himself for (ultimate) welfare."

But the outward expressions of holiness in different people must necessarily be different and we cannot say that the holiness of the hermit is the only true or desirable form of holiness—the only variety which is acceptable to God or useful to society.

Religion has stultified itself by insisting that men engaged in worldly professions, such as scientists, teachers, lawyers and politicians, cannot attain a very high level of spirituality, however noble or dedicated their lives. And since they cannot be spiritual, it is no use trying to be so!

The outstanding feature of holiness is a lofty spirit of renunciation, which is best acquired by practising selflessness and not by circumventing it. Prayer, worship and mystic experiences are helpful but only to the extent that they are prompted by noble and altruistic motives.

It is well to remember that many prayers and austerities, many boons asked of gods and many worshippers of God have actually been Rajasic or Tamasic. In fact, the *Bhagavata* begins by classifying devotees into three grades—Sattvic, Rajasic and Tamasic. Many illustrations can be found in mythology.

In spite of all their prayers and their close association with Christ, one of his own chosen disciples denied him, and another betrayed him for a paltry sum of money. Some were healed or purified by his touch or benediction, but many others who saw him and touched him, did not hesitate to ill-treat and crucify him.

Likewise, while many devotees pray for a vision of Sri Rama, there was no lack of demons who saw him with their own eyes and

yet fought him tooth and nail.

So far the dominant interests of religions have been, on the one hand, miracles and mysticism and on the other, self-glorification and self-propagation. A scientific approach enables us to distinguish their real from their face value; and as soon as this is done it becomes clear that the true mission of all religions is the changing of men into gods and earth into heaven, a heaven not only for the few who are wealthy, powerful or cunning, but for all—a heaven which will be the abode of love and peace, where men will help one another in their common striving for a rich, full and perfect life.

The project of producing better men and a better society may appear ambitious, even Utopian. But the world advances only because men see visions of a bright future and make them true. The important thing is that human nature is teachable and improvable. All education presupposes and proves this. Moreover many in the past have attained spectacular heights of goodness, greatness and wisdom by their own efforts, and many are doing it today. What is being done by a few is required to be done by many.

We shall now consider the choice of means for the deification of man. The traditional methods, which are predominantly supernaturalistic, extra-sensory and other-worldly, are only suitable

for a few and, if past experience is any guide, futile for the common folk.

In fact, science has established that in vast areas of the physical universe desirable results are obtained not by appealing to gods and angels, not through long fasts and vigils, nor by mystic visions and superconscious states, but by seeking out and complying with the relevant laws.

For the vast majority of people it is neither necessary nor desirable to be experts in religious Sadhanas or religious lore. Their proper way to perfection is to refine their character and develop their natural abilities by doing their daily tasks—particularly their 'professional duties—to the best of their ability, as an offering to God and for the good of his creatures.

The purpose of life is to grow into a likeness of God by acquiring personal goodness and excellence in work. This is the basis of any national, scientific and universal religion; and insistence on it has become all the more necessary, because the challenge posed by the breath-taking advance of science can only be met by a scientific religion.

Science has given man leisure, powerful drugs, unending means of enjoyment and stupendous engines of destruction. Unless he can learn to use them wisely and well, he stands to destroy himself as well as society.

Therefore his paramount need today is, a version of religion

which will inculcate not only worship, not only self-development through education, wealth and power, but also self-restraint, self-dedication, decent behaviour and altruism.

Physically and mentally, man has made considerable progress, but his animal instincts have hardly been tamed. No doubt, both in the individual and the race, moral and spiritual development starts later and is much slower than the physical. But it must be admitted regretfully that these sides of man have not received so far the attention they deserve. It is high time we take active steps to stimulate the spiritual development of man, instead of leaving it to chance?

Cooperation Among Religions

Many have toyed with the idea of cooperation among religions but it has not made any headway, because the means for its realization have not been clear. Here again, science shows the way: global cooperation among religions.

Cooperation is the secret of the amazing achievements of science. It is the key to all the problems of the world today. Nothing can bring peace or unity in the world so long as religions and religious sects keep fighting with one another. On the other hand, religions working together can achieve this greatest miracle of all times—the spiritualisation of man.

Religions, joining hands with one another with the United Nations,

educationists and all well wishers of humanity, should launch a massive programme of moral education, taking the best from all religions. As the key to true spirituality, the rules of right conduct should be systematically taught and enforced in homes, schools and religious institutions. Even in business, administration and politics there should be marks not only for cleverness but also for character.

Religions will maintain their separate identities. But mere tolerance or fellowship among them is not sufficient. They should actually cooperate with one another for the attainment of common, wisely chosen objectives. Within each religion, too, there should be movements of convergence and coalescence. Catholics and Protestants, Sanatanists and Arya Samajists, Shias and Sunnis could easily come together, sink their petty differences and work in concert for the regeneration of man and the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth.

As a modest, short term objective we can aim at twenty per cent improvement in human nature. Two decades should suffice to bring tangible results. For within this period those who are children today will have grown up to be citizens, administrators, rulers and leaders, and if they have imbibed the true spirit of spirituality, the dawn of the Golden Age would already be in sight.

The task is, no doubt, Herculean,

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but there is no reason for pessimism, for in all good endeavours divine help is assured. Thus according to the Vedas, God fulfils all desires of his devotees. The *Gita* has declared that God is personally present in all good desires and all good deeds; and Yajna, or collective effort for worthy causes, never goes unrewarded. The *Bible* has given the same assurance. "Ask, and it shall be given unto you. Seek, and you shall find. Knock, and the door shall be opened unto you." Again: "I also tell you this. If two of you agree on earth concerning anything they shall do, it shall be done for them by my father in heaven. For where two or three

are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

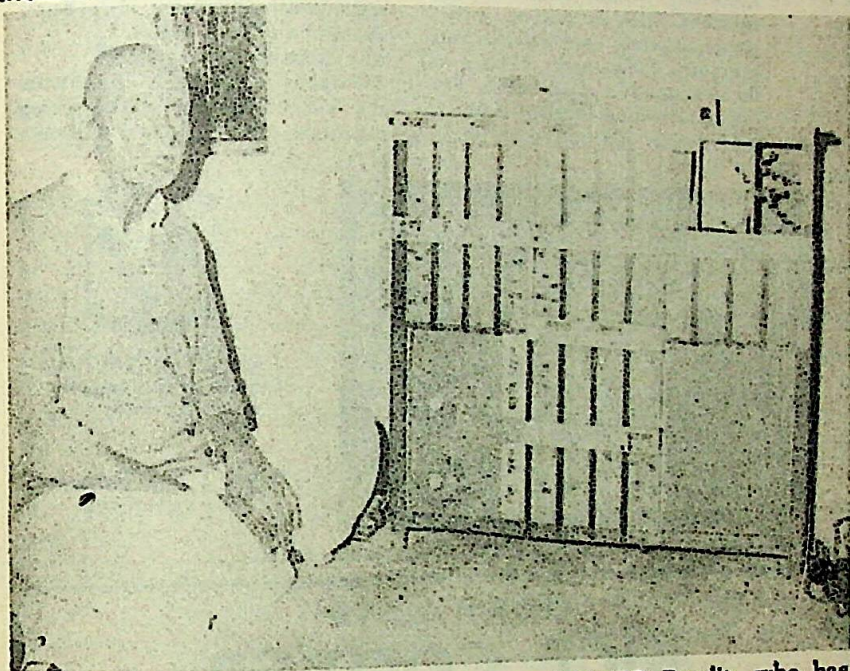
Famous psychologist William James has left a similar message of hope. "If you only care enough for a result, you will most certainly attain it. If you wish to be rich you will be rich; if you wish to be good, you will be good. Only you must then, *really* wish these things and wish them with exclusiveness, and not wish at the same time a hundred other incompatible things just as strongly."

Undoubtedly we can improve ourselves as well as society, if we only try hard enough. What is required is to establish this as the highest goal of all religions and strive for it collectively, wholeheartedly and systematically. The spiritualisation of man, so long neglected, is our most pressing need today. This is going to be the greatest adventure of the human spirit.

That it has never been attempted in the past on a large scale is all the more reason why it should be undertaken now on a cooperative basis, using modern methods and scientific aids. In this noble task the initiative should rightly come from the religious teachers of India. It is their special responsibility and great opportunity for the uplift of mankind. We can depend on it that God is looking forward to the early launching of the enterprise and will crown our efforts with success.

(Concluded)

A nonagenarian dreams of reviving Sanskrit with the help of his gadget in this age of technology and seeks aid—governmental or institutional.—Ed.



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Shri Gunderao Harkare, who is 92, has not lost the hope and is continuing his lone epic battle to uplift Sanskrit to its original place with the help of an innovation suited to the modern age of technology. He knows the present-day difficulty against popularising Sanskrit. *Dwadasa Varshai Vyakaranam Jayate* is an expression which tells that Sanskrit grammar takes 12 years to master, and for this reason the disturbed and devoted master of Sanskrit, Shri Gunderao Harkare, has come out with his challenging "Sanskrit grammar machine." Here is a man with the spirit of Panini. Shri Harkare asserts that if the student has concentration he can learn the grammar in 9 to 12 months.

In Shri Harkare's words, "The main aim is to teach Panini's celebrated *Ashtadhyayi* in minimum time and equip the student with the required grammatical forms."

The Grammar Machine is based on the following Algebraic formula:

$\times 1$ ($a \times 2$ plus $b \times 3$)—Required form.

Here

'a' stands for the original stem of the word, a noun, pronoun root.

'b' stands for termination on the noun and pronoun for declension on the root to have conjugation of the verb and to get verbal noun and others.

$\times 1$ stands for grammatical

changes in the stem and termination dealt in part First (I) and Second (II) and sub-chapters 1, 2, 3, of the VIth part and first (1) sub-chapter of Eighth (VIII).

$\times 2$ stands for grammatical changes taking place before the application of the termination on the stem dealt in *Angadhikar* or fourth sub-chapter of VIth part and VIIth part.

$\times 3$ stands for grammatical changes after the application of termination dealt in *Padadhikar* and the remaining portion of the *Astadhyayi*.

Terminations of different nature are dealt in IIIrd and IVth and Vth parts of the *Astadhyayi*. Again, the whole Machine is divided according to the principle *Purvathra Siddham*.

According to grammar, words are divided into four parts: (1) Noun, (2) Roots, (3) Upasarga or a word added upon the root to get different meanings, (4) Nipata or Indeclinable.

Sanskrit language is the richest in inflections and conjugations.

To get the correct word, the student of grammar is required to add carefully the termination on the stem. In this process he has to deal with: (1) Vruddhi, (2) Guna, (3) Samprasaarana, (4) Hraswa, (5) Deergha, (6) Sandhi, (7) Lopa, (8) Aadesha (9) Agama (10) Abhyasa and other

functions.

The Grammar Machine will give the student a good deal of help.

Astadhyayi of Panini is successively studied from 300 B.C. But, as a matter of fact, the commentaries on the *Astadhyayi* composed in later times have become more difficult than the original. Therefore, the learning of Sanskrit has become more complex day by day.

The respectable Pundits of India and Europe have tried their best in recent times to make grammar easy, through the medium of their own mother tongue. But the study of Sanskrit grammar becomes complete only when the original aphorisms of Panini, quoted as authority at each and every step of the process of the required form, are studied. For this purpose mastery over *Astadhyayi* is necessary.

The age-old way of study is no more suitable or palatable in the tension-ridden modern times. If the *sutras* are studied with the aid of the machine, they will easily get registered in the mind and there will be no undue burdening of the memory. This makes the study easier to suit present day life.

For the teaching of Sanskrit with the use of "Panini Grammar Machine," preparation and publication of the following books are necessary:

- (1) A detailed Index of *Astadhyayi*,
- (2) An atlas of different maps of *Astadhyayi*,
- (3) *Prakriya* explained,
- (4) A Dictionary of

Terminations (*Agamas* and *Ade-shas*); and (5) A guide 'How to handle the Machine.'

Special arrangements are made in the Machine to understand the difficult problems of (1) *Poorvatra Siddham* (2) *Asiddhavadairaa Bhaat* (3) *Paranityaa* (4) *Lopauvidhi* and others.

In this Machine, the operation of six different classes of words is shown as model (1) *Subanta* (*Ranta*) (2) *Tinganta* (*bhavati*) (3) *Krudanta* (*Kaaraka*) (4) *Taddhitanta* (*Kaashaayam*) (5) *Stree* (*Kumari*) (6) *Samasa* (*Krishnasritah*).

How the *Sutras* concerned become applicable at each and every step of the working is shown in the successive order by the illumination of small electric bulbs. By this, the unnecessary burden of learning by heart not only the *Sutras* but the order of the application of the *Sutras* is eliminated. For the formation of six above-mentioned words, *Sutras* are mentioned in the Machine with their numbers and initial letter. More than 2,000 model words are to be shown. Hence the need for help from the Government or institutions.

In the present system of education, *Ashtadhyayi* is not prescribed. In oriental examination, Kourmudi system is taught. It is a six-year course. If the Panini Machine is used, in one year the student will become competent to decline any noun or pronoun and conjugate

any root.

In inventing this machine, Shri Gunderao Harkare strictly adheres to Panini's *Astadhyayi* text, though his departure from the trodden path is clear. There is nothing to mar or spoil the beauty of Panini's grammar which has the light and grace of literature.

The inventor's earnest request to Sanskrit scholars and Sanskrit lovers is to give an earnest trial to this machine and see for themselves how it will help the spread of Sanskrit—the most ancient surviving language of the world and the fountain-head of Indian culture.

Shri Gunderao Harkare is a retired Sessions Judge and his address is: No. 18-7-728, Outside Gowli-pura, Hyderabad-500 002.

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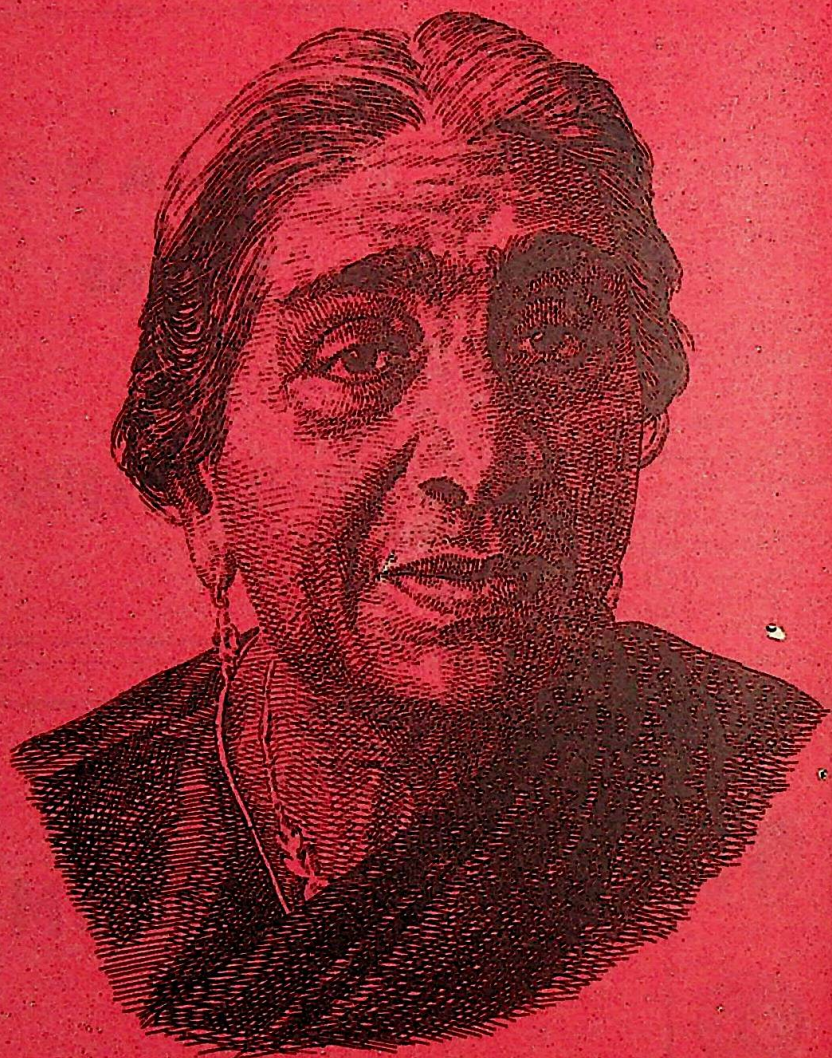


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"She began life as a poet. She did not write much poetry with pen and paper, but her whole life became a poem and a song. Let that be her epitaph."

This was the tribute paid by Shri Jawaharlal Nehru to the sacred memory of Sarojini Naidu who passed away on March 2, 1949.

Sarojini Naidu

the poet-patriot of modern India

H. K. BAKHRU

SARAJINI NAIDU, popularly known as the 'Nightingale of India,' was one of the most charming and brilliant of Indian womanhood. Born at a time when Indian women were discriminated against and suffered social degradation, she rebelled against distinction in sex and recalled to the Indian women their ancient glory and their creative genius.

Sarojini had a fully integrated and many-sided personality. A great poet who, in her youth, composed some of the loveliest lyrics, she unhesitatingly abandoned poetry for politics and dedicated her life to the service of the country. She was an orator of great persuasiveness and power who led the country towards higher development of national life. Men and women in thousands responded to her clarion call to rise and build a new India.

peace maker who worked for a deeper understanding between Hindus and Muslims, and pleaded for it eloquently with all her poetic ardour. She seldom missed an opportunity to emphasise on the supreme need for unity among the members of these two great communities.

Born in a distinguished Bengali Brahmin family at Hyderabad on February 13, 1879, Sarojini was proud of her cultural heritage. Her father, Dr. Aghore Nath Chattopadhyaya was an eminent professor of Chemistry and Principal of Nizam's College. He devoted himself whole-heartedly to the field of education.

Sarojini's training under her father's care was of a sternly scientific character. But even in her early age, her poetic instinct asserted itself. One day, when she was 11, she was working over a sum in Algebra. She could not

solve the problem but instead a whole poem came to her mind suddenly. From that day her poetic career began. At 13, she wrote a long poem "The Lady of the Lake" and also a full-fledged drama of 2,000 lines. She passed the matriculation examination from Madras University at the young age of 12 and topped the list of successful candidates.

In 1895, when she was 16, Sarojini went to England, and had her education first at King's College, London, and then Girton College, Cambridge. In England, she met Sir Edmund Gosse and Arthur Symonds, both notable writers and poets, who helped her much in the development of her poetic genius. While still at Girton, her health broke down and she went to Italy for convalescence. Italy, a land of sunshine, stirred her heart by its beauty and deepened her poetic nature.

Sarojini returned from England in September 1898 and in December the same year, she married Dr. Govinda Rajulu Naidu of Andhra. This was an intercaste marriage of her choice, for which she used all her strength to break down the great opposition. It illustrates her love of freedom. Her married life had been happy and left her with ample scope for the fulfilment of the great purpose of her life.

The rare elements of Sarojini's poetic genius are displayed in her three volumes of poems. Her first

volume *The Golden Threshold* came out in 1905; her second *The Bird of Time* in 1912 and her third and last *The Broken Wing* in 1917.

The most remarkable characteristic of her poems is that they are full of beautiful music and exhibit her passionate love for the Motherland.

Equally significant is her lyric rendering of Indian Folk songs which shows her deep understanding of Indian life. Sarojini's work as a poet was admired and in recognition of her great gift, she was made a member of the Royal Society of Literature in London.

Sarojini spent quite a number of years in Hyderabad and during this period she played a vital role in the public life of the city, besides writing poetry. She took special interest in the upliftment of women and the promotion of Hindu Muslim unity. She guided the Indian Women's Movement and became President of the All-India Women's Conference.

Sarojini met Gandhiji for the first time in London in August 1914, shortly after the outbreak of the First World War. Gandhiji had arrived there to organise an Indian Volunteer Ambulance Corps to help in Britain's War efforts. Sarojini was a member of Lyceum, a ladies' club which undertook to make clothes for the soldiers.

Sarojini's meeting with Gandhiji proved a turning point in her

career and from that day she entered into politics as a fighter for India's freedom. She took active part in the Home Rule Movement launched by Annie Besant. She also went to London to plead for the franchise for women before the Joint Select Committee of Parliament, which was considering the Montague Chelmsford Reforms. After her evidence before the Committee, the Chairman, Lord Selborne is said to have remarked, "Madam, we are grateful for the poetic touch you have brought to our prosaic proceedings."

Sarojini was elected President of Indian National Congress for Kanpur session in 1925. She gave a lead to the country. In the course of her Presidential address, she uttered the following memorable words:

"As long as I have life, as long as blood flows through this arm of mine, I shall not leave the cause of freedom. Come my General! come, my soldiers! I am only a woman, only a poet. But as a woman I give you the weapons of faith and courage and the shield of fortitude. And as a poet, I fling out the banner of song and sound, the bugle call to battle. How shall I kindle the flame which shall waken you, men from slavery!"

As head of the Congress Organisation, she exhibited rare energy, zeal and ability and undertook strenuous tours which for the first

time brought her in close touch with villagers in the remotest corners of the country. She delivered innumerable speeches which thrilled her audience and stimulated great courage and enthusiasm among the masses.

Sarojini took active part in the Civil Disobedience Movement launched by Gandhiji against the Salt Laws in 1930. She took over the leadership of the movement after Gandhiji and his successor Abbas Tyabji were arrested. She was also arrested and sent to jail. After her release, she accompanied Gandhiji to England in 1931 and attended the Second Round Table Conference as a representative of Indian womanhood.

Sarojini was again arrested and imprisoned in 1932 when Gandhiji revived the Civil Disobedience Movement. She was then acting as the President of the Indian National Congress which had earlier been declared as an illegal body by the Government.

Shortly after her release from prison, she visited South Africa as a member of the Government of India delegation to enquire into the conditions of Indians there. On her return, she pleaded with the Government to secure for the Indians in South Africa their full citizenship rights.

Sarojini suffered further imprisonments in 1940 when Gandhiji launched a campaign of individual Satyagraha against India's partici-

pation in the War and again in 1942 when the historic 'Quit India' Movement started.

Sarojini presided over the First Asian Relations Conference at Delhi in March 1947. In August 1947, when India achieved her long cherished goal of Independence, Sarojini was appointed Governor of Uttar Pradesh in recognition of her manifold services to the Nation. She thus became the first woman Governor of India. Asked to comment on her appointment as Governor, she said, "You are putting a wild bird in a cage."

From the beginning of January 1949, her health began to fail. But she continued to discharge her res-

pabilities. She presided over the Silver Jubilee Convocation of Lucknow University with great distinction. She had witty remarks for every one of the recipients of honorary doctorate, including Jawaharlal Nehru. That was her last public engagement. She passed away on March 2, 1949. Her death was mourned by millions of her countrymen and women with a deep sense of personal loss.

Paying tribute to her sacred memory, Jawaharlal Nehru aptly remarked, "She began life as a poet. She did not write much poetry with pen and paper, but her whole life became a poem and a song. Let that be her epitaph."

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Notes & News

KANCHI ACHARYA STRESSES VALUE OF SANSKRIT STUDY:

LEARNING Sanskrit and reciting hymns and verses would bring one lasting peace and happiness, His Holiness Sri Jayendra Saraswathi of Kanchi Kamakoti Peetam, said in Madras on December 25, 1975.

Participating in a Samskritha Sammelan, organised by Max Mueller Research Institute at his camp in K. K. Nagar, His Holiness said that Sanskrit was omniscient and a knowledge of that language would serve as key to a treasure house. The reading of the literary works and the reciting of devotional songs in Sanskrit would help a person achieve mental poise. The proper pronunciation of the letters of the language, the sounds emanating from different regions of the human body, would have a salutary effect on the nervous system and strengthen the mind.

His Holiness said the importance of a language was measured by its literary wealth. In this respect Sanskrit stood in the forefront closely followed by Tamil.

His Holiness pointed out that there were no territorial limitations for language and it was a misnomer to refer to Sanskrit as the language of the North. Sanskrit was not a language of any particular race. It could be learnt by any one who wanted to attain perfection in life.

Regretting the decline in popularity of Sanskrit, His Holiness said the fate

of the language was the same throughout the country except that in Northern States, Sanskrit was being taught in most of the schools either as a compulsory or as an optional subject. But there were very few Sanskrit scholars with such a deep knowledge as those of the past. Maybe, the position in the South was better. The present poor status of Sanskrit was due mainly to the lack of interest on the part of the people who worried more to earn a livelihood than to have peace of mind.

He stressed the need for a more sincere effort to popularise Sanskrit particularly among children to catch up with our hoary tradition and culture. To that end, he had started a few Sanskrit Schools in North India during his recent tour. A similar School would be started in Tamil Nadu early next year. These Schools besides teaching Sanskrit, would give students training in vocational subjects like Music, Ayurveda, and Typewriting which would be of use to them in their later life, he added.

Presiding over the Sammelan, Shri N. Krishnaswamy Reddi, retired Judge of the Madras High Court, said to develop Sanskrit, Scholars in that language should be honoured. The contents of Sanskrit literature should be brought home to the people. It was necessary to teach the language as an optional subject in School besides propagating Sanskrit, without animosity towards any other language.

Shri Manjakkudi Rajagopala Sastrigal, Shri P. N. Narayana Sastrigal, Shri P. Thirugnanasambandam, former Registrar of Madras University and Shri Thiruvengadathan, Sanskrit Professor of Vaishnav College, spoke highlighting the richness of Sanskrit and the need to revive the study of the language.

Shri Soma Srinivasan, President of the Institute, urged the need for establishing institutes of Sanskrit in every State and a Central Institution to provide facilities for research and to promote the study of the language. He wanted a Sanskrit Prachar Sabha to be started in Tamil Nadu.

Shri Keelathur Srinivasachariar, Vice-President, presented an address of welcome in Sanskrit to His Holiness. Shri Manjakkudi Rajagopala Sastrigal was honoured in the above Sammelan for his services rendered for the uplift of Sanskrit language and literature. Shri M. Desikan proposed a vote of thanks.

LIVE THE GITA WAY—SWAMI RANGANATHANANDA'S CALL AT BHAVAN'S KERALA KENDRA

THE New Year (1976) programmes of the Kerala Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan got off to an auspicious start on January 4 with a discourse by Swami Ranganathanandaji.

A prescription for the cure of the psychological, spiritual and material ills of the nation was given by Swamiji in his brilliant and lucid exposition of the "Central Theme of the Bhagavad Gita."

The hour-long talk was preceded by a short welcome speech by the Secretary of the Kendra, Shri R. Vasudevan Pillai, who, while extolling the greatness of the Swamiji, requested him to give a seven-day lecture series every year at the Kendra. The impressive audience of men and women drawn from all

sections of society underscored this request by standing up.

After paying compliments to the "great role" played by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in preserving and promoting the cultural and spiritual legacy of India, Swamiji delved into his subject which may be summarised thus:

Now, more than ever, the world is passing through the 'tragedy of Civilization.' While it is global, the malady has affected India in a more serious manner. India had the handicap of throwing off the effects of a prolonged political servitude to chalk out a path which would make it spiritually and materially strong.

But, tragically enough, the opportunity of the more than quarter century of freedom has not been utilised by the people in a worthwhile manner. Ignoring its own spiritual legacy, which could provide the life-saving guideline for the Western nations who are caught in the web of their own self-centred preoccupation with material gains, which has cost them dearly in terms of mental peace and balance, India has allowed herself to be sunk into a morass of acute poverty, material and spiritual, with an erosion of character, individual, social and national, resulting in loss of discipline, leading to the imposition of National Emergency in a bid to remedy the situation.

Instead of self-discipline and selflessness and hard, dedicated work, whatever one's station in life might be, Indians have turned their backs on their great spiritual heritage by acquiring crass, selfish and inhuman attitudes which has lost for them the most precious quality of man: character.

The Gita and the teaching of Swami Vivekananda are there for the Indians and the world too, to follow and cure themselves of the snowballing evils threatening human civilization.

India is passing through a transition characterised by a 'Tragedy of Philosophy,' on account of which it is now heading for disaster. Such tragedies of philosophy have overtaken great civilizations like the Roman Empire, which perished for want of philosophical moorings, which degenerated because of selfishness and self-indulgence.

The marvellous quintessence of wisdom, Gita, is not "religion" as it is popularly understood. It prescribes a way of life, applicable to all and to all times and in all situations. It is not a negation of life, a running away from it. But, it prescribes how life could be lived, its problems met and solved and through this process, how the individuals' and the nations' character and spirituality could be promoted towards ultimate fulfilment.

Krishna was an extraordinary teacher. He is the guide, the Sarathy, and his personification, as Parthasarathy, has eternal significance to all, the world over. He, in short, is the Parthasarathy of all our lives. He teaches the philosophy of efficiency, the philosophy of character, the philosophy of selfless, dedicated work and through all this, the philosophy of spiritual elevation.

Tension is the supreme evil of life today. No material acquisitions can banish this. A correct outlook and deep spiritual inspiration and dedication to the welfare of those around us—only these could resolve the tension and take man and the nation forward, towards self-realisation and progress.

Calmness within and positive action-oriented humaneness outside, through dedicated work, is the panacea for human ills as taught by the Gita.

The Gita is a philosophy of life, a guideline, unique in that it combines practical life of any kind and spiritual development of the self. It is the

essence of everlasting truth to guide life and actions, at all times and in any situation.

Stanzas two and three, in chapter two of the Gita, contain its essence. No escapism or escapist philosophy is embodied in its teaching. It is the technique of meeting life's difficulties fair and square.

India's tragedy today is that people do not have social vision and integrity of character. We have renounced our great heritage. The teachings of Swami Vivekananda could be the best guideline to bring the country out of its present morass.

Love for everything and every being should be the fountainhead of all human activity and endeavour. The philosophy of hard and diligent work, consciousness of the tragedy of society around us and a conscious attempt to relieve misery around: these are fundamental for a resurgent, civilized India and through this process, the individual also attains spiritual growth and attainment. "The love of God in man," is the core of Gita's philosophy which is cent per cent action-oriented and has nothing to do with renunciation and flight from the realities of everyday life.

Everyone should try to be a "Yogi." The term is much misunderstood. A Yogi is not one who wears any particular kind of garb and renouncing the world immerses himself in meditation or in interpreting the Vedas, Upanishads etc. A Yogi is one who is pure at heart and has character to do any job well and do it for the good of the society. Work and service to others are the supreme Yogic virtues. This is real Yoga. The Gita gives such a synoptic vision in its second part.

People should refuse to be superstitious, refuse to be led away by magic makers and others who claim to be superhuman beings. The power to be a true Yogi is within all.

The last verse of the Gita, the 700th, is of fundamental importance and provides the very essence of its teaching.

The Gita provides a highly significant working philosophy for people in all walks of life—from the highest to the lowest. Its teaching, if applied, could certainly lift India out of its present misery and suicidal standard of values and set this great country towards true civilization and genuine progress.

Superstition and fatalism are both fatal to spiritual development and to progress. If one wants miracles, the scientific miracles are there, which could be verified.

The Gita provides the clue to make life a miracle, through development of character and dedication to work, which is Yoga.

Shri P. K. Krishnankutty Menon proposed a vote of thanks.

Swamiji has consented to give a three-day lecture series at the Kendra in April next, it is learnt.

SANKARI, SARASWATI SISTERS:

IT is proverbial that women have stormed many male bastions. Harikatha is one such sphere which was once the exclusive preserve of men. Today it is no more so as the place of honour is also being claimed by women.

Harikatha, the story of Lord Hari, assumes significance in these days of increasing materialism and profanity. Realising this two sisters from Thanjavur, Smt. Sankari and Smt. Saraswathi, have taken to this sphere and the exponents have been giving Harikatha performances for nearly 10 years.

With a rich repertoire of Harikathas the sisters have so far given over 400 performances all over Tamil Nadu and other states.

Smt. Sankari Raman had training in Carnatic music and studied Harikatha at the Harikatha School at

Thanjavur under the able tutelage of Thiruvaiyaru Sri Annaswami Bhagavathar and Embar Vijayaraghavachariar and Sri Subramania Bhagavathar of Thanjavur.

Sankari sisters, living at 2426, Ellaiamman Koil Street, Thanjavur, recently gave a series of Harikatha programmes in Bombay under the auspices of the Sri Subramania Samaj, Matunga.

SMT. VED KUMARI:

DR. (SMT.) VED KUMARI, Head of Sanskrit Department, Jammu University, delivered a lecture on "The Mukta Poetry of Kashmir" at the Sanskrit Department, University of Delhi, on Friday, December 19, 1975.

She traced the historical development of the Mukta Poetry with apt illustrations in lucid language.

Professor S. A. Upadhyaya, Jt. Director (Academic), Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, was in the chair.

Professor Pandey of Kashi Vidyapeeth also spoke on the occasion. Prof. Satya Vrat, Head of the Sanskrit Department, University of Delhi, introduced the guests and Dr. B. M. Chaturvedi proposed the vote of thanks.

BHOPAL ASTIK SAMAJ:

WITH the blessings of His Holiness Jagadguru Shree Sankaracharya, the Bhopal Astik Samaj will celebrate this year, as usual, the Vasant Navaratri cum Sri Rama Navami festival from March 28, 1976 to April 10, 1976. The celebrations will include Durga Puja, Ramayana Pravachan, Sri Rama Puja, special Havans, etc.

With a view to warding off evil, the Samaj will be performing Ganapati Homa, Navagraha Homa, Chandi Homa, Ekadasa Rudra Homa, Sudarshana Homa, Purusha Sookta Homa, Sree Sookta Homa etc. Eleven erudite Pandits including Nurani Sundaresa Sastriyal, Madras Ranga-

natha Deekshitar, Atharvaveda Pandit Kale Maharaj and others will perform these. Participants will be given one (copper) Kavacha of his choice besides prasadam (Homa Bhasma) and a copy of the Souvenir.

The Samaj will consecrate, according to Vedic and Tantrik rites, Navagraha Kavacha, Laxmi Narasimha Kavacha, Sudarshana Kavacha, Maha Ganapati Kavacha, Shree Shakti Kavacha, Shakti Panchaakshari Kavacha and also individual Kavachas for each of the nine Grahas or planets.

Those who wish to participate in the Sankalpa of the Havans and receive the choicest blessings of God may send their complete horoscopes, (if possible in English) with their full names, gotra, etc. and remit a minimum of Rs. 22.50 per each Kavacha mentioning the specific Kavacha required by them. In case the participant or any of his family members has any specific astrological combinations or problems which require

A modern medical centre with the best medical facilities named after Dr. Christian Barnard, the celebrated heart surgeon, is to be set up at the Bombay Hospital complex. Dr. Barnard will be on advisory committee for the centre, the details of which are to be worked out.

The centre is to be set up out of the donation of Rs. 10 lakhs from Shri Ashok Birla, a leading industrialist of Bombay, and also from a part of the royalty from the sales in India of the book entitled The unwanted written by Dr. Barnard.

special Sankalpa, he may mention the same.

Particulars as above and remittances may be sent to Sri P. S. Iyer, Secretary, Bhopal Astik Samaj (Regd.), E-2/78, Arera Colony, Bhopal-14 (Pin: 462 014) as early as possible by money order or bank draft only.

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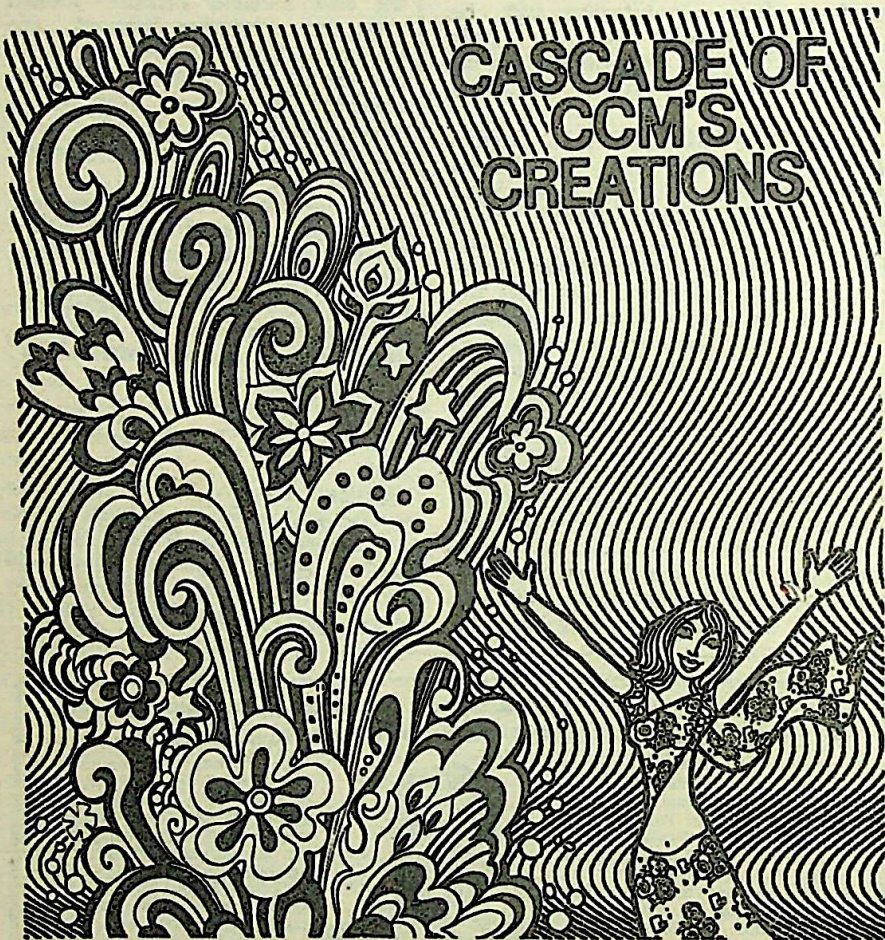
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BOOK REVIEW

MAKING OF A PRINCELY HISTORIAN (Letters of Sir J. N. Sarkar to Dr. Raghubir Singh of Sitamau). Edited by S. R. Tikekar. Published by the Government of Maharashtra—Historical Publications—Series No. 4. Pages xxiii+287. Price: Rs. 6.75.

THIS amazingly low-priced bunch of letters is not only of historical importance, but of literary interest as well. There are 329 Sarkar letters which cover a period of nearly 25 years—from 1933 to 1958—years of profound significance in Indian History. The first of these letters was written when Raghubir Singh was 25 years of age and Sri J. N. Sarkar was 63. The last was written two months before the great historian breathed his last. The chief interest that sustained this remarkable relationship between the old Professor and his young ward was academic—passion for historical research, to be precise. But for about a dozen letters, all the letters are short, crisp, business-like and characteristic.

Sri J. N. Sarkar's main intention was to instruct his Chela in the methodology of research, the way to go about the task of collecting materials and sifting them, the tomes to be consulted, the "daftars" to be ransacked, and maps and topographs and other essentials to be studied. The Professor's 'equipment', both physical and intellectual, was extraordinarily great. His depth of scholarship, mastery of languages, intuitive perception, analytical powers and clarity of expression were incontestable. The researcher's zeal

and willingness and competence were of a quite high order. The letters project a perfect image of the great historian. A careful student can gain even today quite a measure of benefit from the eminently practical suggestions offered by the learned Professor regarding the way a researcher should go about his task, the way he should collect materials and process them and finally in presenting them in a language that is simple and clear. Sri J. N. Sarkar says, "Avoid verbosity by all means, adhere to a methodical arrangement of the matters of fact; terseness of expression, and citation of authority should characterise every chapter. Leave reflection to the concluding paragraphs of each chapter or to a separate chapter" (page 8).

Besides academic guidance, the ward gets helpful advice on the buying and preserving of books, on steps to be taken to keep a library free from fire, moisture, termites and rodents. This clearly shows how meticulous the Professor was and how even minor details did not escape his careful attention. The Professor's guidance was absolutely practical and perfectly exemplary. Raghubir Singh was the favourite not only of Dame Fortune, but also of Dr. Sarkar. He availed himself of all that Sri J. N. Sarkar could offer him and has today shaped himself into a man of real stature.

The general tone of almost all the letters is objective. But here and there we have references to family misfortunes, illness, and personal losses. A great and acknowledged authority on the Mughal period of

Books are
for reading
but
BHAVAN'S
BOOKS
are worth
studying!

Indian History, Sri J. N. Sarkar seems to have been almost untouched by the mighty contemporary events which were taking place in India and abroad. He was so mightily absorbed in the colourful events of the picturesque past that the panorama of the present, it would appear, held no interest for him. One would look in vain among these 329 letters for any reference either to the Second World War or Gandhiji, and the struggle for Indian independence. Quit India Movement, August 15, 1947, or the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi have not been referred to even obliquely. Mention is made of Kripalani and Rajendra Prasad just because they happened to be associated with the *Itihasa Parishad*. There is a reference to Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru (pages 267, 269) because Sri J. N. wanted to meet him and interest him in a plan of education which the Professor had thought out. This is surprising indeed! More sur-

prising when we do know that the Second World War did affect the Professor in a personal way (his son-in-law, Major Ghose and his son, Lt. S. N. Sarkar were in Defence Services). One's conclusion would therefore be that the careful Professor, who was in Government service, did not wish to express himself either openly or in black and white. Discretion, one knows, is the better part of valour.

Sri J. N. Sarkar was a remarkable historian—a mine of information in his specially chosen field, a great linguist, and an impeccable guide and guru. The book under review deserves to be read by the layman as well, for the fund of information packed (every rift is laid with ore), for the glimpse of the great personality obtained and for the guidance he can secure on "book-keeping" and research. My only wish, however, is that this "monologue" were made a "dialogue" by adding Dr. Raghubir Singh's letters.

—N. Nanjunda Sastry

HOW TO BE A GOOD P.R.O. by C. V. Narasimha Reddi. Shradha Publications, Hyderabad, pp. 100, Price: Rs. 8.

THIS slim book on Public Relations and P.R.O.'s role has been prepared by the author, Mr. C. V. Narasimha Reddi, currently serving as Assistant Director in the Department of Information and Public Relations, Government of Andhra Pradesh. He also teaches Journalism to Mass Communication students at Bhavan's Kendra, Hyderabad.

The author notes in his preface the lack of a comprehensive book dealing with the functions and problems of a P.R.O., who occupies a very important place in the field of Mass Communications and organisation today. His tasks as a communicator of the organisation he is serving, be it Government or a private body, and also acting as the source and pur-

veyor of information in the organisation has been much appreciated recently. The modern managements certainly view the P.R.O. man as a rapport between the public it intends to serve and its own body of management.

In order to fill the information gap, the author with his rich experience in public relations work has intended this book to serve as a useful guide to the vast P.R. personnel and also to students of journalism. It analyses a modern P.R.O.'s role in the Indian conditions.

There are altogether 21 chapters dealing with the various aspects of P.R.O. work and his media like News Writing, Advertising, Radio and Films. They help to sort out the various alternatives of mass media and the most suited ones for a particular news message. The Chapter on "Multimedia P. R. Campaign" explains now a particular message can be transmitted effectively on many media.

The author here gives an illustration. The scenic Nagarjunasagar as a tourist spot was highlighted by the Government P.R. men in campaigns through various press ads and information, Radio talks, and even a film 'Nagarjunasagar', produced by the Films Division.

The different P.R. campaigns helped in creating an awareness climate among the tourists of this beautiful tourist spot and the tourist number swelled considerably on account of the vigorous campaigns carried out by the mass media.

The characteristics that go to make a good P.R.O. are listed by the author in a back Chapter. Also added are terms, Journalist or P.R.O. Jargons, very useful for the functioning of a P.R. Personnel. The book, couched in simple language and easily readable will, it is hoped, serve its purpose.

COMMEMORATION SOUVENIR
of Tamil Nadu Hindu Religious Conference, October 1974, organised by Hindu Young Men's Association, Madras. Pages 84, Price: Rs. 2, postage 0.50 ps extra.

THE Souvenir brought out on the occasion of the Tamil Nadu Hindu Religious Conference held in Madras in October 1974 by the Hindu Young Men's Association, Pudupakkam, Madras-14, is a publication which deserves to be read by all those interested in the Hindu religion and Hindu way of life.

The Souvenir contains a large number of articles in Tamil by eminent scholars on the life and teachings of many saints who appeared in the Tamil-speaking area from time to time.

The publication has received the blessings of H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya Chandrasekharendra Saraswati Swamigal of Sri Kanchi Kamakoti Peetam and H. H. Jagadguru Sri Jayendra Saraswati Swamigal whose pictures adorn the pages of the magazine along with a beautiful picture of Adi Sankara Bhagavatpada. The pictures are worth being framed for worship.

The illuminating articles in excellent Tamil alone place the magazine in a class by itself. The cause which the Hindu Young Men's Association is serving by the publication of this Souvenir deserves the support of all Hindus and lovers of Hindu religion. We have no doubt that more and more Tamil bhaktas in India and foreign countries like Malaysia, Ceylon and Singapore will order at least one copy each whereby they will not only benefit themselves spiritually but also help the cause which the Hindu Young Men's Association, Madras, is trying to serve.

—C. K. Venkataraman

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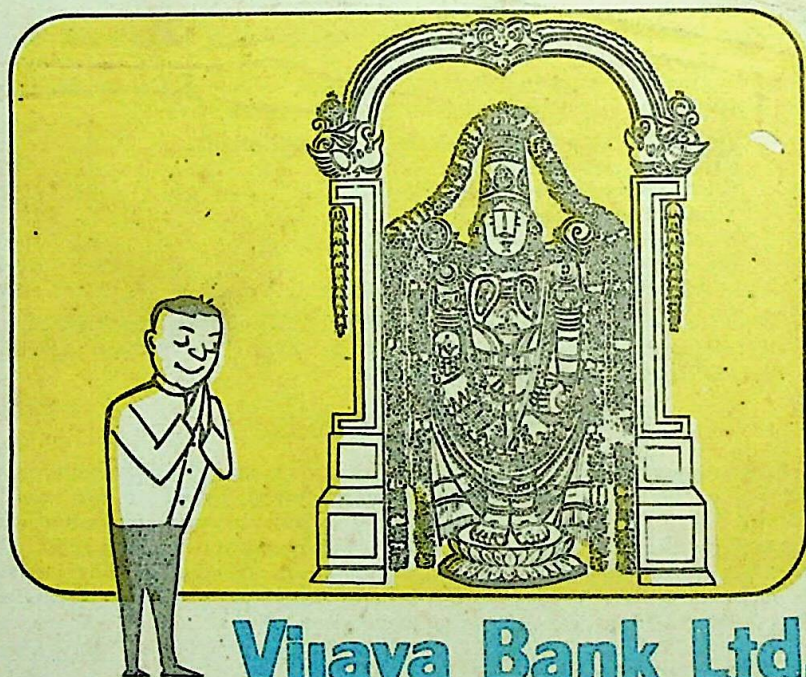
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